The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 22, 1887. PRICE FIVE CENTS

FOR JANUARY

We are selling prints for 2, 3 and 4 cents a yard.

We are selling yard wide brown muslin for 4, 5, 5 1-2 and 6 cents a yard.

We are selling yard wide bleached muslin for 4 3-4, 5, 5 1-2, 6, 6 1-2 and 7 1-2 cents a yard.

We are selling cotton flannels for 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 cents a yard.

Remember that all of the above goods are from 2 to 3 cents a yard under price. An examination will prove our assertion.

GEORGE DEWALD & CO.

Cor. Calhoun & Columbia

The Perils of High Living.

Pittsburg Press.

Take such deaths within a very few years as those of Grant, Mat Carpenter, Zach Chandler, Hancock, Hendricks, Arthur, McClellan, Logan, Judge David Davis, General Miller, Vanderbilt, and the many less prominent but still widely known men, and it may be ascertained that their deaths were due to high living and sedentary habits. Secretary Manning has been disabled from a similar cause, and President Cleveland is, for the second time this winter, laid up in bed with rheumatism, gout, or something of the kind, brought on by too much eating and not enough exercise. Now Cleveland and General Sheridan talk about the "massage" treatment, or a sort of Turkish bath treatment, to reduce their burdensome flesh! Mechanical removal of blubber, in other words! What they and all such should do is to live moderately and exercise freely.

The world laughs at Gladstone, chopping down his almost daily tree at Hawarden, as a crank; but in consequence of tree-chopping and other healthful exercise, Gladstone is a power to the world at near eighty years of age; and Emperor Wilhelm, who takes his daily horseback exercise, is a lively old boy of ninety.

How many eighty-year-old able-bodied men in public life have we in the United States? Washington living and the packing of heavy dinners here and there about the country uses Americans up at a time when English statesmen are at their best. Bancroft, the historian, is over four score and still healthful and happy, but he takes his daily long walks, as he has done these twenty years. But Americans with the physical qualities of Bancroft are scarce.

The School Book Question.

No family in this city is unfamiliar with the fact that there is a great deal of dissatisfaction and much murmuring in connection with the purchase of school books for use in our schools. Complaints are not confined to exorbitant prices but every change that is made excites much indignation, be it good or bad.

We see that an effort at a solution of the school book problem is being made by Representative Pleasants, who has introduced into the legislature an important bill providing for a state series of school text books, to include one spelling book, five readers, two arithmetics, two geographies, one grammar, one physiology, one history of the United States and one series of graded writing books. It provides that the state board of education shall employ well qualified persons to compile these books, but that the copyright shall belong to the state, the cotract for the typographical part of the work to be let to the lowest bidder. The books shall be under the control of the state board, who shall apportion them out to the various counties. They are to be furnished to the children at cost, and $20,000 is appropriated for the purpose of compiling the books, and $50,000 for a revolting fund to keep up the enterprise.

GIVE all care to the intellect, but ever keep the mind in subjection to a loving heart, and train it simply as the heart's best servant.

It may save your life, for it cures your cold and Cough. Dr. *Bull's* Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

Mr. Robert Sutcliffe, late of Birmingham, England, now a resident of Baltimore, Md., says: "For neuralgia Salvation Oil is worth its weight in gold."

ANOTHER BALLOT.

Once More Our State Solons Meet and Ballot for U. S. Senator.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 22.—The legislature met in joint convention to-day and took one ballot for United States senator. The result was:

Turpie, 74; Harrison, 70; Allen, 4. Two members were paired.

LEGISLATION, LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Yesterday forenoon was wanting in extraordinary features until near the hour of adjournment. After the opening of the proceedings with prayer by Rev. Mr. Edson, the roll was called for the introduction of bills. Among those of special interest was one providing for a pension of $25 per month to be paid by the state to Union soldiers who have been injured by the bursting of cannon. Mr. Fowler introduced a bill providing that any corporation that employs script of its own issues for the payment of hands, in lieu of federal money, or furnishes them supplies at prices higher than current rates, shall be guilty of misdemeanor.

A momentary flutter was created by the presentation of the resolution recently adopted by the house recognizing Colonel Robertson as the lieutenant governor-elect. After a brief discussion the resolution was referred back to the house as matter not requiring joint action.

The senate spent the greater part of yesterday afternoon's session in discussing Senator Johnson's resolution, to allow the minority a full and free expression of opinion in contested election cases. Various efforts were made by the democrats to defeat its purpose by reference, amendment, etc., Senator Bailey leading the opposition, but when it came to the final motion to lay it on the table it was defeated—ayes 17, nays 33—the democratic senators, Barrett, Barry, Cox, Duncan, Fowler, French, Griffith, Hale, McDonald, Peterson, Rahm, Sellers and Weir, voting with the republicans. An amendment, suggested by Senator McDonald, that the resolution should not be considered to reflect upon any one or conflict with any of the standing rules of the senate was accepted and the resolution then adopted.

Mr. McDonald soldiers' and sailors' orphans' home bill was read the second time—really the first time, it never having been read before. A favorable committee report was concurred in.

Mr. Zimmerman moved to reduce the pay of trustees from $500 to $300.

Mr. Winter regarded $500 as not too much.

Mr. Thompson, of Marion, was sure plenty of good men can be found willing to serve for $300.

Mr. McDonald was willing to compromise on $400.

The amendment was rejected.

By Mr. Ibach: An act providing for the organization of industrial schools as a part of the public schools of all cities of 20,000 inhabitants or more.

Mr. Ibach offered a resolution instructing the committee on education, in considering this bill, to call before them the president of Purdue university and superintendents of city schools of the state to consult about it, and that the committee visit the industrial school at Chicago.

Mr. Patton opposed the motion and made a vigorous speech in which he denounced Purdue university as the most "gigantic and colossal fraud ever perpetrated on the state of Indiana." It was further opposed, and finally the author withdrew the resolution.

TELEPHONE COMPANY'S MEMORIAL.

The Central Union Telephone company has prepared a memorial to the legislature asking a repeal of the telephone law of 1885, alleging:

1. The experience for eighteen months of the practical workings of this law in all portions of the state has demonstrated that the interests of the public, particularly that portion of the community who desire and need telephonic service, have not been promoted by this act.

2. The necessary and practical effect of the law has been to deprive of telephonic service many communities where it was a great convenience and value to a limited business interest and to stop all extensions of the system in this state.

3. Telephone service, whether by exchanges or what is known as toll lines between distant points, is of such a nature that the cost is very different under different conditions and between different points, and the benefit received is not the same; so that a rigid rule, or fixed price for all, is fair neither to the company nor to the customer.

4. The law in question requires all business to be done by all the toll lines and exchanges in this state, with a few exceptions, at an actual operating loss.

NOTES.

Nearly 350 bills have already been introduced in the legislature, and still there is more to follow.

That compromise is still exciting the wrath of the republican politicians. They think they have been "out-managed" by the democrats.

Senator Smith received through the [illegible] or the republicans. From the democrats of Boone county."

Representative Gardiner yesterday introduced a bill making it obligatory to teach the effects of the use of alcohol on the human system, in the public schools, and requiring teachers to pass an examination on this subject before a license is granted them.

Representative Robinson yesterday received a dispatch signed by Senator Voorhees and all the democratic congressmen asking him to vote for Turpie. Mr. Robinson seems to be so much regarded by these gentlemen that he might be able to secure their influence to get him a federal office.

Senator Winter yesterday introduced an appelate court bill (the Weir bill of 1885) providing for such a court, to be composed of five judges, one from each of the five districts in the state, the first bench to be appointed by the governor; not more than three of them to be of the same political party. They are to serve four years; to hold court in this city and have final jurisdiction in all cases which properly come to their state.

IN WEST VIRGINIA.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Jan. 22.—The republicans held a caucus last night and passed a resolution to vote first for General Goff for senator, then Flick, Brown and McClean.

ORPHANS' HOME.

One Can be Located at Fort Wayne if the Proper Effort is Made.

On next Wednesday the bill to establish a soldiers' ophans' home, in place of the one recently destroyed by fire at Knightstown, will be acted upon in the state senate. Here is an opportunity for the enterprising city of Fort Wayne to secure a state institution, something it is, by right of its size and commercial advantages, properly entitled to. All other cities of any importance have a public institution of some kind, while this city has repeatedly failed to secure any favor. The time has now come for her citizens to rise en masse and embrace this chance. The following dispatch was received by a prominent Fort Wayne citizen this morning and will invest:

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 22.—I have moved an amendment to locate the soldiers' orphan home at Fort Wayne. With proper help can get it through the senate. Work it up.

J. M. BARRETT.

It this connection Hon. Chas. F. Muhler has issued the following proclamation:

CITIZENS MEETING.

To the Citizens of Fort Wayne.

In view of the possibility of securing the location of an important state institution in our city I hereby request all citizens of Fort Wayne who have her material interests at heart, to meet at the circuit court room on Monday evening next, January 24th, at 7:30, to take such action as may be deemed advisable under the circumstances, and I especially desire that members of the Business Men's Exchange be present at that meeting. CHAS. F. MUHLER,

Mayor.

G. A. R. ACTION.

FORT WAYNE, Jan. 22, '87.

The members of the Sion S. Bass post are earnestly requested to meet at the post room Monday evening at 7 o'clock sharp to take action tending to the securing of the soldiers' and sailors' orphans' home (about to be built by the state) for Fort Wayne.

By order of

J. C. PELTIER, Commander.

E. LINCOLN, Adj't.

Let the business men and citzens generally immediately move in this matter and secure for Fort Wayne a building which will cost at least $100,000, that will be an ornament to our city and the maintenance of which will add greatly to the business interests of the city, as it will take at least $50,000 annually for running expenses, which will go to the business men of our city.

A Presbyterian Preacher Dies.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22.—Rev. Dr. Arthur Swazey, the venerable ex-pastor of the Third Presbyterian church of this city, died this morning from a stroke of apoplexy sustained two days ago.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—Following are the weather indications:

Indiana, variable, followed by colder northwesterly winds, rain or snow.

COTTON CREMATED.

About $300,000 Wort Destroyed by Fire—Other Losses.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Jan. 22.—Cotton shed No. 4, of the Merchants' Cotton Press and Storage company, located on the corner of Shelby and South streets, burned early this morning together with 6,500 bales of cotton. Loss, about $300,000; fully insured.

BRIDGETON, N. J., Jan. 22—The Lucknow paper mills in this city, owned by W. [illegible]rehouse, were burned this morning [illegible] with the exception of some ma[illegible] the loss will be total. The fire started in the sorting room, and it is supposed from combustion. The works were valued at $42,000; insurance, $18,250.

100 PEOPLE

Go Down With a Chinese Steamer in a Collision.

SHANGHI, Jan. 22.—The British steamer Neapque, from London, collided with and sunk the Chinese transport. One hundred soldiers and several mandarins were drowned.

A Reported Lynching Bee.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 22.—It was reported from Warren, Ark., yesterday, that two men, Hamilton and Ludberry, the murderers of Harris brothers, in Bradley county, were taken from jail at Warren, Thursday night, by a party of masked men, who took them to the banks of the Arkansas river, where they were hanged.

A Divorce in High Life.

EDINBURG, Jan. 22.—The court to-day granted a divorce to the Marchioness of Queensburg, on the ground of adultery. The marquis made no defense.

THE THIEF TRAPPED.

A Postoffice Robber Caught in a Steel Trap.

CORINTH, Miss., Jan. 22.—The postmaster set a steel trap in a drawer to catch a burglar who has been robbing the postoffice by breaking the glass fronts of the boxes and reaching his arm through. The next morning he found the burglar there fast in the trap with his throat bloody from attempted suicide made by a pocket knife in the free hand. It proved to be the son of a prominent citizen of Corinth.

A Suit Dismissed.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 22.—The famous suit of Daniel Wells, jr., against McGeoch, was decided by Judge Mann in the county court this morning, the suit being dismissed with costs. The suit grew out of the failure of the great lard deal in Chicago in 1885. Wells & McGeoch advanced $450,000 to setttle the affairs of the stranded firm of McGeoch, Everingham & Co., and immediately, thereafter, Wells brought suit against McGeoch, charging the latter with securing through misrepresentation his, (Wells') half amount paid in settlement. The dealings of the firm were gambling contracts and conspiracies against public policy and for that reason the court could not in any event entertain the suit.

DRINKING.

The Government of Belgium to Make an Effort to Stop Drunkenness.

BRUSSELS, Jan. 22.—The government has introduced in parliament a bill to suppress drunkenness. It provides that drunkards in public places and publicans serving drunkards or children shall be fined and imprisoned, and that debts incurred in purchasing intoxicants shall not be recoverable.

Mr. C. K. Over, member of the national committee of the Y. M. C. A., is in the city on business connected with the work.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

Speaking of George Woodbury's "Life of Poe," a critic says: And yet a sadder or more disheartening story could not well be told. There is hardly a gleam of brightness to relieve the somber shawdow of a life that might and ought to have been so full of beauty and of worth. Poe was certainly one of the divinely gifted, and yet moral weakness and feebleness of purpose made him a wreck from the start. He was made up of the most contradictory elements; his nature was many-sided; but there was a fatal flaw in it all. The most charitable thing to think of him is that, if not actually insane, he always trembled on the verge of insanity, and was often irresponsible both for his words and actions.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—The stock market opened fairly steady. Prices, after some little hesitation, became strong throughout the entire list. A slight reaction was followed by renewed strength and some stocks reached yet higher figures. At 11 o'clock the market was quiet, but firm.

12 m.—Money easy at 4@5 per cent.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—Wheat ½@¾c higher and less active; No. 2 red, February, 92½@92¾c. Corn, ¼@½c better and quiet, at 47¼@48¼c. Oats, firm and quiet at 36@42c. Pork, steady; new mess, $12.75. Lard stronger at $6.87½. Butter, firm, at 12@32c. Sugar, dull; granulated, 5 3-16@5¼. Molasses, quiet, at 20c. Coffee, steady: fair Rio, 14½c.

CHICAGO MARKET.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22.—Wheat, stronger, at 78½c. Corn, stronger, at 35½c. Oats, firmer, at 25½c. Rye, 53c. Barley, 50½c. Flaxseed, $1.02. Prime timothy, $1.90@1.91. Whisky, $1.18. Pork, higher, at $9.32½. Lard, firm at $6.55.

JESUS LOVES ALL.

The Lord Jesus Kindly Says: "If Any Man Open the Door, I Will Come In and Sup With Him, and He With Me."

"And a voice in the heart of His silence saith—
One day, ye shall understand."

You are cordially invited to attend the services at the Congregational church.

Rt. Rev. D. B. Knickerbacker will be at Trinity church, Sunday, January 30.

You are cordially invited to attend religious services in the First Presbyterian church to-morrow morning and evening. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

Regular services at the Grace Reformed church, on East Washington street, Rev. T. J. Bacher, pastor. Come. You are cordially welcome.

To-morrow at 10:30 Mr. Frame will preach at the Wayne Street M. E. church. Sabbath school at the usual hour. Revival services in the evening.

At the Simpson M. E. church, to-morrow, Rev. F. G. Browne will preach at 10:30 a. m. and administer the sacrament of baptism to a number of recent converts.

At the Third Presbyterian church to-morrow morning the subject will be: "Why Fear God Rather Than Man?" Evening subject, "The Final Invitation." All are welcome.

Contemplated services at the College Y. M. C. A. on Sabbath has been postponed until Monday at 3:30 p. m., so as not to conflict with the regular services at the hall of the R. R. Y. M. C. A.

Gospel song service at the rooms of the R. R. Y. M. C. A. Sabbath at the usual hour, 3:30 p. m. Mr. C. K. Ober, of the international committee of the Y. M. C. A., will address the meeting. All are welcome.

Elder W. W. Lovett, former pastor, will preach at the Church of God, corner of Hoagland avenue and DeWald street, Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock and in the evening at 7:30. A cordial invitation to all.

At the Berry Street M. E. church Mrs. Frame will preach at 10:30 a. m. to-morrow morning in the pastor's place. No services in the evening. Sabbath school at 2:15. A hearty welcome is extended to all.

Services at the Trinity Episcopal church to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Offertory solo at the morning service by Miss Hinks. Anthem at the evening service, "O, Lord, Our Governor." Offertory solo by Master Freddie Maguire. All are cordially invited to attend.

Trinity M. E. church, north side. Quarterly meeting services to-morrow. Love feast at 9:30 o'clock, conducted by the pastor. Preaching at 10:30 p. m., by Dr. C. B. Stemen, followed by the administration of the Lord's supper and baptism. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. No evening service.

"Oh, for the Wings of a Dove," will be sung by the chorus choir of sixty voices at the Baptist church to-morrow evening. Prof. Heath is the popular leader. Come promptly at both morning and evening services at the Baptist church and you will secure a seat. Fifteen hundred people will doubtless attend both these services.

To-morrow evening all the Methodist congregations in the city will participate in the union revival service at the Wayne Street M. E. church. The meeting will begin at 6:30 o'clock with a service of prayer and at 7:30 o'clock Mrs. Frame will preach. Arrangements will be made to accommodate 1,000 people. Come early that you may get a seat.

FIGHTING FOR GOD.

The Great Cause of Christianity Received Another Boom Last Night at the Wayne Street M. E. Church.

A multitude was in attendance at the union revival service at the Wayne Street M. E. church last night. The prayer meeting was a season of great blessing. Mr. Frame made some very apt remarks upon the common but specious objection to revivals, that they are the result of animal excitement. His points were irrefutable. He annihilated the criticism of cold religionists and cynical worldlings.

Mrs. Frame preached on Paul's address to Felix on righteousness, temperance and the judgment to come. Her description of future judgment was most thrilling. Leaving the pulpit, she walked out into the aisles and most eloquently exhorted the people to flee from the wrath to come and lay hold of an eternal life. Many responded to the earnest call.

THE BAPTIST REVIVAL.

Twenty-four adults requested prayer at the Gospel meeting at the Baptist church. The attendance was so large that it was found necessary to bring in chairs. Pastor Northrop spoke less than a half hour with all his might, mind and strength. The results of the week's work are more than satisfactory and the coming Lord's day will give it fresh impetus. It is expected that 1,500 people will attend both services to-morrow and a great effort will be made to seat all the people.

FAREWELL.

Ohio is Moving to Obliterate the Old Canal and Its 4,000 Acre Reservoir Near the County Line.

The people of Fort Wayne can yet look on the traces of the old Wabash and Erie canal, long since abandoned in this state. Now the Ohio people are moving to obliterate the old ditch and with that end in view the great reservoir just east of the Allen county line, in Paulding county, Ohio, and occupying 4,000 acres of land, is to be condemned and the the property is to be sold at public auction, making the vast area fertile and inhabitable. A bill is now before the Ohio legislature providing for the abandonment and sale of the Wabash and Erie canal and six mile reservoir, in Paulding county, Ohio. This bill is to vacate aboul twelve miles of canal in Paulding county, which now extends from the Ohio and Indiana state line to the village of Junction. All that portion of the Wabash and Erie canal in the state of Indiana has been vacated, boats can not and have not been carried on this canal more than three or four miles above the village of Junction for many years. Six Mile creek, the principal feeder of this reservoir, has been cut off and the water carried into the Maumee river, about one and one-half miles above the state line, so that the reservoir can not act as a feeder to the Miami and Erie canal except during the spring and autumn rains. There are about 4,000 acres of land in the reservoir and about 15,000 acres of land outside that has been rendered unfit for cultivation. The gross receipts of this canal have not exceeded $50 per year for the last five years, while one employe receives $144 per year from the state for his services as gate keeper.

THE DEATHS.

Fifteen People Summoned to Give an Account of Their Stewartship.

The following deaths have occurred since last Saturday:

Nannie J. Dickey, aged two years, diphtheria.

Edna J. Livelsberger, 9 months, scarlet fever.

James Ormiston, 72 years, dropsy.

Rosie Crammer, 4 years, croup.

Geo. C. Lepper, 87 years, old age.

George Case, 6 weeks, croup.

John F. Gerline, 2 months, spasm.

Annie Agnes Shea, 7 months, spasm.

Ada Jones, 39 years, cancer.

Chas. Weber, 2 years, bronchitis.

Emma Schafter, 2 months, diphtheria.

Wm. T. Foster, 54 years, debility.

Caroline Von Behren, 6 years, scarlet fever.

Jesse Heaton, 97 years, old age.

Mamie Shedhoff, 5 years, diphtheria.

HOOSIER NEWS.

Items of News From all Parts of the State in a Condensed Form.

Mrs. Elizabeth Meese, died near Goshen, aged 82.

The Everett House, Penn., had a serious fire Tuesday. Loss, $4,000; insurance, $2,500.

H. Hong, Goshen, filled with budge fell in the snow, nearly froze to death, and is in a critical condition.

Expected the last spike will be driven on the Midland railroad to-day—connecting Lebanon, Westfield, Noblesville and Anderson.

Two-story residence belonging to Rev. Jacob Norton, seven miles from Columbus burned—defective flue. Loss, $1,000; insurance, $700.

Judgment for $600 has boen rendered against Evansville for cutting the wires of the Cleveland Telephone and Telegraph company, in allowance with order of council.

WHEN DRUNKENNESS WAS A VIRTUE.

The reign of George III. of England was the most openly dissolute period in the history of Great Britain. State officials who had acquired reputations for drunkenness were then the most popular. It was then that gout attained its highest degree of perfection. A man who did not wear a split shoe was only under protest admitted into the circles of polite society. Sir Philip Francis, upon awakening at night and finding himself sober, would immediately get out of bed and proceed to get drunk again. Lord Weymouth, after spending a fortune and becoming utterly worthless, was appointed secretary of State in recognition of his abilities as a drunkard.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

BLACK stockings are worn with all sorts of street, carriage, in-door, reception, and evening dresses, when the hosiery is not necessarily of the color of the frock or its accessories.

DELAY NOT!

A Little Talk With You On a Subject of Great Interest.

KIND READER:—As THE SENTINEL at one issue reaches thousands of people and hundreds of homes, and those who scarcely ever enter a place of prayer except at funerals, I take this liberty, through the kindness of the editor, to talk with you kindly, confidentially, and yet earnestly, upon a matter of vital importance to you. Please read candidly, thoughtfully and without prejudice. Let us enter at once upon the question at issue.

Are you a Christian? If not, what is the reason? Consider a moment this question: Is it right for me to be a Christian? If so, then I'm wrong! A still small voice within tells me so; God's Book says the same; the preacher repeats it; human experience confirms it; my own history voices it. "Now, what shall I do to be saved?" Ah, friend, that's an old question. It can be answered. It comes quick and strong: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." There is no other way of escape from sin. Then, "lay hold of eternal life!" The awful responsibility of decision rests upon you with peculiar force. You cannot afford to be trifling, neutral or indifferent in this eventful crisis. Self-preservation is a common law of human nature. Hence you should not allow prejudice, early training or anything else to come between you and eternal preservation—salvation through Christ. Do beware lest you refuse proffered mercy! Heaven is yours by personal choice. God saves no one against their will. He breaks no bolts to force Himself into your heart. He enters and redeems only as you will it. He pleads, "Believe and repent!" Will you?

You stand to day where two roads meet. It is very dark. The same familiar voice speaks in tender tones, "This is the way, walk you in it!" On the right in letters of light, "I am the Way!" This is the Gospel. You are responsible if you refuse it. You do so at your peril! This very hour, flee from sin to the cross. There grace will unload the accumulated burden of years.

Suffer me, in conclusion, to implore you to follow this friendly advice at once. Words cannot express the sincere sympathy I have for you in this conflict, for conscience and God's voice give the halting soul no rest. I pray you, therefore, to lay this message to heart, and alone in prayer settle this all important question. The expanded arms of a dear Redeemer are now open to receive you, if you will only obey the gospel call. The Lord of love promises: "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." Do come! Delay not! "The night cometh!" The shadows gather. Death approacheth! May you have "rod and staff to comfort you through the valley." Decide on bended knee before a new day dawns, and "joy cometh in the morning."

Your sincere friend,

S. A. NORTHROP,

Pastor First Baptist Church.

Fort Wayne, Jan. 22, 1887.

P. S.—Whenever I can be of any service to you in the direction of showing you the way from earth to heaven, please call on me any day from 2 to 5 o'clock at my study, up stairs in the Baptist church.

Found Guilty.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22.—"Bobby" Adams tried for the theft of $14,000 worth of stamps from the Minneapolis post office was found guilty by a jury in the United States district court this morning.

STRANGE PROFESSIONS.

Among the curiosities of the Indian census are the extraordinary professions which some of Her Majesty's subjects declare they pursue. In Allahabad no fewer than 974 at a former census described themselves as "low blackguards," a calling which, however, is only too common elsewhere than in Allahabad: but the professional "painters of horses with spots" and the "hereditary clerks who pray to their Inkhorns" are surely peculiar to India.

In Russia, however, the progress of civilization has developed a new profession which it would be difficult to match even in India. The St. Petersburg insurance companies have just captured one of three members of this profession who have carried on this lucrative vocation for several years. They were in the habit of arranging for conflagrations with the owners of insured premises. On being granted 20 per cent. of the insurance money they set fire to the houses, which, being mostly built of wood, burned easily enough.

They might have been earning their 20 per cent. to-day but for the astuteness of the Libau police, who set a trap for them into which they fell, much to the delight of the insurance companies. It is possible enough that members of this scandalous profession are not unknown in other countries except Russia.

Frauds against insurance companies are difficult to detect even when the insured fires his own property; but when the work is done by a professional fire-raiser detection becomes almost impossible.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

WINS A WIFE.

August Spies, the Condemned Anarchist, Captures the Affections of a Vassar CoHege Girl.

Miss Van Zandt, Handsome, Well Educated, and Young, to Wed the Sentenced Prisoner.

[Chicago Telegram]

One of the most regular attendants at the trial of the anarchists during the closing days, was a tall, fair, and handsome girl, who dressed in fashionable garments and whose appearance generally was suggestive of refinement. She was apparently

MISS VAN ZANDT.

about 19 years of age, and on nearly every occasion she was accompanied by an elderly lady. She evinced the deepest interest in the proceedings, and it finally became evident that she was more than usually interested in one of the prisoners. As the days passed by it was ascertained that her admiration extended to August Spies. At the conclusion of the trial she visited the County Jail to proffer her sympathy to the prisoners, and on this occasion she introduced herself to Spies, and from that day became completely infatuated with him. The feeling which she entertained for the anarchist leader was evidently reciprocated, and her visits to the jail to see her lover became so frequent that she finally came to be known to the jail officials as "Spies' girl." She would stand at the iron grating of the "cage" and talk to her lover until the jail hour for locking up the prisoners arrived. Her identity finally became known, and she proved to be Miss Nina Van Zandt, only daughter of J. Van Zandt, a chemist employed in Kirk's soap factory at No. 352 North Water street. She would bring all sorts of dainty edibles for his use, and also articles of feminine manufacture for the adornment of his cell. It was evidently a case of "mash," and a severe case at that. But Miss Van Zandt seemed to glory in it, and was apparently proud of her powers of conquest. But nobody appeared to be prepared for the news, which was made public through the local press a few days ago, that August Spies and Miss Van Zandt were to be married in a short time.

The future Mrs. Spies was born in Philadelphia, Jan. 5, 1867. Her father is said to belong to one of the Knickerbocker families who moved from New York State to Central Pennsylvania about fifty years ago. Her mother comes from a Scotch-English family named Clarke, that has lived in Pittsburgh for many years. Miss Van Zandt attended the Friends' Central High School in Philadelphia until her parents moved to Chicago, in 1882. Here she attended the Misses Grant's Seminary for young ladies, as a boarding scholar, and remained there one year. In the fall of 1883 she entered Vassar College at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., staying there two years and taking Latin and mathematical courses. She is a member of St. James' Episcopal Church, together with her father and mother, and is well known in church society. She has attracted the attention of many young men, some of whom were members of the congregation. A young Canadian, who is employed in a La Salle street insurance office, was understood to have been regarded with more than passing favor until the trial of the anarchists began. Mr. and Mrs. Van Zandt and the prospective bride have been regarded as rather extreme in their views toward alleged suffering humanity, and, like Captain and Mrs. W. P. Black, perhaps, look upon the anarchists as having been more sinned against than sinning. When the news of the coming marriage was quietly circulated in North Side society circles, to which Miss Van Zandt belonged, and became known at the St. James' Club, to which many young men of the church belong, the utmost consternation and surprise was manifested. The fact is indisputable, however, that, within a very few days Miss Nina Van Zandt will be Mrs. August Spies.

Miss Van Zandt has also been one of those who united with the Central Labor Union and contributed money to have Spies' speech to the jury during the trial printed.

Miss Van Zandt's home is at the corner of Cass and Huron streets, almost the center of the aristocratic portion of the North Side. Directly opposite is the ultra-swell Episcopal Church of St. James. Within two blocks of her home are the stately palaces of S. M. Nickerson, Henry Field, E. D. Watkins, Cyrus McCormick, Henry Willing, John T. Lester, R. R. Cable, A. A. Carpenter, and perhaps twenty others which are the homes of millionaires.

A reporter called at No. 336 Huron street for the purpose of getting a look at Miss Van Zandt. The young lady was not visible, but her father, Mr. J. K. Van Zandt, obligingly gave all the information in his power concerning the proposed marriage, stipulating that his remarks should be treated seriously, and without prejudice or unfavorable comment. Mr. Van Zandt is a fine-appearing man of about 45 years. His ancestors came from Amsterdam, Holland, and he claims relationship with aristocratic Knickerbocker families of New York. He is a chemist by profession, and has charge of the chemical department in Kirk's soap factory. His daughter, judging from a photograph shown the reporter, is a handsome girl 20 years old, with an intellectual countenance. Her father said that her acquaintance with Spies was brought about by the loss, four years ago, of a pet dog. Miss Nina at that time lavished her spare affection on the small animal, and when he disappeared she made extraordinary efforts to recover him. She advertised in all the daily papers, including the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, offering a liberal reward for the restoration of the poodle to its fair mistress' arms, and it was while on a visit to the *Arbeiter Zeitung* office to see if the lost puppy had been heard from that she first saw August Spies. It was a case, on her side at least, of love at first sight.

Eugene Seeger, clerk in the Marriage License Department of the County Clerk's office, received the following telegraphic dispatch from the grandmother of Miss Nina Van Zandt, the fiancee of August Spies, Monday:

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 17, 1887.
Eugene Seeger, Clerk of Marriage Licenses:
Issue no license to Miss Van Zandt and August Spies to be married. We forbid the marriage. MRS. JOHN ARTHUR.

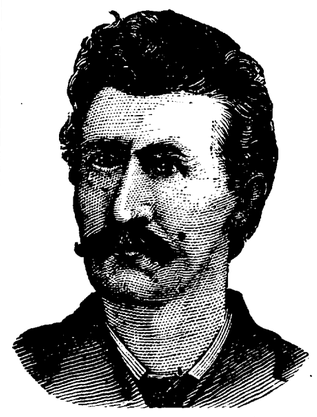
Mrs. Arthur is the lady from whom Miss Van Zandt's legacy is expected to come. Mr. Seeger said: "That dispatch confirms me in my resolve not to issue a marriage license unless I am compelled to. I believe that this whole thing is got up by some sharp-witted friends of Spies who propose to use an innocent and foolish young girl to create sympathy for him, in the hope that the Governor may pardon him or commute his sentence. The passage in an interview with Miss Van Zandt where she says Spies has experienced a change of heart and will be a better man if he is ever liberated convinces me that the scheme is to represent him as reformed and entitled to executive clemency. I know Spies' nature too well to believe that he loves the girl. I don't believe that she loves him, but she thinks she does. I think that the real affinity is between Miss Van Zandt, who has nine dogs, and Mrs. Capt. Black, who has sixty dogs. I regard it as an outrage on decency and an insult to the law that this man Spies, with his neck in a halter, should defy all the dictates of honor and manhood and seek to drag down to his own disgrace an innocent and foolish girl."

SPIES.

The Condemned Anarchist Talks About His Love Affair.

"One day, during the trial, while George C. Ingham was making his argument," said Spies, in an interview, "Miss Van Zandt came to the court-room. She had read in the newspapers about us condemned men, had seen our pictures, and had formed the impression that we were a lot of wild beasts. Her visit to the court-room disappointed her. After the verdict was given she came in contact with certain people who had interested themselves in our persecutions, and concluded that the whole trial was nothing but a vast conspiracy against us. She wrote to the newspapers to explain certain matters that would throw light on the trial, but the editors refused her articles, being unwilling to say anything in our favor. This strengthened the young lady in the belief that we were going to be murdered.

"Subsequently Miss Van Zandt came here and introduced herself to me. When she found I was neither an ignoramus, monster nor beast she came regularly and took an interest in my companions and myself. At last," said Spies, blushing and hesitating——"Oh, well, you know what to say." Then he added, slowly: "Yes, a mutual agreement was arrived at. Put it in your own words. Miss Van Zandt," the anarchist continued after having regained his usual calm demeanor, "is an only child, and her parents are rational, reasonable people. Capt. Black is now making the arrangements for our marriage. The lady is not the one who attended the trial and sat next to Mrs. Capt. Black, as some people seem to have thought," he remarked in conclusion.



AUGUST SPIES.

Spies is 31 years of age and was born in Castel-Laudeck, Hesse. He believes that the sentence against him will never be carried out and that he will soon be given his freedom.

PROSTRATED WITH GRIEF.

Miss Van Zandt's Grandsire Crushed—The Girl to Be Disinherited.

[Pittsburgh special.]

In an interview with Mrs. Arthur, the aunt of Nina Van Zandt, at her residence in Oakland, the following information was gleaned concerning the young lady and the attitude of friends in regard to her conduct. The shock to Mrs. Arthur and her distinguished father and mother can readily be imagined, especially as Miss Van Zandt's mother, who is the only sister of Mrs. Arthur, had been visiting her parents and sister just two weeks previous, and with the exception of jokingly remarking that Nina expected to marry some nice young man in the spring, had made nothing known, and had not given the slightest hint in the true direction. On reading the news, so great was the prostration of Mrs. Arthur's father, Mr. William B. Clark, that Mrs. Arthur was obliged to write to the Van Zandts the message he wished to send. The letter was mailed by 10 o'clock Saturday morning, imploring them to prevent the wedding. This was closely followed by another, and the Van Zandt family were informed that henceforth they were not to be considered in the light of relations. Every connection, socially and financially, was dissolved forever, and Miss Nina utterly disinherited.

"She will receive no more than our dog lying there on the rug. Every dollar will be bequeathed to charitable purposes," said Mrs. Arthur, as she wiped the bitter tears from her eyes.

Mrs. Arthur is a very wealthy society queen here, and holds Miss Van Zandt's future wealth. This morning a letter was received from Mrs. Van Zandt, from Chicago, written before the receipt of those sent from Pittsburg, in which she informs her relatives of Nina's approaching marriage to Spies, the anarchist, and invites them to be present at the ceremony, which is to be performed on Thursday in the jail at Chicago, adding, also, that she and Mr. Van Zandt could find no fault in the man and had given their full consent to the nuptials, and that she hoped the friends here would not worry themselves.

"This letter," continued Mrs. Arthur, "which shows Nina's parents to be as highly blameworthy as Nina herself, has made father and all of us more firm in the determination to disown the family forever."

Mr. Wm. B. Clark, the grandfather of Nina, is well known in Pittsburg. Both he and his wife look back upon a long line of ancestors which shows not a single blot on its proud integrity. They and their daughter, Mrs. Arthur, are members of the First Presbyterian Church, and for their active religious works are widely known. Mr. Clark has but two children living—Mrs. Arthur and Mrs. Van Zandt—and Nina is the only grandchild. Pretty, bright, and a good conversationalist, she made a host of friends in this city, and at the wedding of Miss Walker, given at the residence of Mrs. George Westinghouse, she was spoken of as the "brightest, handsomest" lady present.

"I fear," said Mrs. Arthur, "that it is her bright way of talking that has led her into this. She never saw Spies until that day in the court-room. Then she probably visited him in the jail, and an exchange of words and sentiments led to this. But we cannot account for this complete infatuation unless she and her father and mother have all gone clear crazy, and we think they have. If Nina is an atheist now, she certainly was not last summer, as she contemplated at that time joining the church."

Mr. Clark will positiuely refuse to have anything more to do with the family. If the marriage takes place, not a dollar will be expended in the way of release for the condemned anarchist. Mr. Clark's condition is so serious that his friends fear he will not recover.

Society Slang.

There are a few new wrinkles in this dialect. In the first place, "too sweet for anything" has gone out; no well-regulated girl will use it, neither will she say "I never saw anything like it in my life." Both are worn out.

There is, however, something new to take their places. Some sacrilegious individual has called a ladies' lunch "a giggle, gabble and gobble."

This monster has been imitated by another who asserts that at a five o'clock tea you are served "tea," "he," and "te-he."

Again, society ladies of a marriageable age have been divided into three classes. First, very young ladies are called "debbies," short for debutants; a second class are called "tabbies," including the very antiquated maidens; while the intermediate ones are called "tarriers," because they tarry so long unmarried.

THE LADIES.

A Highly-Seasoned Pot-pourri Dished Up Especially for the Tender Sex.

FAIR WOMEN AND THEIR WAYS.

A Bit of Poetry, a Little Humor, and Some Solid Chunks of Useful Information.

Not a Favorite Boarder.

"By heavens, that stuff is not fit for a hog to eat," remarked Smythe, as he pushed away a plate of beef stew at the Jarby boarding-house at dinner.

"All right. You needn't eat it then, sir," spoke up Mrs. Jarby.—*Brooklyn Times.*

Woman's Ingenuity.

A young girl, whose room in an old country house was disfigured by an ugly wooden mantel and a fireplace that was not capable of improvement except at much expense, has beautified it in a simple manner. She was the happy possessor of a long mirror, so she had the center of the mantel sawed off and taken out and the mirror inserted in the space. The ends of the mantel and the jambs on either side of the mirror she then draped in old-gold satin in hour-glass fashion, adorning the top with bright Japanese fans and bric-a-brac. The entire arrangement is unique, and no one would dream that it was a make-shift to cover up a gaping, useless fire-place and hid eighteen inches of ugly wood.

Penelope's Memoranda.

I went down town with Penelope, and she gave me a peep into her memoranda. Her list of errands was unique and I copied it as a curiosity: "Piano plush potatoes ironing Evarts flat."

"In the name of wonder," I asked, "what are plush potatoes, and why are you going to iron poor Mr. Evarts flat? I assure you it will not be easy to do that, for it was tried last winter at Albany and was a dismal failure."

The key was this: "See to having the piano tuned—two yards of plush for a picture frame—order some potatoes—new ironing-board and another flat-iron wanted—tell husband to come early to dinner so they could go to hear Evarts speak."

The President of the New Orleans Woman's club is Mrs. Maria Jefferson Swayze, a niece of Thomas Jefferson.—"*Meg,*" *in Buffalo Express.*

Woman's Understanding.

"Well, you know men understand about such things."

How often do we hear this sentence from the lips of women, when any question of politics or business is under discussion, and in how many different ways and tones is it uttered. Sometimes it is said with an apologetic and self-depreciatory manner, as if because men "knew about things" was a good and sufficient reason why women should not; sometimes the air of the speaker is one of discouragement, that seems to say it's really no use to try, under the circumstances; while others still will speak in a grave and serious way, as if they were simply stating a scientific and physiological fact which no one would be reasonable enough to deny, and concerning which there was no need for any display of feeling whatever.

Women of this last class are perhaps the most "aggravating," for they seem to believe that whatever a man knows about the subjects mentioned above, and other matters relating to the conduct of every-day affairs, he knows by intuition or instinct; that it comes to him in some mysterious way because he is a man.

Now, this is a mistake or nonsense. Men do not acquire knowledge on these points save by the exercise of certain faculties of observation, comparison, and so on, which faculties are possessed in precisely the same degree by women and can be used by them in the same way and with the same results if they are so minded. Given a man and a woman of any age beyond their majority and there will be found a great difference in the knowledge possessed by them respectively about common things. Yet trace their lives backward through some years and a point will be found where they stood on an equality in this particular. But their paths began to diverge quickly and widely. The boy was encouraged in his eager asking of questions about all topics, especially those in which he knew his father to be interested. He was taught to hurrah for his fond parent's favorite candidate before he could speak plainly. He was proud to listen to the talk of men on every subject. As soon as he could he began to read and talk, too, always helped along and encouraged by his elders in every possible way. The girl, on the contrary, is as systematically discouraged should she develop a taste in any of these directions, or else, more killing still, has her little remarks and interests quietly ignored, and so they soon die out. She resigns herself to her dolls and fairy stories, later to her small flirtations and fancy work, and presently we have the spectacle of a woman who is utterly unable, from want of experience and knowledge, to manage for herself in many of the simplest affairs of life.

It is not perhaps necessary that she should be able to converse fluently about "margins" and "cotton futures," although I know several bright women who are all the more attractive and no less womanly because they can at least listen intelligently to talk on these matters; and it may not be imperative for her to give at a moment's notice an exhaustive opinion upon the advisability of the government's granting subsidies as an encouragement to infant industries in lieu of maintaining a high protective tariff. But she should know how to use a "railway guide" and look after her own baggage in traveling, cash a check at the bank, or send a telegram in a rational manner, and without asking more than fourteen questions of whatever unfortunate man happens to be near. These and the other everday matters of which they are types, are fundamental, like the three R's in book knowledge, and a girl or woman ought to be ashamed of being ignorant of the one as of the other.

But women are to be wives and mothers, you say; they are to be lovingly cared for, and all burdens and cares of this world outside their homes are to be taken from them by their natural protectors. Well, granted. Suppose each woman in the land marries, and her husband lives longer than she does, and is all that a husband should be, so that there are no old maids, nor widows, nor disappointed wives, who would, of course, have to earn their own living, or at least manage their own affairs. What then? Women have still no excuse or reason for ignorance. They are to be companions and helpmeets for their husbands; and how many of these latter have hardly a thought or an interest in their lives that is not comprised in the two words, "business" and "politics." If the wives know nothing of these subjects, what sort of a companion can they be? And, as to the children, will the boy have less or more respect for his mother and her wishes and authority if she can sometimes explain what he is so eagerly desirous of knowing about men and things, instead of giving the stereotyped reply, "Oh, ask your father, child; I don't know."

But to return to our text of how a woman may "understand about things;" the answer may be gathered from what has already been said. Let her go to work as a man does, let her read and think for herself, and talk with those who know more of the subjects to be pursued than herself. Let her observe and compare, and, above all, acquire experience by accustoming herself to do things independently until she has become self-reliant, and has a sound, well trained judgment that will make her own mainstay and a sheet anchor of sensible and helpful counsel to all around her.—*Exchange.*

WOMEN WHO WOULD BE SOLDIERS.

I knew a girl who at the beginning of the war was so filled with patriotism, and so weighed down by a sense of duty, so carried away by an adventurous impulse, that she followed the squad of boys who had enlisted in her neighborhood, dressing as a boy, enlisted in the company that was forming in the county town. Her friends, discovering the long hair she had cut from her head and the clothing she had thrown off in her father's barn, gave immediate pursuit. As they were driving into the city they saw walking along the sidewalk smoking a cigar a young fellow who had the same sort of a face as the girl they were in pursuit of.

They stopped and accosted the young fellow, and were treated to such a shower of epithets and such and exhibition of bravado that they admitted their mistake and apologized for it. An hour later one of the party found the same young fellow deathly sick from smoking the cigar. He called him by the girl's name, and found that after all, the young fellow who had done such hard swearing was the girl they were looking for. She was taken home, and afterward entered the service as hospital nurse. In the last year of the war I found her again in men's clothing, crying as only a heart-broken woman can cry, over a light-haired man shot dead in the charge of Resaca. She cared nothing then for exposure, and went home in a widow's dress.

Another girl, I remember, had a pleasanter experience. I was the examining surgeon at one of the recruiting camps early in the war, and on one occasion as I passed down the lines of a company formed in open order for muster and inspection, I noticed as the hands were held out one set that, to my practiced eye, belonged to a woman. I said nothing at the time, but after consultation with the Colonel had the recruit with the feminine hands brought to headquarters. The bright-looking soldier in the new blue suit admitted in two minutes that she was a woman, and in two days she was at home.

A year after that I was at a ball in Washington. As I stood a little aside from the main party, wishing that I was at the front with the army, a young lady came toward me, bowed with exaggerated stiffness, and as she straightened up went through the motions of obeying the order, "Eyes right." She offered me her hand and thanked me for something that she supposed that I had done and walked away. She was pretty enough to be the belle of the occasion, and I saw that she took considerable delight in my confusion of mind, all of which I understood later, when I learned that she was my recruit with the lady-like hands. She afterward told me that she owed me a debt of gratitude for stepping in at the right time to break down her romantic notions.—*Exchange.*

GENERATIONS OF MINCE PIES.

There is a peculiar charity in Kennebec County which has been preserved in one family for three generations. On every Thanksgiving day Mrs. Daniel Williams, of Augusta, gives a mince pie to each one of the prisoners in the jail. One hundred and five pies were required this year. Mrs. Williams inherited the custom from her mother, Mrs. Jane Bridge, and she had it from her mother. When Mrs. Williams shall have gone the way of all the saints the charity will be perpetuated by her descendants.—*Lewistown (Me.) Journal.*

"CANNOT something be done to prevent young ladies from being insulted in the streets at night?" asks a correspondent. Why, yes. Have the old lady tuck them snugly in bed at sundown, and lock the door.

THE CHILDREN.

Funny and Historical Matters for the Young Readers.

TIMMY THOMPSON'S TIMIDITY.

"A Small Boy's Conscience," and the Lesson He Learned—The Three Empires.

A Small Boy's Conscience.

Timmy Tompson was not such a bad boys, after all, but he always seemed to be in mischief.

One day he did a dreadful, dreadful thing, and this was the way of it.

Mamma had made him a beautiful bag of calico, covered with red and yellow roses, for his toys. They put them all in it, his broken soldiers, torn pictures-books, and battered animals, but the minute her back was turned, Tim shook them out upon the floor, and ran into the garden with the bag.

"I'll catch a bird, now," he thought, exultingly, "and keep it in here 'stead of a cage."

Of course he could not catch a bird. Who ever heard of catching one with a bag?"

But he spied something just as good. Four dear, soft little goslings, which had lost their mother, and were running about to find her.

Tim caught first one and then the other, and shoved them into the bag, and whirled it round and round, and up and down, and shook it hard, just for the fun of hearing the strange sounds the little things made. All the time he sang in a deep voice:

"Timothy Titus
Come out of the wood
To bite us."

So he began to feel a little ashamed of himself, so he turned the bag upside down and shook it.

Out tumbled the four little goslings, and off they ran as hard as they could go—all but one!

The smallest and whitest of them all lay dead!

Tim's heart stood still.

"Get up, goosie," he said, softly; "your muvver wants you." But the goosie did not stir.

"Oh, it's dead," sobbed Tim, "and I killed it, and I'm a killer, I'm a killer!" and he ran away and hid, for he saw a big, solemn goose, which was certainly the mother, coming up.

"What will she do to me when she finds out I have killed her goosie?" he thought. "She might pick out my eyes, or bite off my nose, or swallow me right down up whole."

Poor, unhappy little Tim! He thought about his dreadful crime all the morning. When the boys asked him to play with them, he stuck his head out of the hay-loft window, where he had taken refuge, and said: "You'd all just better go off. I'm a killer."

He was afraid of meeting the mother goose again, and did not dare to go to the house for dinner until Brother Bob came for him.

After a hearty meal his conscience felt easier, so when Bob asked him to go to the Smithses, he thought he would.

Bob and the Smithses did not known he was a killer. He could play with them until they found it out.

He ran along in front of his brother, until he was half way across the plank over the brook, when he stopped short with a shriek!

There was the goose!

"Stand still, little silly, he won't hurt you!" cried Bob, laughing and catching his arm.

"Take me away! Take me away!" screamed Tim, dancing around in fright, and over he went ker-splash into the deep, cold brook. In a moment Bob pulled him out, shivering, wet, and dirty.

"Am I drownded, Bob? am I drownded?" sobbed the little boy.

"No, you ain't. You'll be all right if you run home fast," said Bob.

One, two, three, and away they went, Tim gasping breathlessly, "I'll never touch 'em any more, goosies, or birdies, or chickens, or anything."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Three Empires.

The recent and still continuing troubles in Bulgaria once more call attention to the fact that peace or war and the fate of the lesser European nations depend on the mutual relations of the three great central empires. In old times, Russia, Austria, and Germany (or Prussia) were always alternately making alliances with each other, and engaged in war. Their rival ambitions brought them into frequent conflict, and often caused two of them to combine against the other. In the last century Austria and Prussia were at swords' points, and bitter and long were the contests between them Frederick the Great coveted some of Austria's territory, and won his fame fighting with the Empress Maria Theresa.

But the three empires have also sometimes joined hands in a common alliance, when to do so was for the interest of all of them. They combined to divide up unhappy Poland between them more than a hundred years ago, and they combined again, early in the present century, to stem the conquests and the illimitable ambition of the first Napoleon. Later, Austria and Prussia came into collision in 1866, while Russia watchfully stood by, and the later result of Prussia's victory at that time was the revival of the German Empire, with Prussia at its head.

In recent years the relations of the three great empires have been, at least outwardly, peaceful. Russia and Germany have been in close alliance, as a result partly of the family relationship between their rulers, but more because their political interests abroad have not clashed with each other. Germany is not very greatly interested in the eastern question, or in Russia's advance in Asia. On the other hand, Russia has no special reason to object to the German attitude toward France. Germany aims to be great and strong as a purely European empire, and to hold the arbitership between the other European States. Russia's ambition, on the other hand, seems to be to become the dominant power in the east. In like manner, there has recently been no obstacle to a cordial friendship between the two old-time enemies and rivals, Germany (or Prussia) and Austria. They were once bitterly hostile, because each wished to be the controlling power among the German peoples. The victory of Prussia in 1866 put an end to this rivalry, by depriving Austria of all power and influence in the German confederation; and Austria has since accepted that result. A close alliance, therefore, has existed for some years between these two central empires; and it may be regarded as certain that this alliance has been the cause of the peace of the world having been so long preserved.

The relations between Russia and Austria, on the other hand, are less firm and constant in their friendly nature. They have been in alliance, it is true, but the danger of a war between them has more than once arisen in recent years. They were formerly firm allies; but more recently they have regarded each other with suspicion and distrust. Their ambitions, unlike those of Germany and Austria, are not wholly reconcilable. Both Austria and Russia have a deep interest in the fate of the States — Bulgaria, Roumelia, Servia, Bosnia—which were once under the Sultan's rule; and in the control of the mouths of the River Danube. Each desires seaports in southern Europe; and seeks to control the destinies of the southeastern peoples. It is not unlikely that war might have broken out between Russia and Austria before this, had it not been for the mediatory action of Germany. It is Germany who keeps them in apparent peace and harmony.

In general it may be fairly said, that as long as the three empires remain in accord, and maintain the triple alliance which now binds them, peace will continue in Europe. But should dissensions rise between the three empires, or any two of them, the peace of Europe would probably very soon give place to a terrible war.—*Youth's Companion.*

LINCOLN'S SPELLING DECISION.

"I was one of the Senators," said a venerable Republican statesman "who favored the re-election of President Lincoln when that was a debatable question. I remember that one of the points they made against Lincoln was that he had appointed 'an ignoramus' Commissioner of Agriculture. That gentleman's name, you may remember, was Isaac Newton, and I think he was from Philadelphia. The graveness of the charge brought against him was that he could not spell.

"The opposition had gotten hold in some way of one of his note-books, in which, among other ludicrous mistakes, was the word 'sugar' spelled 'shooggur.' Armed with this note-book a committee of Senators waited on President Lincoln and demanded the removal of Newton. Whether he was removed or not, they were going to spring the Newtonian spelling on the world at the first convenient opportunity. But they thought it only fair to give the President a chance to remove him first. So up to the White House they went.

"When they came back I asked the chairman, a distinguished New England Senator, what had occurred. 'Well, sir' said he, 'Lincoln is no better than Newton. Would you believe it, when I showed him that wretched spelling of the word sugar he said: "Well, I'm not sure but what that's right. Sugar spells soogar—shooggur spells just what it says and what we all know it is. But whether that's right or wrong, gentlemen, is neither here nor there. I didn't appoint Newton, and therefore I can't remove him. Mrs. Lincoln appointed him. She has the sole power of removal in his case. You may go to see her if you please, and, if she removes him, remove him it shall be, but as long as he continues to send her fresh butter and vegetables, and strawberries out of season, I don't think she will remove him."'"—*Washington letter.*

STATISTICS OF BLINDNESS.

The world's blindness is computed to number about 1,000,000, or about one sightless person to every 1,400 inhabitants. In Austria one person in every 1,785 is blind; in Sweden, one in every 1,418; in France, one in every 1,191; in Prussia, one in every 1,111; in England, one in every 1,037. The proportion is greatest in Egypt, where, in Cairo, there is one blind person to every twenty inhabitants, while in New Zealand it falls to one in every 3,550 inhabitants. Germany has the greatest number of institutes for the blind—thirty-five; England has sixteen; France, thirteen; Austria-Hungary, ten; Italy, nine; Belgium, six; Australia, two; while America, Asia, and Africa together are said to possess only six.

WHAT ONE WOMAN CAN DO.

What one woman can do is illustrated by Jennie Collins, who, fifteen years ago, was a tailoress in Boston, working for her daily bread. Realizing the sorrows of a large class of shop girls who must perforce live in cheap boarding houses and miserable lodgings, she thought out the idea of establishing a place for them where they could meet for social purposes and self help. With the aid of her employer, "Boffin's Bower," which has since become famous for the good it works, was established.—*Chicago Herald.*

WHAT is this immortal demand for more, which belongs to our constitution? this enormous ideal? There is no such critic and beggar as this terrible soul.

POLITICS is a science which no one believes those who differ with him to understand.

JUSTICE APPEA

John M. Wilson, Who Made a Confession of Murder in Chicago, Hanged in Pennsylvania.

Strange Facts Concerning the Crime Brought to Light in Working Up the Case.

[Norristown (Pa.) special.]

John M. Wilson was hanged in the jail-yard here, on Thursday, for the murder of Anthony W. Dealy, in February, 1885, in Montgomery County, near the Philadelphia city line. Wilson read a speech from the scaffold. He confessed his guilt, and said his death in expiation of the crime should be a warning to all persons who had become victims to strong drink. His body was cut down and handed over to a physician, to whom he had willed it.

The history of the crime for which John M. Wilson paid the extreme penalty, and the manner of his conviction, are probably without parallel in the annals of criminal history. But for a confession which the murderer afterward denied, the death of Anthony Dealy would never have been accounted for, and probably another and an innocent man would have been hanged for another crime which is most curiously interwoven with that for which Wilson suffered.

In October, 1885, Frederick Stahl, a butcher who worked for Albert Dieterle at No. 305 Moore street, Philadelphia, suddenly dropped out of sight. He had lived with Adolph Scheuringer, a saloon-keeper, at No. 307 Vine street, with whom he had deposited $700 for safe-keeping. Weeks passed, and Stahl was not heard from. Then Scheuringer said that Stahl had been murdered, and accused Albert Dieterle (who owed Stahl money) of the crime. In the following March the headless and dismembered trunk of a human being was found floating in the Wissahickon Creek, in Fairmount Park. A further search was made, and one leg and one arm were found. Scheuringer's charge that Dieterle had murdered his employe was renewed, and when at the inquest the body was identified as that of Stahl, Dieterle was arrested.

On Sunday, Oct. 4, 1885, a peculiar-looking man walked into the West Twelfth Street Station in Chicago, and said that he was a murderer. He said he had killed a man named Anthony Dealy near Philadelphia in January, and after sewing the body in sacks had thrown it in the Wissahickon Creek. The next day he repeated the same story, but in more detail. He said he had been employed by one Anthony Dealy for several months on a farm near Philadelphia. He quarreled with Dealy about $30 which was due him, and then, picking up a cleaver, struck the man on the head, killing him instantly. He then cut off the victim's head and hid it between two feather-beds, dragged the body to the barn, and, cutting off the legs and arms, hid them in a feed-box. Then he went to the creek and selected a place in which to throw the dissected body. That night he put the head in a bag along with a lot of stones. The body and limbs were placed in other sacks, and, with the aid of a sleigh and horse, Wilson took his ghastly load to the place selected and threw it overboard. He then went to Philadelphia, and, after spending his money for drink, returned to the house and set it on fire. It was entirely destroyed, and he said Dealy's family supposed he was burned up in it.

The trial, which was begun March 8 last, lasted several days and was very sensational in its character. Stahl's brother, his friend, Scheuringer, and others who knew Stahl well still swore that the body found in the river was that of the missing butcher. A score of others swore that it was that of Anthony Dealy. They related the burning of the house and the disappearance of Wilson, who was known to them as "Sailor Jack," the day of the fire, and when the police found the watch which had belonged to Dealy and proved that it had been taken from Wilson while drunk a few days after the fire the evidence was complete. Conviction quickly followed.

The whereabouts of Frederick Stahl are still a mystery. The resemblance of the two men, Stahl and Dealy, was remarkable. They wore the same size hat, both were left-handed, both had their right shoulders higher than the left, both were of medium height, both had scars on the right hand, both had small mustaches, red hair, and bald spots on the top of their heads. Had not Wilson's confession been corroborated in every particular his conviction could hardly have been had, in view of the remarkable resemblance of the missing butcher.

PRINCE NICHOLAS.

One of the Aspirants to the Bulgarian Throne.

Prince Nicholas of Mingrelia, whose name has been conspicuously mentioned in connection with the Bulgarian throne, is

an ex-Caucasian Chief, who for twenty years has been a dependant upon the Russian Court. Born on Dec. 23, 1846, he inherited the quasi sovereignty of the Principality of Mingrelia, a district now included in Russian Transcaucasia, and lying between the Black Sea on the west and the Caucasus on the north.

The inhabitants, some 70,000 only in number, are allied to the Georgians in blood, and are mostly attached to the Greek Church. Prince Nicholas, in 1866, sold his birthright to the Russian Government, under the customary pressure, for 1,000,000 rubles, but was permitted to retain his title, and was made an aid-de-camp on the Czar's staff, with the rank of Captain. In 1875 he married a daughter of Count Adlerberg, who was for many years at the head of the Imperial household of Russia. According to one of the reports in circulation, the Prince is much younger than his wife, and separated from her soon after their marriage. Prince Nicholas is described as being a careless, good-natured man of the world, popular in the high social circles of Berlin as well as of St. Petersburg, but unpopular in the country of Austria. Prince Waldemar's recent rejection to be ruler of Bulgaria has not dampened the ardor of Prince Nicholas as an aspirant for the throne, and his ambition seconds the desire of the Czar of Russia to see him placed upon the deposed Prince Alexander's throne.

Conundrum.

Henry—Why is a young lady in full ball dress like a "suburban" that has left you in the city?

Free—I'll waste no time on your blamed conundrums. Give it up.

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MRS. WM. BYRNE, 26 St. Mary St., New Orleans, La., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me in a case of blood poisoning, and I heartily commend it to those needing a blood purifier.

MRS. W. W. MONAHAN, Tuscumbia, Ala., says: "I have been troubled from childhood with Impure Blood and eruption on my face—two bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters effected a perfect cure. I cannot speak too highly of this valuable medicine."

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Daily Sentinel

OFFICIAL PAPER COUNTY AND CITY.

SATURDAY, JAN. 22, 1887.

SARGENT S. PRENTISS was the ideal orator of the South. A large and excellent oil portrait, presented by Judge Morris, of Natchez, has been hung in the room of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, the field of most of Mr. Prentiss' oratorical triumphs.

OSCEOLA, a town on the west side of the Cascade Mountains, in Washington Territory, boasts of a school mistress of 18 summers and a weight of 325 pounds. She is said to be the one attraction of the town, but the inhabitants rather look down upon neighboring villages on account of their superiority in this respect.

MISS MATTIE MITCHELL, daughter of the Senator from Oregon, one of the prettiest and most accomplished girls in Washington, and Miss Victoria West, the British Minister's eldest daughter, who is also much admired, have agreed together to discourage extravagance in their gentlemen friends by declining bouquets from those who ask them to be their partners in a german, thinking it too great a tax upon the young men.

SEVERAL years ago Col. Thomas G. Jones, now Speaker of the Alabama House of Representatives, said in a speech in Ohio: "We can bequeath to our children nobler legacies than discord and hate." The other day he received from Boston a handsome silver-mounted gavel. Inscribed on it were his own words, quoted above, and accompanying it was a note saying that a number of Northern gentlemen begged his acceptance of the Speaker's gavel, which was presented in cordial recognition of his personal worth and ardent patriotism.

THE Massachusetts Supreme Court affirms the decision of the lower courts that a sleeping car company is liable to a passenger for any loss he sustains by robbery while occupying a berth in one of the company's cars. "It is the company's duty," the court says, "to use reasonable means to guard the passenger against theft; and if through want of care the personal effects of a passenger, such as he might reasonably carry with him, are stolen, the company is liable. Such a rule is required by public policy and by the interests of both the passenger and the company."

ATTENTION of the legal authorities of Virginia has just been directed to a singular state of affairs. During the last three years of the war, when communication with Northern manufacturing centers was cut off, the supply of ink in the South gave out, and it was manufactured in a hurry, and, of course, not according to the most approved methods. The county court records were kept in this ink, and now investigation of the court-house books, in which deeds and such things are recorded, reveals the fact that many of these are so indistinct as to be barely decipherable. From this cause, unless steps are promptly taken, it is feared that serious complications may arise.

ONE of the dirtiest of tramps was conducted to the police station in New Orleans last week. He took his incarceration calmly, and when he had become somewhat acclimated he drew a well-worn and greasy Latin book—a copy of Virgil's Æneid—from his pocket and spent the whole of one day reading it. His pronunciation and translation of Latin were excellent. The tramp stated that he was a graduate of Amherst College in 1851, and had traveled in Europe as an instructor to an English nobleman's children. His conversation showed him to be an uncommonly well-educated man, and to have at one time been used to refined society. How the fellow ever came to take up tramping he kept a secret.

THE second girder of the new Hooghly railway bridge was successfully placed in position recently. This bridge is the first cantalever bridge erected in India, and although smaller than the one now under construction at Sukkur, is yet entitled to rank among engineering works of the first magnitude. Its total length is 1,200 feet. It consists of three spans, the center one being 360 feet, and each of the others 420 feet long. The girder weighed over 1,000 tons, yet so admirable were the arrangements that the enormous mass was carried over a distance of 420 feet and dropped into its exact position in an hour. All that now remains to be done is comparatively easy, and it is hoped that the bridge will be completed and Calcutta brought into direct railway communication with Upper India in March.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Reverend Doctor Takes for His Text "Some Unbroken Pieces of the Ship."

[In the early part of Dr. Talmage's sermon of January 9, near the beginning in the calculation of the amount of labor necessary to the conversion of the world, by a mistake the words "twenty-five" were printed instead of "three" several times. The change of reading makes it necessary in a passage of the same paragraph to substitute the words "thirty-two" for "ten" as printed.—Ed.]

BROOKLYN, Jan. 16.—For many years the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the largest Protestant church in America, has been thronged twice on the Sabbath—every available inch occupied, even the aisles, pulpit, stairs and doorway, and multitudes going away unable to get in. Dr. Talmage recently announced to his congregation that if the present building could be sold for an academy of music, another church, one holding 10,000 people, would be erected. This morning, after expounding the Scriptures, he gave out the hymn:

Sinners, turn! Why will ye die?
God, your maker, asks you why.

The subject of the sermon was "Broken Pieces of the Ship," and the text, Acts xxvii. 44: "Some on broken pieces of the ship." Dr. Talmage spoke as follows:

Never off Goodwin Sands, or the Skerries, or Cape Hatteras, was a ship in worse predicament than in the Mediterranean hurricane was the grain ship, on which 276 passengers were driven on the coast of Malta, five miles from the metropolis of that island, called Civita Vecchia. After a two weeks' tempest and the ship was entirely disabled and captain and crew had become completely demoralized, an old missionary took command of the vessel. He was small, crooked-backed and sore-eyed, according to tradition. It was Paul, the only unscared man aboard. He was no more afraid of a Euroclydon tossing the Mediterranean sea, now up to the gates of heaven and now sinking to the gates of hell, than he was afraid of a kitten playing with a string. He ordered them all down to take their rations, first asking for them a blessing. Then he insured all their lives, telling them they would be rescued, and, so far from losing their heads, they would not lose so much of their hair as you could cut off with one click of the scissors; aye, not a thread of it, whether it were gray with age or golden with youth. "There shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you."

Knowing that they can never get to the desired spot, they make the sea on the fourteenth night black with overthrown cargo, so that when the ship strikes it will not strike so heavily. At daybreak they saw a creek, and in their exigency resolved to make for it. And so they cut the cables, took in the two paddles that they had on these old boats and hoisted the mainsail, so that they might come with such force as to be driven high up on the beach by some fortunate billow. There she goes, tumbling toward the rocks, now prow foremost, now stern foremost; now rolling over to starboard, now a wave dashes clear over the deck, and it seems as if the old craft has gone forever. But up she comes again. Paul's arm around a mast, he cries: "All is well; God has given me all those that sail with me." Crash! went the prow with such force that it broke off the mast. Crash! went the timbers till the seas rushed through through from side to side of the vessel. She parted amidships, and into a thousand fragments the vessel goes, and into the waves 276 immortals are precipitated. Some of them had been brought up on the seashore and had learned to swim, and with their chin just above the waves, and by stroke of both arms and propulsion of both feet they put out for the beach and reach it. But, alas, for those others! They have never learned to swim, or they were wounded by the falling of the mast, or the nervous shock was too great for them. And others have been weakened by long sea-sickness.

Oh, what will become of them? "Take that piece of a rudder," says Paul to one. "Take that fragment of a spar," says Paul to another. "Take that table. Take that image of Castor and Pollux. Take that plank from the lifeboat. Take anything and head for the beach." What a struggle for life in the breakers! Oh, the merciless waters, how they sweep over the heads of men, women and children! Hold on there! Almost ashore, keep up your courage! Remember what Paul told you. There, the receding wave on the beach leaves in the sand a whole family. There crawls up out of the surf the centurion. There another plank comes in with a life clinging fast to it. There another piece of the shattered vessel with its freightage of an immortal soul. They must by this time all be saved. Yes, there comes in last of all—for he had been overseeing the rest—the old missionary, who wrings the water from his gray beard and cries out: "Thank God, all are here!"

Gather them around a fire and call the roll. Paul builds a fire, and when the bundles of sticks begin to crackle, and, standing and sitting around the blaze, the passengers begin to recover from their chill, and their wet clothes begin to dry and warmth begins to come into all the shivering passengers, let the purser of the vessel go round and see if any of the poor creatures are missing. Not one of the crowd that were plunged into the sea. How it relieves our anxiety as we read: "Some on broken pieces of the ship, and so it came to pass they all escaped safe to land."

Having on previous occasions looked at the other passengers, I confine myself today to an examination of those who came in on broken pieces of the ship. There is something about them that excites in me an intense interest. I am not so much interested in those that could swim. They got ashore as I expected. A mile of water is not a very great undertaking for a strong swimmer, or even two miles are not. But I cannot stop thinking about those on broken pieces of the ship. The great gospel ship is the finest vessel of the universe and can carry more passengers than any craft constructed, and you could no more wreck it than you could wreck the throne of God Almighty. I wish all the people would come aboard of her. I could not promise a smooth voyage, for oftentimes it will be tempestuous or a chopped sea, but I could promise safe arrival for all who took passage on the Great Eastern, so called by me because its commander came out of the east, the star of the east a badge of his authority.

But a vast multitude do not take regular passage. Their theology is broken in pieces, and their life is broken in pieces, and their habits are broken in pieces, and their worldly and spiritual prospects are broken in pieces, and yet I believe they are going to reach the shining shore, and I am encouraged by the experience of those people who are spoken of in the text: "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

One object in this sermon is to encourage all those who cannot take the whole system of religion as we believe it, but who really believe something, to come ashore on that one plank. I do not underrate the value of a great theological system, but where in all the Bible is there anything that says: Believe in John Calvin and thou shalt be saved; or believe in the Synod of Dort and thou shalt be saved; or believe in the Thirty-nine Articles and thou shalt be saved? A man may be orthodox and go to hell, or orthodox and go to heaven. The man who in the deep affection of his heart accepts Christ is saved, and the man who does not accept Him is lost.

I believe in both the Heidelberg and Westminster catechisms, and I wish you all did, but you may believe in nothing they contain except the one idea that Christ came to save sinners, and that you are one of them, and you are instantly rescued. If you can come in on the grand old ship, I would rather have you get aboard, but if you can find only a piece of wood as long as the human body, or a piece as wide as the outspread human arms, and either of them is a piece of the cross, come in on that piece. Tens of thousands of people are to-day kept out of the kingdom of God because they cannot believe everything.

I am talking with a man thoughtful about his soul, who has lately traveled through New England and passed the night at Andover. He says to me: "I cannot believe that in this life the destiny is irrevocably fixed; I think there will be another opportunity of repentance after death." I say to him: "My brother, what has that to do with you? Don't you realize that the man who waits for another chance after death, when he has a good chance before death, is a stark fool? Had not you better take the plank that is thrown to you now and head for shore rather than wait for a plank that may by invisible hands be thrown to you after you are dead? Do as you please; but as for myself, with pardon for all my sins offered me now, and all the joys of time and eternity offered me now, I instantly take them rather than run the risk of such other chance as wise men think they can peel off or twist out of a Scripture passage that has for all the Christian centuries been interpreted another way."

You say: "I do not like Princeton theology, or New Haven theology, or Andover theology." I do not ask you on board either of the great men-of-war, their portholes filled with the great siege guns of ecclesiastical battle. But I do ask you to take the one plank of the gospel that you do believe in and strike out for the pearl-strung beach of heaven.

Says some other man: "I would attend to religion if I was quite sure about the doctrine of election and free agency, but that mixes me all up." Those things used to bother me, but I have no more perplexity about them, for I say to myself: "If I love Christ and live a good, honest, useful life, I am elected to be saved; and if I do not love Christ, and live a bad life, I will be damned, and all the theological seminaries of the universe cannot make it any different." I floundered a long while in the sea of sin and doubt, and it was as rough as the Mediterranean on the fourteenth night, when they threw the grain overboard, but I saw there was mercy for a sinner, and that plank I took, and I have been warming myself by the bright fire on the shore for three decades.

While I am talking to another man about his soul he tells me: "I do not become a Christian because I do not believe there is any hell at all." Ah! don't you? Do all the people, of all beliefs and no belief at all, of good morals and bad morals, go straight to a happy heaven? Do the holy and the debauched have the same destination? At midnight in a hallway the owner of a house and a burglar meet each other, and they both fire, and both are wounded, but the burglar dies in five minutes, and the owner of the house lives a week after. Will the burglar be at the gate of heaven waiting when the house-owner comes in? Will the debauchee and the libertine go right in among the families of heaven? I wonder if Herod is playing on the banks of the River of Life with the children he massacred. I wonder if Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth are up there shooting at a mark. I do not now controvert it, although I must say that for such a miserable heaven I have no admiration. But the Bible does not say: "Believe in perdition and be saved." Because all are saved, according to your theory, that ought not to keep you from loving and serving Christ. Do not refuse to come ashore because all the others, according to your theory, are going to get ashore. You may have a different theory about chemistry, about astronomy, about the atmosphere, from that which others adopt, but you are not therefore hindered from action. Because your theory of air is different you do not refuse to breathe. Because your theory about the stellar system is different, you do not refuse to acknowledge the north star. Why should the fact that your theological theories are different, hinder you from acting upon what you know? If you have not a whole ship fashioned in the theological dry docks to bring you to wharfage, you have at least a plank. "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

"But I don't believe in revivals!" Then go to your room, and all alone with your door locked give your heart to God and join some church where the thermometer never gets higher than fifty in the shade. "But I do not believe in baptism!" Come in without it and settle that matter afterward. "But there are so many inconsistent Christians!" Then come in and show them by a good example how professors ought to act. "But I don't believe in the Old Testament!" Then come in on the New. "But I don't like the Book of Romans!" Then come in on Matthew or Luke. Refusing to come to Christ, whom you admit to be the Savior of the lost, because you cannot admit other things, you are like a man out there in that Mediterranean tempest and tossed in the Melita breakers, refusing to come ashore until he can mend the pieces of the broken ship. I hear him say: "I won't go in on any of these planks until I know in what part of the ship they belong. When I can get the windlass in the right place, and the sails set, and that keel piece where it belongs, and that floor timber right, and these ropes untangled, I will go ashore. I am an old sailor and know all about ships for forty years, and as soon as I can get the vessel afloat in good shape I will come in." A man drifting by on a piece of wood overhears him and says: "You will drown before you get that ship reconstructed. Better do as I am doing. I know nothing about ships, and never saw one before I came on board this, and I cannot swim a stroke, but I am going ashore on this shivered timber." The man in the offing while trying to mend his ship goes down. The man who trusted to the plank is saved. O, my brother, let your smashed up system of theology go to the bottom while you come in on a splintered spar? "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

You may get all your difficulties settled as Garibaldi, the magnetic Italian, got his gardens made. When the war between Austria and Sardinia broke out he was living at Caprera, a very rough and uncultured island home. But he went forth with his sword to achieve the liberation of Naples and Sicily, and gave 9,000,000 people free government under Victor Emmanuel. Garibaldi, after being absent two years from Caprera, returned, and when he approached it he found that his home had, by Victor Emmanuel, as a surprise, been Edenized. Trimmed shrubbery had taken the place of thorny thickets, gardens the place of barrenness, and the old rookery in which he once lived had given way to a pictured mansion, where he lived in comfort the rest of his days. And I tell you, if you will come and enlist under the banner of our Victor Emmanuel and follow Him through thick and thin, and fight His battles, and endure His sacrifices, you will find after a while that he has changed your heart from a jungle of thorny skepticisms into a garden all abloom with luxuriant joy that you have never dreamed of; from a tangled Caprera of sadness into a paradise of God!

I do not know how your theological system went to pieces. It may be that your parents started you with only one plank, and you believe little or nothing. Or they may have been too rigid and severe in religious discipline, and cracked you over the head with a psalm book. It may be that some partner in business, who was a member of an evangelical church, played on you a trick that disgusted you with religion. It may be that you have associates who have talked against Christianity in your presence until you are "all at sea," and you dwell more on things that you do not believe than on things you do believe. You are in one respect like Lord Nelson, when a signal was lifted that he wished to disregard, and he put his sea glass to his blind eye and said: "I really do not see the signal." O, my hearer, put this field glass of the gospel no longer to your blind eye and say I cannot see, but put it to your other eye, the eye of faith, and you will see Christ, and He is all you need to see.

If you can believe nothing else, you certainly believe in vicarious suffering, for you see it almost every day in some shape. Last month the steamship Knickerbocker, of the Cromwell line, running between New Orleans and here, was in great storms, and the captain and crew saw the schooner Mary D. Cranmer, of Philadelphia, in distress. The weather cold, the waves mountain high, the first officer of the steamship and four men put out in a lifeboat to save the crew of the schooner, and reached the vessel and towed it out of danger, the wind shifting so that the schooner was saved. But the five men of the steamship coming back, their boat capsized, yet righted again and came on, the sailors coated with ice. The boat capsized again, and three times upset and was righted, and a line was thrown the poor fellows, but their hands and arms were frozen so they could not grasp it, and a great wave rolled over them, and they went down never to rise till the sea gives up its dead. Appreciate that heroism and self-sacrifice of the brave fellows we all can, and can we not appreciate the Christ who put out in a more biting cold and into a more overwhelming surge to bring us out of infinite peril into everlasting safety! The wave of human hate rolled over Him on the other side. Oh, the thickness of the night and the thunder of the tempest into which Christ plunged for our rescue!

Come in on that one narrow beam, the beam of the cross. Let all else go and cling to that. Put that under you, and with the earnestness of a swimmer struggling for his life put out for the shore. There is a great warm fire of welcome already built, and already many who were as far out as you are, are standing in its genial and heavenly glow. The angels of God's rescue are wading out into the surf to clutch your hand, and they know how exhausted you are, and all the redeemed prodigals of heaven are on the beach with new white robes to clothe all those who come in on broken pieces of the ship.

My sympathies are for such all the more because I was naturally skeptical, disposed to question everything about this life and the next, and was in danger of being further out to sea than any of the 276 in the Mediterranean breakers, and I was sometimes the annoyance of my theological professor because I asked so many questions. But I came in on a plank. I knew Christ was the Savior of sinners, and that I was a sinner, and I got ashore, and I do not propose to go out on that sea again. I have not for thirty minutes discussed the controverted points of theology in thirty years. And during the rest of my life I do not propose to discuss them for thirty seconds.

I would rather, in a mud scow, try to weather the worst cyclone that ever swept up from the Caribbean than risk my immortal soul in useless and perilous discussions in which some of my brethren in the ministry are indulging. They remind me of a company of sailors standing on Ramsgate pier head, from which the lifeboats are usually launched, and coolly discussing the different style of oar-locks and how deep a boat ought to set in the water, while a hurricane was in full blast and there are three steamers crowded with passengers going to pieces in the offing. An old tar, the muscles of his face working with nervous excitement, cries out: "This is no time to discuss such things. Man the lifeboat! Who will volunteer? Out with her into the surf! Pull, my lads, pull for the wreck! Ha! ha! Now we have them. Lift them in and lay them down on the bottom of the boat. Jack, you try to bring them to. Put these flannels around their hands and feet, and I will pull for the shore. God help me! There! Landed! Huzza!" When there are so many struggling in the waves of sin and sorrow and wretchedness, let all else go but salvation for time and salvation forever.

I bethink myself that there are some here whose opportunity or whose life is a mere wreck, and they have only a small piece left. You started in your youth with all sails set, and everything promised a grand voyage, but you have sailed in the wrong direction or have foundered on a rock. You have only a fragment of time left. Then come in on that one plank. "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

You admit that you are all broken up, one decade of your life gone by, two decades, three decades, four decades, a half century, perhaps three-quarters of a century gone. The hour hand and the minute hand of your clock of life are almost parallel, and soon it will be 12, and your day ended. Clear discouraged, are you? I admit it is a sad thing to give all of our lives that is worth anything to sin and the devil, and then at last to make God a present of a first-rate corpse. But the past you cannot recover. Get on board that old ship you never will. Have you only one more year left, one more month, one more week, one more day, one more hour—come in on that. Perhaps if you get to heaven God may let you go out on some great mission to some other world, where you can somewhat atone for your lack of service in this.

From many a deathbed I have seen the hands thrown up in deploration something like this: "My life has been wasted. I had good mental faculties, and fine social position and great opportunity, but through worldliness and neglect all has gone to waste save these few remaining hours. I now accept of Christ, and shall enter heaven through His mercy, but alas! alas! that when I might have entered the haven of eternal rest with a full cargo, and been greeted by the waving hands of a multitude in whose salvation I had borne a blessed part, I must confess I now enter the harbor of heaven on broken pieces of the ship!

VOLTAIRE THE VICTIM OF A CRUEL JOKE.

A man of especial and astonishing ability is sometimes a very provoking companion. There is no knowing what he may do with you; and one does not like to be made to feel his own weakness in that way, in company, at least. Sometimes, however, the formidable genius is polite enough to offset the annoyance of his power, as in the following case:

Lamotte, a young Frenchman, who had been invited to hear Voltaire read one of his new plays, observed, when asked what he thought of it, that it was a pity the whole was not original, Voltaire, chagrined and angry, asked him what part was borrowed. Lamotte named the second scene of the fourth act, and recited the whole of it. Voltaire sat like one astonished at his remarkable feat, and had only to say, at last, that he had written that scene as well as the rest of the drama. At last Lamotte relieved himself by saying, "When you read the manuscript that scene pleased me so much that I resolved to retain it in my memory, and have done so, as you may perceive."

Of course Voltaire was pleased with the compliment thus strangely paid. Lamotte was one who had cultivated the faculty of memory.—*Literary Life.*

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GRAND RAPIDS &

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1887.

THE STYLES.

Some of the Very Latest Decrees of the World of Society.

A GLANCE AT THE FASHIONS.

Including Some of the Minor Accessories Which Make or Mar Otherwise Complete Toilets.

Bridal Dresses.

The bodice of the bridal dress is frequently made with a waistcoat of crossed folds, which may be gauze or point d'esprit net or silk mull, the high-standing collar matching the folds. The long, full train hangs straight from the bouffant tournure, the panel is either of two or three lace flounces or of pearl-embroidered galloon, or of clusters of pearl flower ornaments; the skirt is edged with a pinked-out ruche of either silk or satin. A single spray of natural orange flowers is now worn in the hair, and the lace or tulle veil, falling back from the face, is fastened with some ornaments; real blossoms are also worn on the bodice. The gloves are undressed white kid, and the shoes are either white kid or the material of the dress; ivory white satin or colored silk, with a satin luster, are the choice materials. Although white velvet and white brocade are occasionally introduced as panels or to show the petticoat, the rich, simple web of one material is preferred.

Bridesmaids usually wear some transparent material mounted on a silk or satin foundation. Large-meshed silk net or tulle, with chenille pompons, or gauze, is a favorite for these fluffy dresses. When color is introduced in bridesmaids' dresses it is added to white, as white and gold, white and Suede, white with brown, etc.; the gold may be wrought in by yellow pearl beading, yellow velvet sashes, yellow roses, or gilded sticks to the fans; white gloves accompany such toilets. The new Suede passementeries, with tan Suede gloves, Suede shoes, and stockings to match, are very stylish and are worn with gauze dresses that have scalloped hand-embroidered flounces.

The fashion of veiling flowers in tulle has now spread to jewels. Pearl and precious stone necklets are to be worn under the guimpes or chemisettes of high dresses, and for low bodices the necklace will be veiled in tulle.

In a bridal outfit two wool dresses are considered necessary. One is of checked cloth and the second of smooth cloth for general afternoon wear. The checked gown should be made in the simplest tailor style for traveling wear, and there should be a toque of the cloth or of felt with it, trimmed with two rosettes of double velvet of a becoming color, or else some pompons. The dressy cloth costume may be of plum, navy-blue, mulberry, heliotrope, or dark-green ladies' cloth, trimmed with braiding and white cloth revers, or else with fur bands, and fur-covered buttons like great pompons, notably of grayish furs, such as chinchilla and the blue-gray fox furs.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Paper Collars and Cuffs.

"Paper collars and cuffs are becoming popular again," said a Fulton street haberdasher to an *Eagle* reporter. "In late years it was considered vulgar to wear them, but now they are affected by all classes of society. I have many wealthy customers who will wear nothing else. They are mostly elderly gentlemen who have been educated to that idea from boyhood and are loath to discard the style of linen worn by their daddies. Paper collars have the best sale in the rural districts. Farmers, if they wear collars at all, affect paper ones. A linen collar is almost unknown in some parts of the country, particularly in the West. Of late I have noticed that many young and dressy men wear paper linen, and especially in warm weather. Paper collars come cheap. Some brands are worth more than others. An excellent quality can be bought for 25 cents a box, which contains ten collars. Cuffs cost the same for a box containing five pairs. In hot weather paper collars are luxurious to men who perspire freely. They can be changed as often as desired, and are comparatively cheap, when it is taken into consideration that a box can be purchased at about the same price that would be paid for one linen collar. But few men can tell a paper collar at a glance. Some brands make nearly as good an appearance as linen. Celluloid collars and cuffs are now seldom worn. Some years ago they were very popular, but only in hot weather. False or paper bosoms have almost entirely disappeared."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Removable Vests.

Removable vests are decidedly an "institution." They meet the demand in a very simple and practical manner for something by which variety can be given to the same costume; and the omission of the dainty caprices and accessories that are now in vogue makes a plain dress remarkable, especially if it be worn frequently. Vests in this style are inserted in jerseys as well as ordinary basques, but the fronts, of course, are cut narrow, and are provided with button-holes on each side to match the buttons on the vest. Some are made of velvet, either plain, brocaded, studded with beads or embroidered; others of [illegible] lengthwise folds of silk [illegible] a different color from the dress goods—a dark blue jersey has a vest of faille silk in a deep wine color, laid in three lengthwise folds on each side turned toward the middle, and the collar is of the same silk laid in folds. Fancy ribbons, especially those with gold interwoven, are utilized for the same purpose, two widths being required, and the joining is down the middle.

Fancies.

Trains are worn at balls by ladies who do not care very much for dancing, while round skirts are adopted by those to whom dancing is the object of the evening.

The Diana coiffure is much in vogue. For this coiffure the hair is turned straight up from the roots and arranged on the top of the head into a sort of rouleau, which is fastened with a small tortoise-shell comb. Two large tortoise-shell pins to match are used to fasten the ends of the front hair into loops at the sides quite high on the head.

The Psyche coiffure is also very fashionable. The hair is also combed up from the roots, but it is then twisted and arranged into two large loops fastened with a small comb and pins of light-colored tortoise-shell.

These tortoise-shell combs and pins are of quite a new style, and are among the prettiest novelties introduced this season. They are in pretty open-work patters, some square, some rounded, and some triangular; the pins are but reductions of the comb; they are sold in pairs.

Jewels of old silver, finely wrought in imitation of ancient jewelry, are also among the favorite trinkets of fashion just now. There are beautiful bracelets composed of detached ovals fastened together by very fine chains, brooches to match, and exquisite chatelaines of the most beautiful workmanship. The chatelaine consists of an ornamental hook to fasten to the waistband, from which depend five chains, each upholding some article necessary to the work-table—for instance, a thimble-holder, a pair of scissors made so as to fasten in their points when not wanted, a pin-cushion and a yard measure. In some models the latter are exchanged for a silver pencil-case, and a scent-bottle, or a tiny note-book, while some ladies prefer a silver whistle or a circle for suspending a bunch of keys.

Extremely pretty frames for photographs are also made of carved silver. The image of St. Michael is the favorite *dessein* this year, and is reproduced in a variety of styles upon all the silver jewels, frames, and other knick-knacks. Very pretty clasps for fur jackets and cloaks are also made in the same style. Nor must we forget the lovely little flower-holders of open-work silver, with shell-like vase of colored crystal inside.

Street Costumes.

Costumes are made short for street wear, and generally draped, though less tucked up than last year. Fancy stripes forming a diamond pattern are a fashionable device. A pretty walking-costume is made thus: Plaited skirt of some plain woolen material, with a plaited robing in fancy stripes at the side; tunic of the plain fabric loosely draped into a shawl-point in front and puff at the back. Tight-fitting jacket of the same material as the tunic, opening with two small revers, fastened down with buttons, over a plain vest of the striped fabric. Coat-sleeves with striped facings.

Wraps for Women.

English raglans of fine gray check fit like ulsters and are very popular; they have three tight-fitting, graduated capes and beneath them the new sling sleeves. All the jackets and ulsters this winter have capes and hoods, and frequently both. Astrakham is used for both jackets and wraps, though in the former garments it is not becoming to all figures. A short wrap of this material is very handsome when trimmed with long fur.

Home Decorative Notes.

SAPPHIRE blue and gray is an effective combination.

BILLIARD cloth is an excellent foundation for a lambrequin.

EGG stains can be removed by rubbing with common table salt.

SQUARES of gold lace are an extremely pretty addition to a plush chair.

A NOVEL card receiver is a porcelain pug dog, holding in his mouth a brass umbrella.

SMALL thermometers attached to brass toboggans are among the popular oddities.

LEMONADE sets of Pomona glass have a novel frosted effect, and are refreshing to behold.

SQUARE dinner plates grow in favor, and the newest are a perfect study of artistic decoration.

THE newest bottles for aromatic salts are made of antique silver, chased in Etruscan designs.

JAPANESE teapots, being a square of copper with bamboo handles, are to be the thing at 5 o'clock teas.

SQUARE lanterns perforated and adorned with large opals and agates of various colors find universal favor.

ITALIAN wine jugs are now decorated with iridescent metallics or bronzes and finished with fancy ribbon bows.

SPOTS of grease may be effectually removed from the most delicate fabric by the application of dry buckwheat flour.

A MIXTURE of water and a little common soda is said to possess rare efficacy in cleansing old painted surfaces for repainting.

SPRAYS of grass may be beautifully frosted by dipping them into a solution of gum arabic and sprinkling them with powdered glass.—*New York Mail and Express.*

BONNETS are smaller than ever, and seem to be only the frame upon

WOMAN'S JUSTICE.

Are Women More Unforgiving and Censorious than Men?

[Boston Globe.]

Said a very clever and experienced man of the world to the writer not long since while speaking of his mother, a beautiful old lady with a character evidently as fine as her distinguished manner and bearing:

"There is one thing about my mother that is quite remarkable, and that is her perfect justice. I think she always sees more clearly both sides of a question and forms her opinions and shapes her actions, even in cases where her own feelings are enlisted, with more absolute fairness than almost any one else whom I know. I think she is perfectly and absolutely just.

"Now you know that justice is a trait which we do not look for in woman. It is unfeminine. I have always admired, for its exceeding truthfulness, the picture which Thackeray draws in Pendennis of the devoted, unselfish, self-sacrificing Christian mother who is yet so perfectly merciless in her inability to forgive the woman whom she supposes has won her son's affections and defeated her own plans for his future. There are some who dispise this fact and think it a fault or weakness which belittles woman's character; but it is charming to me," he said, gallantly, "because it is essentially feminine." Then, after a moment's pause, he added, with a comical seriousness: "The Lord only knows what would become of us men if women were perfectly just."

I listened in sad silence. Had he been less clever or less experienced I might have roused to the defense with some sort of an argument or plea in behalf of my sex; but felt that under the circumstances loyalty had better yield to honesty, for in my heart I knew he was right. Justice is not a trait of character one is certain of finding in the average woman. Feeling is almost sure to influence her acts and opinions, rather than judgment based upon a clear and fair comprehension of all aspects of the matter. There may be some who believe they admire this trait, like my gallant friend, because it is so peculiarly feminine. But why should this be? Injustice, abstractly considered, is a characteristic of narrow, undeveloped, and illogical minds, and it is hard to find anything admirable in such. We more than suspect, moreover, that these same men, who the find small, unreasonable rages and unjust spites of their feminine friends so amusing and charming, when the object is some other woman would scarcely regard them with the same relish if turned against themselves; would be the first, in fact, to cry out against feminine prejudices and "feminine logic," which term is usually used to designate an utter lask of logic.

No true, sensible woman can regard this state of things as being anything but deplorable, and every such woman ought to do her best in reforming this fault, like many others, out of the rising generation. Surely it is only necessary to train our girls to be logical, to examine all sides of a matter with eyes unblinded with prejudice. Truth would then compel one to acknowledge the facts and shape one's beliefs, acts, and utterances accordingly.

Finally, my sisters, for these are only the heads of a most powerful sermon which I shall leave each one of you to think out for herself, consider for a moment the last words quoted above: "The Lord only knows what would become of us men if women were perfectly just."

Let the words be suggestive beyond their original intent. We often cry out, when cases in which we have no personal interest are brought to our notice, against the unjust discrimination made by society in general in condemning women more than men for faults in which the other sex was equally if not more culpable; and yet it is a well-known fact that women are more unforgiving and censorious in such cases than men. We women control social matters practically; and when we, individually and collectively, insist upon the same virtues in our male friends as in those of our own sex; when, in short, we mete out justice to offenders of either sex with an even hand, then, and not till then, will come about our social reformatian.

COOKING AT SEA.

The first thing that naturally attracts the attention of a landsman is what a fearful state of confusion there must be in the galley during the rolling sea. Imagine an ordinary kitchen grate covered with saucepans, etc., were it suddenly begins to swing backward and forward like a seesaw. This difficulty, however, is easily overcome. Every galley fire is fitted with a number of iron bars fastened to a rod at the back and which fit into little grooves in a rod in front; consequently when the sea is rough these bars are fixed, and each cooking utensil is held tightly in its place between the bars, just the same as a saucepan could be held over an ordinary fireplace with a strong pair of pincers. Another difficulty is when the saucepans on the fire are all full—when the ship rolls they run over. The remedy for this is just as simple as Dr. Abernethy's one for the old lady who complained of having such a dreadful pain in her arm when she went "so." He pocketed his guinea and said: "Don't go so." So with the saucepans. The simple remedy is this: "Don't fill the saucepans." No saucepan on board ship should ever be more than three-quarters full when the ship is rolling. My first impression in watching the cooking on board ship was how many practical lessons might be learned from it by cooks on shore? How often do cooks complain: "There is no doing anything in this poky kitchen," the poky kitchen being probably quite four times the size of the galley in which I am standing, in [illegible] breakfast, lunch, and dinner have to be prepared for over two hundred persons. The requisite qualities required for success are early rising, an entire absence of fussiness, and, by no means the least important, the power of looking ahead, and seeing that each person minds his own business without interfering with another's.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

THE FAMILY ROW.

A wee-bit house of hewed logs nestling under pine trees, but a palace never held happier inmates.

Of course we count father and mother one, then came Jack, Jason, James, Mark, and Luke and last of all "Ruthie."

"Whirr, whirr," went the big wheel from early morning until long after the sturdy, restless feet were stilled and the wee folks slept the better for a day of noisy play.

"Don't fret for the old home, wife, this is a fine new one; our boys can have room to grow, to spread out," and FarmerCrum playfully pinched the pale cheek of the mother, toil-worn from the work of spinning, dyeing, weaving, sewing, and cheese-turning.

"When Ruthie gets to be mamma's housekeeper, then she can rest," and the pleased parents watched the efforts of the little one to "work as mamma did."

The years passed by, the small house gave place to a large one, then Ruthie was tired and lay down to sleep; in the morning they called her, but her ears were deaf.

Jack and Jason, two promising sons, were stricken down, and two chairs were vacant, and the mother's eyes grew dim from much weeping.

"Mother, we are not doin' our duty by them that's left; our duty is to the livin': we'd best hearten up a bit for their sakes," urged the father, as he started with James to mill.

And she did prepare an extra tea for the travelers and pinned in a white collar in her homespun dress, but father and son came home when Big Clifty gave up its dead.

A few more months and the mother was carried across the way and laid in the family row.

With awe, we young people used to go to the old cemetery and count the graves in this row, six of them, only two left, and they were lonely in the big, white house on the hill.

Mark was a recluse and kept Luke close to his side; all company was avoided by this old young man.

"No, no, Luke, our family was not meant for happiness. You musn't think o' bringin' in any young wife to this place. I want us to be an unbroken family over you," and Luke well knew Mark's word was law.

After long years of absence I went to this place and a friend pointed out this unbroken row: "Josiah and his wife Maria, John, Jason, James, Mark, Luke, and Ruth." Strange, isn't it, that not one of the children left the "home nest?"

With a sigh, I turned away. Mark and Luke had come to lie in the family row.—*Ella Guernsey, in Goodall's Daily Sun.*

PEACEMAKERS AMONG WARRING BIRDS.

A resident of Memphis, Mo., erected on his lawn a large bird-house, intended as a summer-house of a flock of martins. It was a three-story affair, and three varieties of birds inhabited it—martins, bluebirds, and sparrows. The numbers were about equal. The mixture of breeds did not appear to cause discontent for a long time. Each bird nation gathered sticks and straw and other material for nests, and harmony prevailed for weeks.

One day, however, this gentleman's family discovered that there was something wrong with the inhabitants of the airy house on the lawn. There was unusual commotion, a squalling, pecking, and fluttering which denoted trouble in the hitherto happy family. A close watch brought the further discovery that the martins and bluebirds had joined forces and were making a mighty effort to drive the sparrows off the premises.

The sparrows battled pluckily for their home, but were in the end doomed to defeat and an ignominious flight.

Opposite the lawn in a neighbor's yard stood several large oaks. A small colony of bluejays had pre-empted homes here. The sparrows on being forced from homes and nests took refuge in the oaks. Their advent was followed by bird chatter, and chirp, and squall participated in by both sparrows and jays. The noise attracted the family, and now households were watching with interest the actions of the winged tribes.

Shortly the sparrows, seemingly escorted by a number of the jays, returned to the lawn and house. This was followed by a convention of bird music, in which the jays took the prominent part. By and by the bedlam of voices ceased, and the jaws did the talking or chirping. They soon returned to the oaks, leaving quiet and peace on the lawn. The three bird colonies worked all summer without further jar or disagreement. Did the jays act the part of the peacemakers?—*Keokuk letter.*

NOTHING COMMON.

"And so you've been to Boston, Mrs. Snaggs?"

"Yes, Mrs. Fangle: I've just return."

"You saw the Common, of course."

"Indeed I didn't. Didn't go anywhere near anything common. We visited the best society only, and saw everything elegant there was to see. The common, indeed! I am surprised at you, Mrs. Fangle."—*Tid-Bits.*

THIS is a manly world we live in. Our reverence is good for nothing if it does not begin with self-respect. Accidental manhood springs from that as its basis.—*Holmes.*

GREAT ideas travel slowly, and for a time noiselessly, as the gods whose feet were shod with wool.

WAR REMINISCENCES.

Old Soldiers Rehearsing the Stirring Scenes Through Which They Passed.

Anecdotes of the Battle-Field, the Camp-Fire, and the Merry March.

John A. Logan.

BY GATH.

[His last words were: "If this is the end, I'm ready."]

Delirious lay the soul
That never could grow old—
His mane at sixty black,
Like twenty was his mold;
What field he rode alone,
By what black Lethe's eddy,
None knew, who heard his tone;
"I'm ready."

No corps is there, strong chief!
That pivots on thy will;
Thy foe is but a thief,
That drugs thee but to kill;
Already tortured sore,
Hast thou a soul so steady
To say—and look death o'er—
"I'm ready?"

Aye, nature so robust
And valor's open hand,
Fear not itself to trust
Though vanished sea and land!
The eagle eye is dull;
The judgment, hard and heady,
Says, firm and dutiful:
"I'm ready."

No lie, no sneaking arts,
Come on thy flank to flurry,
That startle crawling hearts
And their departure hurry;
As in the hope forlorn,
When blew the guidons shreddy,
Thy voice peals like a horn:
"All ready!"

So in these days, weak span
When times heroic falter,
Thank God for nature's man
No priests nor schools can alter!—
Whose instincts, like the breath
Of prairies, blowing steady,
Say to his foes or death:
"I'm ready."

Where There Was Fighting.

Most of the veterans of two, three, or four years' service saw enough of real war, smelled enough "villainous saltpetre," to satisfy their longings in that direction for a whole lifetime. And most of that class are able with slight reflection to select one particular day in their experience when war was hotter and more destructive than at any other time.

The actual fighting of battles occupied so small a part of the soldiers' time that this series, which aims to present war in every phase, is not crowded, as it easily might be, with the writer's experience on the battle-field. But there is one picture that stands out so vividly in the life of those days that he must not omit it—our first great battle in the Shenandoah, Sheridan's battle of Winchester, fought September 19, 1864.

There is some queer fate about the names that are finally attached to great battles, in contrast with those that are first given them. The French desired to name the field of their great overthrow Mont Saint Jean, where in fact the fighting was done; but history only knows it as Waterloo, the name of a hamlet two miles off. Bunker Hill is the name by which one of the earliest conflicts of our Revolution is known; but the fighting was on Breed's Hill. The first great battle at the West in our war was promptly christened Pittsburg Landing; now everybody knows it as Shiloh. So many stubborn and bloody collisions occurred around Winchester, in the time of Banks, Milroy, Shields, Hunter, Crook, and I know not how many more, that Sheridan naturally wished to distinctively designate his great victory, so he chose the name Opequan, from a neighboring creek. But the title, though a good one, never stuck—and as "Sheridan's battle of Winchester" it always has been, and always will be, known.

A more beautiful day was never known in Virginia. A warm sun tempered the cool autumn air; there was a peace and quiet in nature utterly opposed to the hurricane of destruction that arose at noon, and raged till sunset. It was a storm of man's designing, and a dreadful one.

For two full months two armies of upwards of twenty-five thousand men each had been moving about in the valley and in Maryland, with occasional skirmishes of cavalry and picket encounters, but both avoiding a general engagement. But Sheridan was now released from the order that had restrained him: he was at liberty to fight if he chose, and he lost no time in bringing on a battle.

Some battles came on unexpectedly; but none of our army need have been in ignorance, the night before this battle, as to what the orders meant. Everything was to move at three o'clock in the morning; all the trains were to go to the rear; all the surgeons to report to the medical director. Yet so long had the fight been coming on that there were many who did not realize that such orders as this could mean nothing but a battle.

Our position was at Berryville, some twelve miles east of Winchester. Secret and reliable information had made it known to General Sheridan that two divisions of Early's army were at Bunker Hill, twelve miles north of the main body, and this present movement was made with the expectation of crushing the latter before the detached divisions could regain it. The plan almost succeeded; nothing but the unexpected delay that occurred in crossing the Opequan Creek, and the almost superhuman speed made by the Confederate divisions at Bunker Hill to get back in time, when it was discovered that Sheridan was moving, prevented the cutting up of Early in detail.

The Sixth Corps went first; then the Nineteenth; then the Eighth; the whole preceded by the strong cavalry divisions. One of the latter drove in the enemy's pickets across the creek and through the gorge beyond, so that the infantry columns could deploy near the town; the others went round to seize the pike and drive back the Confederate cavalry. We marched without incident or interruption, save the delay in waiting for trains to pass, to the creek-crossing. The water was less than knee-deep, but the fording was slow, and more valuable time was consumed here than should have been.

Over the creek, and pressing on, signs of warm work ahead began to appear. The booming of distant cannon was heard. Cavalrymen began to drop back by twos and threes; some stragglers, others wounded, clinging feebly to their saddles. A tall fellow in blue and yellow, with his handkerchief bound round his head, stood by the roadside, and consoled us as we marched by with the words:

"We've done our part, boys: now you go in and do yours."

"What's ahead?" somebody asked.

"O, go on and you'll find out! It was rather warm for us: I guess it'll be for you, too."

We passed swiftly and silently through the deep gorge in the road, filed out into the fields, and pressed on. The Sixth Corps had passed on ahead of us; I did not see them, but understood that they had taken ground over to the left. We went straight up, past a barn, from the roof of which Sheridan watched the deployment of these two corps, past a stone mill, which the surgeons took for a field hospital, and which in another hour was filled—crowded with shrieking, suffering men—and went at double-quick over some hollows to a road, where the brigade to which I belonged formed column by divisions—that is, two-company front. There was good reason for the double-quick. Shells from the enemy's batteries on the high ground near the town were screeching over the wood and bursting in the air above our heads. It was a stirring prelude to a savage scene.

We were halted here not more than ten minutes. The Second Division of our corps was ahead, and had already entered the woods. At the call of the bugle we advanced. I looked at my watch; so much time had been consumed at the creek and in waiting for the trains to pass, that it was now seven minutes past twelve. General Sheridan in his report says that it was about ten. I think he did not consult his watch.

Any of the soldiers who fought on this part of the field would not recognize it now. The deep, thick woods were all cut down the same winter, to make fuel and log-huts for the troops.

We had not penetrated thirty yards into the wood when the music commenced. Shells flew through the air overhead, bursting among the trees, or dropping on the ground right in front of our line. Such perfection of range I never saw, before or after. Twigs and branches fell upon us in showers. Two field officers I saw dismounted, as their horses were struck through, and rolled on the ground. A great flash and roar not five yards in front of my company made me painfully aware that something serious was happening. The air was instantly alive with flying fragments. Corporal Alfred Dain, at my elbow, was literally blown to pieces; three more of the company were wounded; a fragment slit the sleeve of my sword-arm from wrist to elbow. A sharp sting told that I was hit; I felt of the arm, and found that it was only a flesh-wound—and kept on. A superficial shell-wound does not bleed; the heat of the fragment sears the veins as it passes. I had time after the battle to examine my arm, when I found that a piece about the size of a silver dollar had been taken out.

Straight up to the front went the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York, forming battalion line as it went, thrown far out to mask the deployment of the other four regiments of the brigade, while the shells never ceased to crash and burst over and around us, and men to fall at every step. An angrier and sharper whizzing in the air now told us that we had come into musket range of the enemy. We reached the edge of the woods, and a scene burst upon us that no man who was there can forget till his eyes close in death. A wide field, perhaps two hundred yards in width, thickly dotted with fugitives from the Second Division, which had been repulsed in its charge, and flung back, crowding to the rear, and crying out to us, "Don't fire till we get by!" Another wood beyond, and out in front of it a strong gray line of battle, cheering wildly, apparently advancing, with three flags of stars and bars plainly thrown out before it!

To describe with precise accuracy just what occurred during the next hour or half-hour is simply impossible. We were in the smoke, the roar, and the slaughter of battle. The officers stood sword in hand to keep the men up to the horrible work. There were yells, cries, groans, the incessant crash of muskets and whistle of bullets. I saw men go down to the right and left; some sprawled forward, some knocked onto their backs, as if struck with a club, some settling down in a heap. I heard the impact of musket-bullets against flesh and bone as plainly as you can hear a blow of the hand. A spent bullet struck me in the breast, knocking me down, but I was on my feet again at once. Those who were not too badly wounded to move, limped or crawled to the rear; those who were unhurt fought on, loading as rapidly as possible, and firing at the thin line of smoke that rose from the line of gray opposite. Then there came a time when, our Colonel being badly hit, the Major ordered us to fall back into the woods. We went, as orderly as we could, helping back the wounded.

We found back in the woods the One Hundred and Sixteenth and One Hundred and Fifty-third New York; the two other regiments of our brigade had been hurried off somewhere to the right, to piece out the line at a weak point. We speedily got into line with the two regiments first named, and with a great cheer and shout rushed across a field to the right and rear of our first position, and took position behind a rail fence. As the One Hundred and Fifty-third came up to this line, they fired a stunning volley. A battery—Captain Bradbury's, of Maine, I think—galloped in at our left, unlimbered, and began firing; and sweeter music I never heard.

To measure time, or rather, to guess it, on the battle-field, is nearly impossible. Everything is rush, roar, smoke, destruction, and confusion; you live a week in a minute, and can have little idea of the lapse of time. So I can only guess; and my guess is, that we hung to that fence two hours. It was close and deadly work. There were the veterans of two and three years on both sides; they had learned to fire low. Our men lay down, knelt, sat, any way to load and fire with as little exposure as possible. But the deadly bullet searched out its victims everywhere. In all of these positions I saw men struck. I noticed one man making a rest of the dead body of a comrade, with his protruding knapsack, as he fired. The dry grass in that field in front took fire from discharged paper cartridges, and blazed up fiercely. Blood was spattered on the fence and on the grass. And we held on. Brave fellows, how they fought!

It was only when our cartridges were all gone that we fell back to the woods again. A great cry went up for cartridges. General Grover rode up and assured us that a good supply was at hand. So there was; but it is hard work to get the driver of an ammunition wagon anywhere within reach of a bullet. Presently the pine boxes were brought up, and each as it came was splintered to pieces against the trunk of a tree, and the cartridges scooped from the ground in handfuls. A story told by Major John M. Gould, of the Twenty-ninth Maine, of our brigade, relating to this juncture of the battle, is too good to be lost. He had gone back twenty or thirty rods into the woods, and, collaring a teamster, was urging him to bring his ammunition wagon closer to the line, when Sheridan came tearing along. He stopped, and demanded what was the trouble. Major Gould was trying to tell him, when the General abruptly cut him short thus:

"You take every —— teamster, and every —— box of cartridges, and every —— mule to draw them that you can find, and get them up to the front —— quick, and then you go there yourself, —— you!"

"For each and every one of which oaths," said the Major, "he ought to be fined one dollar according to Army Regulations."

From the cover of these trees the fight was renewed, and went on furiously for perhaps another hour. Here I witnessed an admirable exhibition of soldierly pluck. Sergeant John Toombs, of my regiment, fell badly wounded, mortally it turned out. He begged a comrade to load his musket again and hold him up against a tree, when he took careful aim, fired a farewell shot, and not till then consented to go to the rear.

Such soldiers could not fail to win battles.

All this time, entirely beyond our sight, but swelling the general noise and uproar, the Sixth Corps on our left, and our Second Brigade and partially rallied Second Division on the right, were fighting a stern and bloody battle of their own. It is not for me to tell what they did. The soldier who can see and remember what passes right before his own eyes in battle, and can tell a plain story about it afterward, does more than all men who have been thus engaged can do.

About five o'clock there came a lull. The firing opposite us grew feebler, and then stopped. The heads of the Eighth Corps columns began to appear behind us, and were directed more to the right, where their charge was to be made. I had an opportunity at this time to walk over to the position of our regiment in front of the wood, and survey it. Glorious but sorrowful sight! Twenty-two as brave fellows as ever handled a musket lay dead there. Our whole loss in killed and wounded footed up, the next day, one hundred and eighty-eight—more than half the number we took into the fight.

Those who have any curiosity to know how destructive on the whole field was this battle may look at any good history of the war. I believe that, in round numbers, over four thousand men on each side were slain and mangled, besides prisoners.

As the afternoon waned, a great noise came from our far right. We heard the sound of cannon and musketry, with cheers and yells. It was Crook with the Eighth Corps, and the host of our cavalry, attacking the Confederate left. The lull in our front was thus easily accounted for. Something was on their side hurried to the left to oppose this onset. Soon the order came for us to advance. Our lines swept straight over the fields where we had lately had such hot fighting. Far to the left we saw regiments of the Sixth Corps, advancing and cheering. There seemed to be no infantry in front to oppose us. We came in sight of the spires and buildings of Winchester; on the hills near the town several pieces of artillery still thundered, but as we advanced we saw our cavalry sweeping on from the right, and this artillery was silenced. The battle of Winchester was over; the enemy had been broken and driven from the field. All the slaughter that I have described had occurred in the successful effort of the Nineteenth Corps to hold the center until Crook and the cavalry got into position to make a charge on the right.

Ghastly, dreadful evidences of the effect of our fire greeted us as we passed over the field. The dead and wounded thickly dotted it. Most of the bodies were clad in gray and russet uniforms; though when we came to the point where our Second Division had met its repulse we saw many blue-clad corpses. In the yard of a stone house the dead were literally piled, lying one across another. As our line halted a moment I observed a wounded Confederate near us. I went up to him and asked him where he was hurt. He said not a word but pointed to his leg. The entire calf had been torn off by a piece of shell. Dead horses were thick, and also muskets, canteens, and haversacks. There is no such devastation caused by man as that which a battle makes.

This sketch will be read by many who were engaged in the battle it depicts, both blue and gray. They know, as those who were not in the armies can not know, the horrors of the hospitals after such a day. They will join me in the prayer that such scenes may never be enacted again in our reunited land.

General J. K. Duncan.

The original of the accompanying trait. General J. K. Duncan, was [illegible] mand of the river defenses of [illegible]

New Orleans at the time of the expedition under Butler and Farragut to capture that city. He surrendered Forts Jackson and St. Philip to the Federal force, with their garrisons, and was, with his men, immediately paroled. He afterward commanded a division of Bragg's army, and was in the advance at Mumfordsville, where Colonel Wilder, in command, was forced to surrender over 4,000 prisoners to General Polk.

A War on Turkey.

I wake up at night to laugh about some some things that happened in the army to myself in the old One Hundred and Fourteenth Ohio Infantry. I remember that one time when three companies of our regiment were on picket duty at Atchafalay River, Louisiana, we prepared for a big time and didn't have it. The night before Christmas the boys concentrated all their thoughts on a Christmas dinner. An old darky was sent off on a foraging expedition, with instructions to get a turkey or never come back. He came back the next morning with as fine a turkey as ever gobbled, a twenty pounder, and it was cooked in splendid style by men who knew how to do that sort of thing. It was on the table in the house at the reserve post, and with knife and fork in hand I was on my feet making a flourish preparatory to an attack on the turkey, when crash came the plastering down on the table. The crash was followed by a terrific explosion, that tore out one corner of the house.

It was followed by another crash that sent half the shingles flying from the roof. A third explosion sent more of the roof down on the table and on those who were about it, when we comprehended that we were being bombarded, and we lit out, leaving the turkey in the ruins. The enemy had placed three guns in position on the other side of the river, and, getting range at first fire, had opened on our post. We did not care much about the house, and we regarded the shooting at us as a question of privilege, but our mouths watered whenever we thought of the turkey in the ruins. The Confederates, of course, kept up their fire on the old house until it was pretty well demolished, and in the meantime we gave them our undivided attention.

When they retired, the men who had been at dinner proceeded to investigate the ruins of the old house; the turkey was excavated, was submitted to the cleansing process, and was eaten. I have attended a great many Christmas dinners since that time, but I don't remember one that had more fun in it than our dinner on cold turkey at Atchafalay River, in Louisiana. I never see a fellow with a carving-knife and fork but that I look unconsciously up to the ceiling to see whether any bomb-shells are coming through or not, and I suppose that I have laughed a thousand times over the consternation that spread over the faces of the boys when that first block of plastering came down on our turkey.

ALEX. B. BREMNER,
Company A, 114th Ohio Infantry.

Taking a Short Cut.

In the month of February, 1862, I, with several others of the regiment, was on the way to join my command at Nashville, Tenn. We went by steamer from Louisville down the Ohio River and up the Cumberland. When within about fifty miles of Fort Donelson, the little steamer we were on came up with a stern-wheel packet. The packet had a coal-barge in tow, and was taking on coal. Our steamer, a side-wheeler, and called the W. W. Crawford, challenged the packet for a race, which was promptly accepted, and had we not run the packet into the bank she would have beaten us at the start. As it was we left her behind, and were soon out of sight, going round a bend in the river.

One of the soldiers on our boat made the remark that the packet could run two miles to our one, and looking back down the river we saw the stern-wheeler coming up on us, hand over hand. She had got her supply of coal, and had cut loose from the coal-barge. On she came, and passed us easily. The mate of our boat said to me (aside): "Bet that fellow that thinks the packet can beat us that we will run ahead of her yet. I did as the mate advised me (the Cumberland River at the time was very high, and at some points the river looked as though it was a mile wide). Soon after the bet was made our steamer left the channel of the river and steamed into the woods. She went first one way, then another, through the trees (following a bayou, as I afterwards learned) for an hour or more. All at once we came out into the river again, and the mate, pointing down the river, said: "There is your fast packet." We had by our short cut left the packet three miles behind. The money was handed over to me with good grace, and if that soldier is alive and will write to me I will return him the amount of money I won of him on receipt of his letter with his name attached.

J. K. PERKINS,
Company I, Thirteenth Mich. Inf. Vol.

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And Every Species of Itching and Burning Diseses a Cured by Cuticura.

ECZEMA, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with Cuticura Soap and a single application of Cuticura, the great Skin Cure. This repeated daily, with two or three doses of Cuticura Resolvent, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unirritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure eczema, Tetter, ringworm, psoriasis, lishen, pruritis, scald head, dandruff and every species of itching, scaly and pimply humors of the scalp and skin, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

ECZEMA.

I gratefully acknowledge a cure of eczema or salt rheum, on head, neck, face, arms and legs for seventeen years; not able to walk except on hands and knees for one yer; not able to help myself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced my case hopeless; permanently cured by the Cuticura Remedies. WILL McDONALD,
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ECZEMA.

Some five months ago I had the pleasure to inform you of my improvement in the use of the Cuticura Remedies in my case of severe chronic eczema erythematosa and to-day cheerfully confirm all I then said. I consider my cure perfect and complete, and attribute it entirely to your remedies, having used no others. PERVAN ESENCHARDO,
3306 Penna Ave., St. Louis. Mo.

ECZEMA.

I have suffered from salt rheum for over eight years, at times so bad I could not attend to my business for weeks at a time. Three boxes of Cuticura and four bottles Resolvent have entirely cured me of this dreadful disease. MR. JOHN THIEL,
Wilkesbarre, Pa.

CUTICURA REMEDIES.

Sold by all druggists. Price: Cuticura, 50 cents; Resolvent, $1.00; Soap, 25 cents. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BEAUTIFY the complexion and skin by using the Cuticura Soap.

I CAN'T BREATHE.

Chest pains, numbness, soreness, hacking cough, asthma, pleurisy and inflammation relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. Nothing like it. At druggists, 25 cents. Potter Drug and Chemical Co.

Catarrhal Dangers.

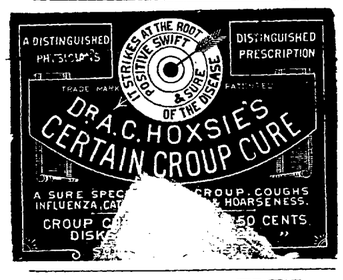
To be freed from the dangers of suffocation while lying down; to breathe freely, sleep soundly and undisturbed; to rise refreshed, head clear, brain active and free from pain or ache; to know that no poisonous, putrid matter defiles the breath and rots away the delicate machinery of smell, taste and hearing; to feel that the system does not, through its veins and arteries, suck up the poison that is sure to undermine and destroy, is indeed a blessing beyond all other human enjoyments. To purchase immunity from such a fate should be the object of all afflicted. But those who have tried many remedies and physicians despair of relief or cure.

Sanford's Radical Cure meets every phase of Catarrh, from a simple head cold to the most loathsome and destructive stages. It is local and constitutional. Instant in relieving, permanent in curing, safe, economical and never-failing.

Sanford's Radical Cure consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box of Catarrhal Solvent, and one Improved Inhaler, all wrapped in one package, with treatise and directions, and sold by all druggists for $1.00.

ACHING BACKS

Weak Backs, Pain, Weakness and Inflammation of the Kidneys, Shooting Pains through the Loins, Hip and Side Pains, lack of strength and activity relieved in one minute and speedily cured by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, a new, original, elegant and infallible antidote to pain and inflammation. At druggists, 25c; five for one dollar, or postage free of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.



CATARRH

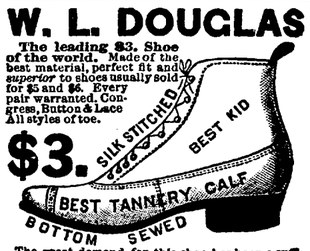
ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the senses of taste smell, hearing. A quick relief.

HAY-FEVER A Positive Cure.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars free. Ely Bros., Druggists, Owego N. Y.

W. L. DOUGLAS



The leading $3. Shoe of the world. Made of the best material, perfect fit and *superior* to shoes usually sold for $5 and $6. Every pair warranted. Congress, Button & Lace. All styles of toe.

$3.

The great demand for this shoe has been a sufficient guarantee of its reliability; to make the public still better satisfied, we have made such improvements that there can be no question to our claim of making *the best $3 Shoe in the world.*

W. L. DOUGLAS $2.50 SHOE, *for gentlemen.* Best calf, with bottom of selected stock, and equal, if not superior, to the $3 shoes advertised by other firms. We invite a personal inspection and comparison before purchasing.

$2 SHOE FOR BOYS. Same styles as the $3 shoe. Carefully and substantially made, stylish and unequalled as a school shoe. If any of the above cannot be had at your dealer's, send address on postal to W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

MADAME MORA'S CORSETS.

MOST COMFORTABLE AND PERFECT FITTING. Merchants say they give better satisfaction than any corset they ever sold. Dressmakers recommend them for their fine shape. Cannot break over hips. Are particularly liked by Ladies of full figure. The "CONTOUR" and "ALDINE" have the PATENT TRIPLE BACK, which covers the open space and protects the spine. The "LA REINE" has the popular REMOVABLE STEEL, which can be instantly taken out, WITHOUT CUTTING OR RIPPING. For Ladies, ask for MADAME MORA'S CORSETS. No others have the celebrated French Carved Bust. Beware of imitations offered to deceive the public. For sale by all leading dealers. Manufactured by

Madame Mora's Contour, Madame Mora's La Reine, Madame Mora's Aldine, Madame Mora's Comfort Hip. L. KRAUS & CO., Birmingham, Conn. J. G. Fitzpatrick & Co. 71 Leonard St., N. Y.

J. C. PELTIER,

UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER,

17 W. Wayne St.

Telephone No. 174.

May 22 1y.

DR. T. J. DILLS

Has located at his residence

NO. 108 *EAST BERRY STREET,*

Where he will give exclusive attention to all

DISEASES OF THE

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, JAN. 22, 1887.

FUN SPICED WITH RISK.

COASTING ONE OF THE OLDEST OF WINTER SPORTS.

The Pung and Hand Sleds—Coasting on Single Sleds—The Modern "Bobs"—Dangers of the Sport—The Fascination Overbalances It.

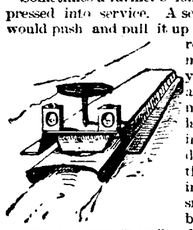
In the days and the places when the writer enjoyed the exciting sport now known as coasting they used to call it "riding down hill." Perhaps this wasn't so good a name as that applied now, but there used to be just as much fun in it all the same. The hill down which the young people of Blankville used to go spinning at the speed of a limited express train afforded a ride of more than a mile, and the village was about two-thirds down. Beyond the village in the valley there was a "flat" and a mill pond, and if the road was good the ride could be considerably lengthened. Most of the "riding" was done on moonlight nights, when everybody who could possibly turn out would do so.

THE OLD TIME WAY.

Everybody went up the hill together, and it was a jolly spectacle to see a hundred people, more or less, toiling up the long hill, dragging their sleds after them. The majority of the party would always be boys and girls, of course, but middle aged men were not at all unusual, and there would occasionally be a lady who was on the shady side of life's meridian. But, of course, the older ones did not always walk up with the rest; they more often took comfortable seats in a sleigh drawn by horses, and so rode both ways. But if any of the youngsters had avoided the toil of the sport in that way they would certainly have been sent to Coventry.

The styles of sleds varied. "Store" sleds were at a discount. Most were made by the village wagonmaker, and great pains were insisted upon that the turn of the runner's curve should be of just the proper bend. For therein—all other things being equal—it was allowed lay the speed of the sled, and a slow sled was worse than none.

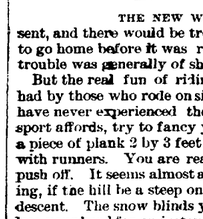
Sometimes a farmer's long sleigh would be pressed into service. A score of sturdy lads would push and pull it up the hill, and then rosy maidens, staid matrons, bright young rural sparks, and even grave, middle aged villagers would "pile in" and all go down together to the music of ringing laughter and snow crumbling beneath the big sleigh runners. It was always a matter of nerve and delicacy to steer one of these ponderous craft down the long hill, and this work was always intrusted to the two coolest headed young fellows in the party. They would lash their two sleds together at the end of the pole, and each seating himself on one leg would use the other as a rudder on the way down. Accidents were rare, for all went down at the same time, so as not to meet any one coming up. And people who were driving that way very discreetly waited till the party came down before continuing on their way up the hill. Sometimes a farmer's sleigh would be taken without the owner's knowledge or consent, and there would be trouble if he wanted to go home before it was returned. But the trouble was generally of short duration.



THE MODERN "BOB."

THE NEW WAY.

But the real fun of riding down hill was had by those who rode on single sleds. If you have never experienced the excitement this sport affords, try to fancy yourself seated on a piece of plank 2 by 3 feet in size, furnished with runners. You are ready to start, you push off. It seems almost as if you were falling, if the hill be a steep one, so swift is your descent. The snow blinds your eyes. If you lose your head for on instant you may swerve from the track or upset. Then the fellow who is just behind you yelling like a wild man o' the woods for you to keep out of his way will overtake you and you will both be hurt. The village flies past you before you have more than thought about it. The flats are reached and your sleigh stops. It is just a minute and ten seconds and you have covered a plump mile. The tension has been great and there has been danger, but you try it again, and laboriously begin at once to climb the hill for half an hour just to have another exciting ride of a one little minute.



A SINGLE SLED.

Coasting, by whatever name it goes, will always be popular—some like it much better than tobogganing. It always affords delightful opportunities for love making, and has become very popular in many cities, where coasting clubs are regularly formed and maintained and "bobs" of great cost are used. Coasting in cities is very dangerous sometimes, and the list of deaths and accidents accruing from carelessness by coasters in some towns is appalling. But it has come to stay.

Beware of premature conclusions when you see a man sit down hurriedly on the sidewalk at this time of year. Don't conclude that he is drunk simply because he has taken a drop.—Lowell Citizen.

Mme. Scalchi, the great contralto, who is on a concert tour, has give the use of her residence, near Turin, as a hospital for poor people during her absence. This is a much more commendable and effective style of advertising than having diamonds stolen or getting up a divorce scandal. Beyond this it is entirely

MRS. LUCY F. BARBER,

The Woman of Alfred, N. Y., Who Dared to Present Her Vote.

The little village of Alfred, Alleghany county, N. Y., was thrown into a state of considerable excitement on Nov. 2 by the action of Mrs. Lucy F. Barber, who presented herself at the polls, and demanded, when her vote was challenged, that she be allowed to swear it in. This the inspectors of election, Isaac M. Langworthy, Albert W. Langworthy and Frank B. Goodwin, after a long consultation, concluded to do, and Mrs. Barber had the satisfaction of knowing that at least one woman in the Empire state had exercised the same rights of franchise as are accorded to men. Mrs. Barber was afterward arrested. The matter is of particular interest, since, upon the outcome of this case, to a great extent, depends the progress of the woman suffrage movement in New York state.

Mrs. Barber's face, as shown in the picture here presented, is that of a bright, sensible and withal a determined woman. Her hair is short.

Mrs. Barber was born in Alfred, and her maiden name was Sweet. Her husband is a farmer. She was married to him quite young, and is the mother of eleven children, six of whom are living. Four died in infancy, and one was crushed to death while coupling cars. Twenty-five years since she was baptized by Rev. N. V. Hull into the Seventh Day Baptist church in Alfred, of which she is still a member. She is also a member of the Women's Christian Temperance union.

She says that she was led to offer her vote by the circular issued by Mr. Hamilton Willcox, stating that the provisions of law which formerly forbade women to vote in this state have been repealed, declaring it the inspectors' duty to receive the vote of any woman who has the legal qualifications, especially if she take the "voter's oath," and giving the opinion of leading lawyers concurring.

The case of Mrs. Barber naturally brings to mind that of Miss Susan B. Anthony, of Rochester, N. Y., the leader of the woman's suffrage cause in the Empire state. Failing to obtain national or state legislation that would help along the cause, it was determined in 1872 by a lot of determined women to try the plan of voting under the laws as they at present exist. Miss Anthony tells of her voting and her subsequent trial and conviction for the same in an interview with a Rochester reporter printed some years ago. Her recital will be of interest at this time:

MRS. BARBER.

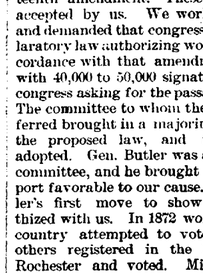
"For many years we have been at work in Washington. In 1866 we protested against inserting the word 'male' in the second section of the fourteenth amendment. Up to that time there had been nothing in the constitution which discriminated against women. We failed in our protest. We subsequently demanded that in the fifteenth amendment the word 'sex' should be inserted after 'race or color.' That was refused. Then we demanded a sixteenth amendment, prohibiting the states from disenfranchising on account of sex. In 1870 Francis Miner, of St. Louis, sent to our convention at Washington a series of resolutions claiming the right of the women to vote under the fourteenth amendment. These resolutions were accepted by us. We worked on that basis and demanded that congress should pass a declaratory law authorizing women to vote in accordance with that amendment. A petition with 40,000 to 50,000 signatures was sent to congress asking for the passage of such a law. The committee to whom the question was referred brought in a majority report against the proposed law, and this report was adopted. Gen. Butler was a member of the committee, and he brought in a minority report favorable to our cause. This was Butler's first move to show that he sympathized with us. In 1872 women all over the country attempted to vote. I and eight others registered in the Eighth ward in Rochester and voted. Mine was made a test case for illegal voting. I was tried, found guilty and fined $100. In 1875 the supreme court decided that women could not vote under the provisions of the constitution. From that time we have continued our efforts to secure an amendment to the constitution. We have annually sent to congress petitions with 100,000 signatures. We have had hearings before different committees of the house and senate. We, however, in the meantime demanded special committees. In 1882 both houses granted us a special committee and each committee presented a favorable report to the Forty-seventh congress. The present senate reappointed the select committee which made an admirable report. The house, however, refused to give us a committee, and our petitions were thrown into the hands of the judiciary committee. A two hours' hearing was given us but a majority report was brought in against us and a minority report in our favor."

The decision of New York's attorney general, referred to by Miss Anthony, that a constitutional amendment is necessary before women may legally vote in New York, was rendered May 10, 1882, and any amendment to the constitution, whether made by the legislature or a constitutional convention, must be sanctioned by a popular vote.

COL. MATTHEW QUAY,

Chosen to the United States Senate by Pennsylvania.

One of the most pleasant faces that will be seen in the new United States senate is that of Matthew Quay, who has been elected by the Pennsylvania legislature. Col. Quay is a short, rotund fellow, about 46 years of age. His face is plump and round, and his blue eyes light up his countenance whenever anything occurs to please him. He has a son, named for his old friend, ex-Governor Curtin, who is now at the West Point military academy. Quay is an inveterate fisherman, and spends whole days during the summer, at Atlantic City, alone in a boat, with only his fishing rod and bait as companions.



COLONEL QUAY.

He is a very astute politician, having taken his first lessons from Governor Curtin, for whom he was private secretary. But when Curtin and Simon Cameron fell out some time after, Quay cast his lot with the latter. At one time his great personal popularity was seriously threatened by Chris Magee, of Pittsburg, but Quay's proverbial good fortune carried him safely through when the issue was made, as his election to the United States senate shows.

It has been discovered that the weight of cotton has been increased by dishonest southern dealers by salting it.

James A. Beaver sworn in as governor of Pennsylvania.

After Diphtheria.

Diphtheria is a terrible disease; requiring the greatest medical skill to effect a complete cure. Even when its power is broken, it clings to the patient with great persistency, and often leaves the system poisoned and prostrated. Just here Hood's Sarsaparilla does a vast amount of good, expelling impurities from the blood, giving it richness and vitality, while it regulates and strengthens the

WOMEN'S OCCUPATION IN SHEOL.

Joe Brown, of Truckee, when alive, had many a sharp word with his wife over the question as to who should build the fire on winter mornings, but she got the upper hand, and Joe built the fires. One day he died from the effect of a cold contracted while building the fire on a freezing cold morning, and Mrs. Brown was disconsolate. She heard of some Spiritualists and went to them for comfort. They told her she could talk to her husband through a medium, at a trifling price—some $10—which she paid, and she was taken into a darkened room. Joe's spirit was called up, and answered by rapping twice.

"All ready now; what do you wish to say to him?" asked the fakir.

"Tell him that I am sorry he built the fire on that morning when he contracted the cold from which he died."

Then came a quick rapping in reply.

"He says tell you it's all right; it's warm enough where he is now."

"Where are you now, Joseph?"

"Sheol."

"Bless me! are there any women there?"

"Yes, lots of them."

"What are they doing, dear?"

"Building fires."

Just then some one turned up the light, and Mrs. Brown found she had been hoaxed by a job put up on her by her son-in-law.—*San Francisco Maverick.*

For the many complaints incidental to cold and severe weather, Pond's Extract will be found a welcome and effective remedy. Use it in all cases of Chilblains, Frozen Limbs, Stiffness of the Joints, Swollen Face, Chapped Hands and Lips, Roughness of the Skin caused by harsh winds, Hoareness, Asthma, etc. Used internally and externally. For Catarrh it is the specific. Genuine Bottles only with Buff Wrappers.

L. Johnson & Son, shoe dealers, Haverhill, Mass., failed for $60,000.

If the Sufferers from Consumption,

Scrofula and general debility, will try Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and a permanent benefit. Dr. H. V. Mott, Brentwood, Cal., writes: "I have used Scott's Emulsion with great advantage in cases of phthisis, scrofula and wasting diseases generally. It is very palatable.

Mrs. Geo. Lefevre fatally burned at a fire in the Toledo, Ohio, pottery.

The universal verdict; "The Hop Plaster is the best porous plaster ever made." Only 25 cents.

Scott Linn, Van Wert, Ohio, smothered to death while affected with a fit.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferers at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub wakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.
Jan. 19-eodawlv.

LADIES, is life and health worty preserving? If you think so, use Gilmore's Aromatic Wine.

GIVE YOUR CHILDREN, for Coughs and Colds, Croup Whooping Cough and Hoarseness, Gilmore's Magnetic Elixir.

REV. E. J. WHITNEY, of Clarksville, N. Y., says Gilmore's Aromatic Wine for Female Weakness, stands without a rival.

IMPOTENCY in Man or Woman cured by Gilmore's Aromatic Wine.

READ THESE FACTS—It may save your life—Gilmore's Aromatic Wine cures suppressed menstruation and painful monthly sickness.

For sale by Dreier & Bro's, and H. G. Gumpper.

Claimed the Sharon, (Pa.) gamblers and Young Men's Christian association have arranged a compromise whereby the latter gets half the profits for keeping still. Very unlikely story.

DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven just the required remedy in hundreds of cases.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.

Sick Headache

"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all." MRS. E. F. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Mary C. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it the best remedy she ever used.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

A POSITIVE CURE

Cure without Medicine. Patented October 16, 1876. One box will cure the most obstinate case in four days or less.

Allan's Soluble Medicated Bougies.

Nervousness, dimness of eyesight, organic weakness, impotency, nocturnal emissions, spermatorrhœa, impoverished blood, and all diseases of the genito-urinary organs, whether existing in male or female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing, are speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured by the use of these Bougies. They are prepared expressly for the cure of these diseases, and are the only remedy known to the medical profession that will cure them without the use of copaiba or oil of sandalwood, which produces dyspepsia, and destroys the coats of the stomach. If the stomach is nauseated or loaded with impurities, a dose or two of Allan's Anti-Bilious Pills should be taken to clear the system, after which the Bougies will effect a speedy cure.

Price, $2 per box. Sent by mail, securely sealed, on receipt of price. Pamphlet free. Sold by druggists generally.

THE ALLAN CO.,
Jan. 22-w1y. New York.

POND'S EXTRACT
VEGETABLE
PAIN DESTROYER

Hemorrhages. Bleeding from the Lungs, Stomach, Nose, or from any cause is speedily controlled and stopped.

Sores, Ulcers, Wounds, Sprains and Bruises. It is cooling, cleansing and Healing.

Catarrh. It is most efficacious for this disease, Cold in the Head, &c. Our "Catarrh Cure," is specially prepared to meet serious cases. Our Nasal Syringe is simple and inexpensive.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia. No other preparation has cured more cases of these distressing complaints than the Extract. Our Plaster is invaluable in these diseases, Lumbago, Pains in Back or Side, &c.

Diphtheria & Sore Throat, Use the Extract promptly. Delay is dangerous.

Piles, Blind, Bleeding or Itching. It is the greatest known remedy; rapidly curing when other medicines have failed. Our Ointment is of great service where the removal of clothing is inconvenient.

For Broken Breast and Sore Nipples. Mothers who have once used The Extract will never be without it. Our Ointment is the best emollient that can be applied.

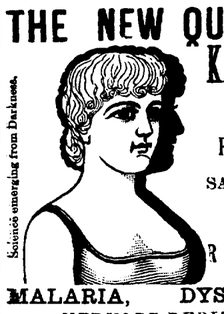
Female Complaints. In the majority of *female* diseases the Extract can be used, as is well known, with the greatest benefit. Full directions accompany each bottle.

CAUTION.

Pond's Extract Has been imitated. The genuine has the words "Pond's Extract" blown in the glass, and our picture trade-mark on surrounding buff wrapper. None other is genuine. Always insist on having Pond's Extract. Take no other preparation. *It is never sold in bulk, or by measure.*

Sold everywhere, Prices, 50c, $1, $1.75.
Prepared only by POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
NEW YORK AND LONDON.

THE NEW QUININE. KASKINE.



Solicits emerging from Darkness.

WHAT THE PHYSICIANS SAY ABOUT IT FOR RHEUMATISM, MALARIA, DYSPEPSIA *NERVORS DEBILITY,* LIVER, LUNG AND KIDNEY DISEASES.

The eminent and celebrated Dr. Giessner writes:

The Kaskine Co.—DEAR SIRS.—"The first greatest successes I had with Kaskine were in chills and fever, malaria, nervous debility, rheumatism, dyspepsia, and liver diseases and I considered at that time it undoubtedly was the best medicine ever discovered, but I was even then unfamiliar with its really wonderful powers in curing all the other germ diseases and disorders, particularly where the blood had become diseased or impoverished and the digestion impaired. Strictly speaking Kaskine is the only blood purifier we have. I use it also very largely with unfailing success in all diseases peculiar to women and children. In over 300 cases I have cured there has never been the slightest bad effect following its use, and it is far superior to any tonic or nerve medicine ever known to the medical profession." Very truly yours,
L. M. GIESSNER, M. D., 380 East 121st St., N.Y.

Prof. W. F. Holcombe, M. D., 54 East 25th St., N. H., (late Prof. in N. Y. Med. College) writes: "Kaskine is superior to quinine in its specific power, and never produces the slightest injury to the hearing or constitution."

The U. S. Examining Surgeon, Dr. L. R. White, writes: "Kaskine is the best medicine made."

St. Francis Hospital, N. Y.:—"Every patient treated with Kaskine has been discharged cured."

Bellevue Hospital, N. Y.:—"Universally successful."

St. Joseph's Hospital, N. Y.:—"Its use is considered indispensable. It acts perfectly."

Kaskin is pleasant to take and can be used without special medical counsel.

Send for the great list of testimonials unparalleled in the history of medicine. $1 per bottle. Sold by or sent by mail on receipt of price.
THE KASKINE CO.,
54 Warren St., New York.

WANTED

WANTED.—An industrious and earnest man to transact our business in his district. Good salary and permanent employment. References exchanged. E DEANGELIS, M'g'r Empire Mfg House, 27 Warren St., New York. 17d&wlmo.

WANTED.—The Am. Association desires a capable woman of good address to organize Home Associations in her district. Full instructions given. Salary $50 to $60 a month to commence. References
17d&wlmo. AM. ASSOCIATION, P. O. Box 1,590 New York.

MONEY TO LOAN—On first mortgage security in any desired sum; mortgage paper bought. JOHN DREIBELBISS,
11-d6t-w2t 13 East Main street.

LADIES wanted to get up Tea Clubs for our Pure Teas and Coffees. A host of useful articles to select from as premiums. Send for illustrated Price and Premium List. *Special Offer:* to every *tenth* person that answers this advertisement, we will send *free* one pound of choice Tea. Address
NATIONAL TEA & COFFEE CO., Boston, Mass.
Oct 22 3tw

WANTED.—A live, energetic man to represent us. $75 per month and expenses. Goods staple; every one buys; outfit and particulars *free.*
STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., Boston.
Oct 22-3m

WANTED.—A man of temperate and moral habits, seeking employment, to represent an old established house in his own section. Salary, if suited, $100 per month. References exacted.
AM. MANUFACTURING HOUSE,
12 Barclay Street.

MONEY to loan on improved Real Estate. For particulars address "Box 1357." City
29-tf.

NOTICE.—Business men are sensible of the fact that office appliances that save labor and dispatch business generally are desirable to have. In this respect the Amberg Cabinet Letter File ranks high. No one once using it would be without it. Send for catalogue. Cameron, Amberg & Co. jan6-1y

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE OR TRADE.—A house of 15 rooms with well and cistern; gas all through; in good condition; suitable for a boarding house; reason for selling, it is too large; also three other houses on Main street. Inquire of J. Dickerson, 19 Lafayette street. 27-tf

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT.—Two story brick house, No. 242 West Berry St. Inquire of B. D. Angell, 52 Calhoun St. 31-tf

D. D. WEISELL
DENTIST
34 Calhoun St.

Offers a professional experience of over 25 years. april 23 1y

PENNYROYAL WAFERS successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Are *Safe, Effectual* and *Prompt.* $1 per box by mail, or at druggists. Address *Pennyroyal* 2 postage stamps. Address THE EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., Detroit, Mich.
Sold in Fort Wayne by Dreier Bros., Fort Wayne Drug Co.

WHITE Bronze Monuments

Are Beautiful,

And do not decay like stone. Investigate before purchasing.

LONGACRE & CO.,

No. 46 Harrison Street,

Fort Wayne, - - Ind.

Jan. 10 d&wly.

MEAT DOWN!

Boiling Meat	5c per lb
Roasts	6 to 9c per lb
Stakes	10c per lb
Sausage	8c per lb
Hams	12½ per lb

Lamb, Veal and Bacon, etc., at bottom prices at
HALLER'S MEAT MARKET.
66 South Calhoun street. jon20-tf

Geo. R. Bowen.

Plumbing, Steamfitting, Sewering.

Particular attention given to Sanitary Plumbing and Sewering.

Bath Tubs, Boilers, Water Closets, Sinks, Hydrants, Yard Hose, Brass Trimmings for Engines, Etc.

NO. 110 CALHOUN ST.

FRUIT HOUSE PRICES FOR '87

—:o:—

Quite a change has taken place in a great many goods the last sixty days, the tendency being in most cases upwards. This is the case, especially in Coffee and Dried Fruits, Sugars, Teas, Syrups, Spices and Tobaccos, have not advanced, but from indications they will.

It will pay our customers to purchase liberally.

We have just received forty hogsheads of choice New Orleans Sugar.

A nice yellow Sugar which we are selling at 4¼c. This is the lowest price such sugars have ever been sold at.

Sugars—White, Brown and Yellow New Orleans.

No advance on them. Choice yellow, 5c; best standard A coffee white, 6c crushed, powdered and granulated, 6¼c; choice yellow New Orleans, 4¼c.

NO ADVANCE ON TEAS,

Yet they will not likely remain at such low prices in the face of the large advance on Coffee. We continue to maintain our prestige in the Tea trade. Our trade has grown immensely in that line. People have no longer to send off to purchase their Teas. In order to save money we keep up the plan of buying in large lots of the importers and re-selling direct to our customers at a small profit, thereby saving to our customers the intermediate profits of jobber and wholesale dealer—which is not less than 10 to 20c.

Good, 15c per pound; choice, 30c; best, 50c. Imperial tea—Green, good, 30c; best, 50c, Gunpowder tea, 30c; best, 50c. Oolong or Black tea, 20c, 30c; best, 50c; Japan tea, 20c, 30c; best, 50c. Above prices on teas are the lowest on record and the best teas are of the highest quality—no better anywhere—the other grades are good, sweet, drawing teas and will please the most fastidious tea drinkers. Just give them a trial and satisfy yourself.

Coffee—Rio, Java and Roasted.

Best Rio coffee, 15c, per pound; best roasted Rio, 18c per pound; German coffee, 20c per pound; Housekeepers' Choice, 23c per pound; roasted Java, 25c per pound.

Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Prunes, Raisins, Currants, &c., &c.

Turkish prunes, 6c; figs, per pound, 10c; peeled peaches, 20c; dried cherries, 15; unpeeled peaches, 8c; dried raspberries, 30c; dried apples, 6c; dried blackberries, 15c.

Leghorn Citron, 22c; orange and lemon peel, 15c; Valencia raisins, 8c; best layer raisins, 12½c; Zantee currants, 8c; shelled almonds, 30c; seedless raisins, 10c.

Candies—Stick, Mixed and Bon Bons.

Pure stick candy, 10c; pure mixed candy, 10c; fancy toy candy, 20c, toy candies, 20c; Brazil nuts, 10c quart; almond nuts, 15c quart; mixed nuts, 15c quart; walnuts and filberts, 12½c quart.

Syrups---Maple and Sugar Syrups and New Orleans Molasses.

Pure Maple syrup, 70c a gallon; golden drips, 40c; Sorghum, 40c; New Orleans molasses, 30c; best, 50c. The sorghum is splendid and 10c lower than we ever sold it before.

WINES AND LIQUORS FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES.

Old 76, $2.50 per gallon; two years old, $1.75; one year old, $1.40 per gallon; new whisky, $1 and $1.25 per gallon; Port and Sherry wine, $1.25 per gallon; California wine, $1.25 per gallon; wines in bottles, 40c.

Machine Oils, Fish Oil, Lard Oil and Neatsfoot Oil, and Headlight Oil and Castor Oil.

Fish oil, per gallon, 70c; Neatsfoot oil, 80c per gallon; Lard oil, 70c per gallon; Machine oil, dark, 20c per gallon; Golden, 30c per gallon; Castor oil, $1.75 per gallon; Headlight oil, 12c per gallon.

Tobaccos and Cigars, Plug Tobacco, Smoking Tobacco and Fine Cut.

Bull Dog plug tobacco, 40c; Durham plug, 50c; Perfection plug, 35c; Hiawatha plug, 30c; Knights of Labor plug, 30c; Sweet Heart plug, 50c per pound. Fine cut, 25c, 50c; best, 75c per pound. Smoking, 18c, 20c, 25c; best Durham, 45c per pound. Choice cigars, $1.50 per box; good cigars, 60c and $1 per box.

25 Cents on the Dollar Saved at the

FORT WAYNE FRUIT HOUSE.

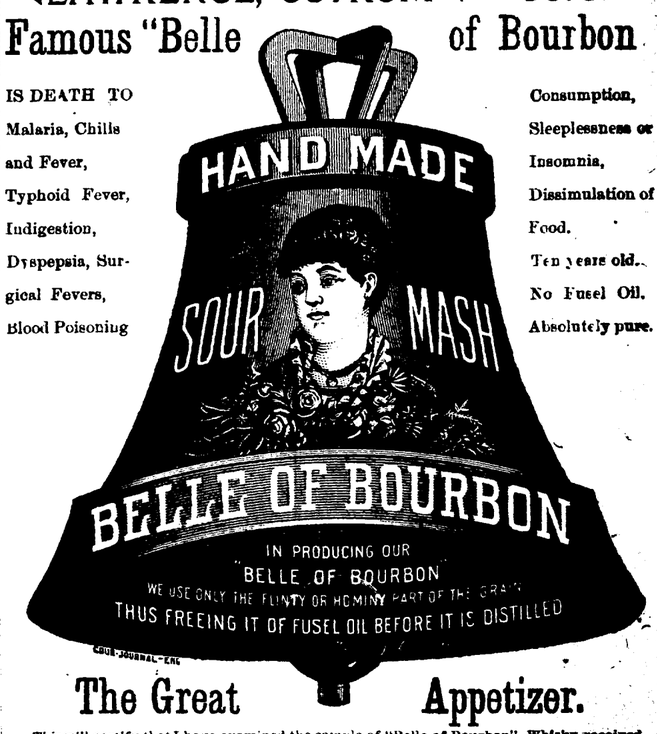
LAWRENCE, OSTROM AND CO.'S

Famous "Belle of Bourbon

IS DEATH TO Malaria, Chills and Fever, Typhoid Fever, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Surgical Fevers, Blood Poisoning

Consumption, Sleeplessness or Insomnia, Dissimulation of Food.

Ten years old. No Fusel Oil. Absolutely pure.


HAND MADE
SOUR MASH
BELLE OF BOURBON
IN PRODUCING OUR
BELLE OF BOURBON
WE USE ONLY THE FLINTY OR HOMINY PART OF THE GRAIN
THUS FREEING IT OF FUSEL OIL BEFORE IT IS DISTILLED

The Great Appetizer.

This will certify that I have examined the sample of "Belle of Bourbon" Whisky received from Lawrence, Ostrom & Co., and found the same to be perfectly free from fusel oil and all other deleterious substances and strictly pure. I cheerfully recommend the same for family and medicinal purposes. J. P. BARNUM, M. D., Anylitical Chemist, Louisville, Ky.

For Sale by Druggists, Wine Merchants and Grocers everywhere. Price, $1.35 per Bottle.

If not found at the above, half dozen bottles, express paid, in plain boxes will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of $6.

Lawrence, Ostrom & Co., Louisville, Ky

JULIUS NATHAN & CO., Agents. - - - Fort Wayne, Ind.

For Sale by DREIER BROS., W. H. PYKE and OTHERS.

Dec. 18-1y.

26,587,335

BOTTLES OF

Warner's SAFE Cure

Sold; to Dec. 27, 1886.

No Other Remedy in the World Can Produce Such a Record.

This wonderful success of "Warner's SAFE Cure" is due wholly to the real merit of the Remedy. For a long time it has been **REGARDED BY THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES AS THE ONLY SPECIFIC FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND URINARY DISEASES, AND FEMALE COMPLAINTS.**

Thousands of people owe their life and health to "Warner's SAFE Cure," and we can produce **100,000 TESTIMONIALS** to that effect.

Read the following and note the large number of bottles distributed. We guarantee these figures to be correct, as our sales-books will prove.

Boston, - - 1,149,122

CAPT. W. D. ROBINSON (U. S. Marine Insp., Buffalo, N. Y.), in 1885 was suffering with a *skin humor like leprosy.* Could not sleep; was in great *agony.* For two years tried everything, without benefit. Was pronounced *incurable.* "Twenty bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure *completely cured me,* and to-day I am strong and well." (Feb. 5, 1885.)

Providence, - 179,929

EX-GOV. T. G. ALVORD (Syracuse, N. Y.), in 1884 began *running down* with *General Debility,* accompanied with a sense of weight in the lower part of the body, with a feverish sensation and a general giving out of the whole organism. Was in *serious condition,* confined to his bed much of the time. After a thorough treatment with Warner's SAFE Cure, he says: "I am *completely restored to health* by its means."

Portland, Me., - 441,105

MAJOR S. B. ABBOTT (Springfield, Mo.), in 1871 was afflicted with *lame back, Rheumatism, and Kidney trouble.* Consulted the very best physicians in San Francisco, and visited all the mineral springs there. Took a health trip to the New England States, but for seven years *suffered constantly* from his malady, which had resulted in *Bright's disease.* After using a couple dozen bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure and two of SAFE *Pills,* he wrote: "My back and Kidneys are *without pain,* and, thank God, I owe it all to Warner's SAFE Remedies."

Bal. of New Eng., - 441,753

MRS. J. T. RITCHEY (562 4th Ave., Louisville, Ky.) was a confirmed *invalid for eleven years,* just living, and hourly *expecting death.* Was confined to bed ten months each year. Was attended by the *best physicians.* Her left side was *paralyzed.* Could neither eat, sleep, nor enjoy life. The doctors said she was troubled with *female complaints;* but she was satisfied her kidneys were affected. Under the operation of Warner's SAFE Cure she passed a *large stone* or calculus, and in November, 1885, reported: "Am to-day *as well as when a girl.*"

New York State - 3,870,773

Pennsylvania, - 1,821,218

F. MAYER (1020 N. 12th St., St. Louis, Mo.), afflicted with *tired feelings,* dizziness, and pain across the back, and lost appetite. Was sallow and care-worn all the time. The doctors failing, he began the use of Warner's SAFE Cure, and reports: "*I feel like a fighting cock.*"

Chicago, - - 2,808,693

MR. R. BROWN (2221 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.) injured his back from a *fall.* Was confined to his bed six weeks. The fall injured his *kidneys,* producing intense suffering. Warner's SAFE Cure *restored his kidneys* to their natural condition, and he writes: "I am now eighty years of age, *smart and active.*"

Detroit, - - 846,946

MRS. THOS. SCHMIDT (Wife of the Vice-Consul of Denmark, 69 Wall St., New York) reported that her little son, after an attack of *Diphtheric Sore Throat* eight years ago, was afflicted with Bright's Disease in advanced form; by the advice of General Christiansen, of Drexel, Morgan & Co., Bankers, New York, she prescribed Warner's SAFE Cure, with the consent of the physicians, and reports, "the physicians say that he will *be perfectly well.*"

Milwaukee, - - 458,894

MISS Z. L. BOARDMAN (Quechee, Vt.), in May, 1882, began to *bloat,* thence came *stomach trouble,* terrible *headaches,* and finally the doctor's opinion that it was *Bright's disease,* and *incurable.* Eventually she became nearly *blind,* pronounced by the doctors to be the *last stage* of Bright's disease. After having been under treatment by Warner's SAFE Cure for *one year,* she reported, "*I am as well as any one.*"

Minnesota, - - 648,017

HON. N. A. PLYMPTON (Worcester, Mass.), in May, 1880, was prostrated by *Gravel.* Under the operation of Warner's SAFE Cure alone he *passed a large stone,* and subsequently wrote: "I have had *no recurrence* of my trouble since Warner's SAFE Cure *cured me.*"

Bal. N. W. States, - 1,767,149

ASK YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS ABOUT

WARNER'S SAFE CURE.

THE MOST POPULAR REMEDY EVER DISCOVERED.

Cleveland, - - 682,632

EX-GOV. R. T. JACOB (Westport, Ky.) was prostrated with severe *Kidney trouble* and lost 40 pounds of flesh. After a thorough treatment with Warner's SAFE Cure he reports, "I have *never enjoyed better health.*"

Cincinnati, - - 873,667

GEN. H. D. WALLEN (144 Madison Ave., New York), *scarcely able to walk* two blocks without exhaustion, and, having lost flesh heavily, began the use of Warner's SAFE Cure, and says: "I was *much benefited by it.*"

Bal. Ohio (State), - 633,158

COL. JOSEPH H. THORNTON (Cincinnati, O.) in 1885 reported that his daughter was very much prostrated; had *palpitation of the heart,* intense *pain in the head,* nervous disorder and *catarrh of the bladder.* She lost fifty-five pounds. Other remedies failing, they began the use of Warner's SAFE Cure, SAFE *Pills,* and SAFE *Nervine,* and within three months she had gained fifty pounds in weight and was *restored to good health.* That was three years ago, and she is still in as *good* health as ever in her life. Col. Thornton, himself, was cured of *Chronic Diarrhea* of eighteen years' standing, in 1881, by Warner's SAFE Cure.

Southern States, - 3,534,017

C. H. ALLEN (Leavenworth, Kan.), son Edwin, two years of age, afflicted with *extreme case of Bright's disease,* and the doctors *gave him up.* By the advice of the doctor's wife, began the use of Warner's SAFE Cure, and after taking seven bottles he is *perfectly well* and has had no relapse.

Canada, - - 1,467,824

St. Louis, - - 1,530,527

CAPT. GEO. B. WILTBANK (919 Spruce St., Phila., Pa.), prostrated in Central America, with Malarial Fever, caused by congestion of Kidneys and Liver. *Delirious* part of the time. *Liver enlarged* one-third. Stomach badly affected. Could *hold no food;* even water was ejected. Using less than a dozen bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure he writes, "I was *completely cured.*"

Kansas City, - - 717,860

MRS. (PROF.) E. J. WOLF (Gettysburg, Pa., Wife of the Ed. of the Lutheran *Quarterly*), began to decline with Pulmonary Consumption. (Over 50 per cent. of all cases of Consumption are caused by diseased kidneys. *Despaired of living.* After a thorough course of treatment with Warner's SAFE Cure, she writes, "*I am perfectly well.*"

Bal. S. W. States, - 746,789

EX-SENATOR B. K. BRUCE (South Carolina), after doctoring for years for what he supposed was *Malaria,* discovered he was afflicted with *Sugar Diabetes,* and having obtained no relief whatever from his physicians, he began the use of Warner's SAFE *Diabetes* Cure, and he says: "My friends are astonished at my improvement."

San Francisco, - 1,242,946

J. Q. ELKINS (Elkinsville, N. C.) suffered for ten years from *Gravel,* which attacked him *every six months.* He lost 45 pounds in three months, and his strength was *nearly gone.* After a thorough use of Warner's SAFE *Diabetes* Cure he reports, "I am *as well as I ever was,* after using fourteen bottles."

Bal. Pac. Coast, - 732,316

☞ **Every Testimonial we publish is genuine. Write to the testators, inclosing stamp for reply, and learn for yourself.**

HARTER'S

THE ONLY TRUE

IRON TONIC

Will purify the **BLOOD** regulate the **LIVER** and **KIDNEYS** and RESTORE the HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured: Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power.

LADIES Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All attempts at counterfeiting only adds to its popularity. Do not experiment—get ORIGINAL AND BEST

Dr. HARTER'S LIVER PILLS

Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.

THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

OAKLAWN

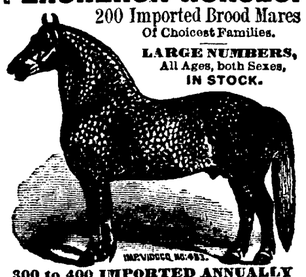
The Great Nursery of

PERCHERON HORSES.

200 Imported Brood Mares

Of Choicest Families.

LARGE NUMBERS, All Ages, both Sexes, IN STOCK.



300 to 400 IMPORTED ANNUALLY

From France, all recorded with extended pedigrees in the Percheron Stud Books. The Percheron is the only draft breed of France possessing a stud book that has the support and endorsement of the French Government. Send for 120-page Catalogue, illustrations by Rosa Bonheur.

M. W. DUNHAM,

Wayne, DuPage Co., Illinois.

Why did the Women

of this country use over *thirteen million* cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886?

Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1887.

THE STAGE.

Various Interesting Theatrical Events and Play-House Points.

A VARIETY OF SMALL TALK.

Fresh News, Idle Gossip, and Entertaining Anecdotes About the Stage and Stage People.

A Strong Combination.

The Standard "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company recently appeared before a large audience in Little Rock. The performance, it is thought, was not a complete success. Something seemed to be lacking. It was surely not Uncle Tom, for he was present with his tremulous voice and sciatica. The dogs were also there, but they wouldn't work. Instead of barking fiercely and dashing across the river, whose ice worked on leather hinges, in furious obedience to the fellow who pulled the rope, and seizing the wife of George Harris, the dog lay down to a suddenly inspired scratch, and compl ently bumped the floor with his elbow. There was another blood-hound, but instead of correcting the mistake of his worthy contemporary, he gaped, stretched himself on the floor and closed his eyes. This gentleness on the part of the dogs disappointed the audience, who, having come with the expectation of seeing the woman's garments torn into shreds, could not, unmurmuringly, accept so peaceful a compromise.

Simon LaGrue started out with great promise of success, but when it became apparent that he was drunk, all bets were declared off. Simon, just at a time when something was expected to happen, dropped his pistol and was so drunk that he couldn't find it. Becoming exasperated under the embarrassment of such a misfortune, he said:

"This beats any blamed thing I ever saw. Never saw such a theater in my life. Man can't walk around without losing his postol. Lend me a pistol, somebody."

By this time he had accidentally found his weapon. He snatched it up and blazed away at the leader of the orchestra, who, objecting to such familiarity, arose and demanded an explanation. Just then Lawyer Marks appeared. He was not strictly sober; in fact, he was so drunk that he would have wabbled out of the right-of-way of the Mississippi River. He said he had forgotten his pistol, but that if any man would lend him one he would fire it off. He was willing to do his duty, but could not act his best unless he received inspiration from the audience. By this time the audience had begun to show disapproval of the performance. George Harris had clasped one of the dogs, thinking that the animal was his wife, while Uncle Tom, forgetful of the humiliation which he should assume, had begun to dance the "Essence of Old Virginia." The manager of the troupe came out and made an apology. He stated that his people were very bilious, and hoped that the audience would overlook all irregularities. It seems that the Standard organization had been accustomed to playing in prohibition barns.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Craze to Go on the Stage.

"You would be utterly surprised," said a theatrical manager to the casual recently, "if you knew how many well-known society people, especially of the fair sex, come to my office and express a desire to become actors and actresses, and your astonishment would be greater if you knew their names. Ladies of wealth, to whom money is no object, have urged and entreated us to let them appear on the stage, offering to pay a goodly amount for the privilege. Only a few days ago a lady of fashion and culture drove up in her elegant carriage, and expressed a most earnest desire to become a member of the company. She had been tolerably well drilled in elocution, but knew absolutely nothing about acting. I asked her if she would be willing to appear as a soubret, to which she replied firmly in the negative, adding that she understood everything in the profession well enough to fill a leading role. This settled the matter, and she departed without more ado. She is an exceptionally handsome woman and extremely fascinating in conversation, but she was not willing to begin at the bottom round of the ladder, and so we had no use for her. Young men, whether rich or poor, must, as an almost invariable rule, begin on the stage by bringing in a card or by exclaiming, 'My lord, the carriage waits,' and young women must be willing to dust the furniture and say 'Yes, ma'am,' for some years, certainly for many months, before they play prominent parts. The art of acting has now well nigh reached perfection. The highest art is to conceal art, you know, and people who see a well-performed play nowadays are very apt to think, if, indeed, they do not say, 'How easy it all is; I could do as well myself!' The fact is that it is very difficult for a beginner to even walk across the stage properly."—*New York Graphic.*

An Act Not Down on the Bills.

The Rob Roy, a theatrical steamboat, came all the way to Helena, Ark., from Kansas City, and the company gave a performance there which came near being their last one. A few good citizens, attracted by glaring advertisements, were present, while the hoodlum element were out in full force. During the performance some exceptions were taken to the manner in which the star was rendering a popular song, and her gallant spouse, in attempting to vindicate her right to an impartial hearing, became involved in a quarrel with her critics, which ended in a general rough-and-tumble battle, in which chairs and sticks were the weapons. Pandemonium reigned for a few minutes, and the air was thick with chairs and bottles and imprecations. Officer Alonzo Fitzpatrick commanded the peace, and but for the interposition of a friendly hog-chain, that caught the chair aimed at his head and made kindling of it, would have made his peace forever. When the boat was cleared and the combatants separated it was found that beyond several contusions and black eyes no one was seriously hurt, except the unfortunate lady whose defective singing had precipitated the row. In endeavoring to protect her husband she had been struck with a chair and was very seriously hurt.—*New York Times.*

The Veteran Couldock.

Before leaving New York for his usual holiday on his Louisiana estate Joseph Jefferson set on foot a scheme which tends to compliment one of his life-long friends and fellow artists. Charles Couldock, who is one of the most highly respected veteran actors in the country, has hardly been as prosperous lately as his many friends could wish. A starring tour undertaken by him some time ago was not managed in such a way as to insure the old gentleman a comfortable addition to his fortune. On the contrary it ate rather deeply into his modest savings. During the present season, too, he has been unable to find a satisfactory channel in which his talents could be utilized, though he starts out early this month to play the principal part in "Saints and Sinners." Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Booth put their heads together and decided that a high compliment could be paid their old companion at the same time that his worldly wealth was increased. Early in the spring, therefore, a grand testimonial performance on his behalf will take place at the Star Theater, in which it is likely that every actor and actress of note who is at that time within reach of New York will take part.

A Theatrical Nuisance.

In treating of nuisances at the theater an Eastern writer pays his respects to the man who pounds time with his feet. The sufferer expresses himself in this strain: "This pattern of idiot doesn't decrease. There is a fine army of them now, all with their brains in their feet. They go to a comic opera and walk ten miles sitting in their chairs. One would think they had served time on a tread-mill. You may turn right around and give the banger a scorching gaze straight in his happy eyes, but he'll never cease his sprint race till he misses the musical accompaniment. The 'twixt-the-acts cocktail scout, who doesn't walk on his own feet as often as he does on other people's, is a very fair fiend in his way, especially when he drags a wet umbrella across your shirt front. The lady in the high hat has been scolded to such an extent that I fear another word would make the pretty thing weep. But bring in a vat of boiling oil, and into it dip, that I may hear him sizzle, the jumping-jack who sits behind me dancing a sedentary polka through an entire performance, funeral marches and all."

Going to Grass.

A well-known theatrical agent tells the following story on himself: "Like all men connected with the 'profession' I live up to my salary during the winter and have to lick my paws like the Polar bear during the summer. Last July as I crossed the 'Rialto,' as the theatrical folk call Union Square in New York, I noticed a group of hungry professionals waiting to be asked to breakfast. 'Had your breakfast yet, boys?' I asked. 'Well, no, not yet,' they said. 'Breakfast with me,' I suggested, and we started across the square toward Martinelli's restaurant. When I got them in the middle of the grass plot I dropped on my knees and began munching a handful of grass. 'Help yourself, boys,' I said, cheerfully, 'this is my treat. Pitch in, it's the only breakfast I've got to offer.'"—*Philadelphia Press.*

Stage Notes.

No more bouquets will be allowed to be thrown on the stage at the Vienna imperial theaters.

"That's what I call hard lines," remarked the actor when he found that he had more to learn than any other member of the company.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A Chinese lady, with feet measuring two and one-half inches in length and dressed in the hight of fashion, is now to be seen at the Alexander Musee in New York.

The part of Metamora which Edwin Forrest made famous has been revived by Edmund Collier. The young actor's delivery of the somewhat stilted and turpid lines of the play has been commended.

The age of Hamlet is a burning question in the modern Athens. The fact that Hamlet was hand in glove with actors and was frequently behind the scenes ought to settle the fact of his youth.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A New York weekly in its answers to correspondents, advises "J," to "at once and forever give up all idea of ever becoming an actor, and to learn the carpenter or blacksmith trade." If this advice had only been freely given and conscientiously acted upon years ago how much suffering would have been saved the public at large!—*Detroit Free Press.*

An ink-stand in perfect imitation of a silver fox, with head of richly-chased silver, is a novelty.

Lincoln and the "Clary's Grove Boys."

Public opinion at New Salem was formed by a crowd of ruffianly young fellows who were called the "Clary's Grove Boys." Once or twice a week they descended upon the village and passed the day in drinking, fighting and brutal horse-play. If a stranger appeared in the place, he was likely to suffer a rude initiation into the social life of New Salem at the hands of these jovial savages. Sometimes he was nailed up in a hogshead and rolled down hill, sometimes he was insulted into a fight and then mauled black and blue; for despite their pretensions to chivalry, they had no scruples about fair play or any such superstitions of civilization. At first they did not seem inclined to molest young Lincoln. His appearance did not invite insolence; his reputation for strength and activity was a greater protection to him than his inoffensive good-nature. But the loud admiration of Offut gave them umbrage. It led to dispute, contradictions, and finally to a formal banter to a wrestling-match. Lincoln was greatly averse to all this "wooling and pulling," as he called it.

But Offut's indiscretion had made it necessary for him to show his mettle. Jack Armstrong, the leading bully of the gang, was selected to throw him, and expected an easy victory. But he soon found himself in different hands from any he had heretofore engaged with. Seeing he could not manage the tall stranger, his friends swarmed in, and, by kicking and tripping nearly succeeded in getting Lincoln down. At this, as has been said of another hero, "the spirit of Odin entered into him," and, putting forth his whole strength, he held the pride of Clary's Grove in his arms like a child, and almost choked the exuberant life out of him. For a moment a general fight seemed inevitable; but Lincoln, standing undismayed with his back to the wall, looked so formidable in his defiance that an honest admiration took the place of momentary fury, and his initiation was over. As to Armstrong, he was Lincoln's friend and sworn brother as soon as he recovered the use of his larynx, and the bond thus strangely created lasted through life. Lincoln had no further occasion to fight his own battle while Armstrong was there to act as his champion. The two friends, although so widely different, were helpful to each other afterward in many ways, and Lincoln made ample amends for the liberty his hands had taken with Jack's throat, by saving, in a memorable trial, his son's neck from the halter.

This incident, trivial and vulgar as it may seem, was of great importance in Lincoln's life. His behavior in this ignoble scuffle did the work of years for him, in giving him the position he required in the community where his lot was cast. He became from that moment, in a certain sense, a personage, with a name and standing of his own. The verdict of Clary's Grove was unanimous that he was "the cleverest fellow that had ever broke into the settlement." He did not have to be constantly scuffling to guard his self-respect, and at the same time he gained the good-will of the better sort by his evident peaceableness and integrity.—*Century.*

The Utility of Hobbies.

With a hobby the poorest clerk or the wealthiest millionaire is supplied with a defense against depression and worry which is priceless. Take the case of a bookkeeper who is confined to his desk for eight or ten hours a day. If he can cultivate a taste for botany or geology it will give him an opportunity for regular excursions into the country, while he can analyze and arrange his specimens during his leisure hours in the evening. If he has a talent for mechanics, woodcarving, carpentry, pottery, or any of the hundred pursuits into which enter deftness of hand and quickness of eye are open to him. Ten hours which would hang heavily on his hands were he without any hobby seem all too short for the pleasant work that he comes to with a feeling of relief. He has a resource against business worry that will add ten years to his life and that will stand in good stead should misfortune or loss of loved ones come upon him. It is the same with the rich man, save that he has opportunities to develop his pastimes entirely beyond the reach of the poor clerk. Practically, however, the two must stand on the same footing. They must cultivate a taste for simple and wholesome pleasures which do not depend on money for their gratification. —*San Francisco Bulletin.*

The Rapidity of Progress Toward Health. Even when a good remedy for disease is selected, depends in some measure upon the manner in which it is taken. Irregular, interrupted doses can afford no fair test of the efficacy of any medicine, however salutary. Taken in proper doses at prescribed intervals, a reliable curative will effect the object of its use. Among remedies which, systematically and persistently used, accomplish thorough and lasting cures, and prevent the recurrence of periodic disease, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters ranks specially high. In cases of dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, fever and ague, liver complaint, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, constipation and other organic maladies, it is a tried remedy, to which the medical brotherhood have lent their professional sanction, and which, as a tonic, alterative and household specific for disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, has an unbounded popularity.

The Effect of Some Colors.

The aroma of red cedar is fatal to house moths; the aroma of black walnut leaves is fatal to fleas. It is a matter of common observation that persons engaged in the business of making shingles from odoriferous cypress timber in malarial districts are rarely, if ever, affected by malarial diseases, and that persons engaged in gathering and distilling turpentine do not suffer from either malarial diseases or consumption. It is said that when cholera was epidemic in Memphis, Tenn., persons working in livery stables were entirely exempt from it. It is affirmed that since the destruction of the clove trees on the Island of Ternate the colony has suffered from epidemics unknown before; and in time when cholera has prevailed in London and Paris those employed in the perfumery factories have escaped its ravages.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

A beautiful example of the force of habit is to see a teetotaller fill a cup at a drinking fountain, and dreamily blow the froth off the innocent water before drinking.

Shakspeare never billed his plays. Yet he builded better than he knew, Bill did.—*Texas Siftings.*

The man who thinks a big necktie will hide a dirty collar must think people are collar-blind.

If you have catarrh, use the surest remedy —Dr. Sage's.

Compositors are the most generous people in the world. They are always giving em up.

Bronchitis is cured by Piso's Cure for Consumption.

"I Love Her Better than Life."

Well, then, why don't you do something to bring back the roses to her cheek and the light to her eyes? Don't you see she is suffering from nervous debility, the result of female weakness? A bottle of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will brighten those pale cheeks and send new life through that wasting form. If you love her, take heed.

The tramp is still scouring the country. It is the only thing he does scour.

For restoring youthful freshness and color to gray hair, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

"I am stumping the town," says the beggar with wooden legs.

Brown's Bronchial Troches will relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases. *They are used always with good success.*

Out West when a bear gets into a hog-pen there is trouble bruin for the pigs.

Chapped hands, face, pimples, and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

The cat-show was held in Boston because one of the cats could understand nothing but French.

A neglected cough often terminates fatally. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords speedy relief.

Many a woman who does not know even the multiplication table can "figure" in society.

You can get a $3 Family Story Paper one year, postage paid, for **$1.50.** Sample copy free. Send for one. Address The Chicago Ledger, Chicago, Ill.

A Ghost

Is a myth, but solid reality will be known by those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, thereby learning free, about work that they can do, and live at home, wherever you reside, at a profit of from $5 to $25, and upwards, daily. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Capital not needed. Hallett & Co. will start you. All is new. Delay not. Pay absolutely sure from start. Wealth awaits every worker. Both sexes. All ages.

A Lady's Unfortunate Experience.

Was that of one of our acquaintances who suffered from scrofula, a yellow complexion, and distress of the stomach, for years before using Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic, which finally cured her.

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SENATORS ELECTED.

Charles B. Farwell Chosen to Succeed the Late General Logan.

Stockbridge Selected in Michigan and Davis in Minnesota — Other Senatorial Elections.

CHARLES B. FARWELL.

The New Senator-Elect from Illinois.

Charles B. Farwell has been elected by the Illinois Legislature to succeed Hon. John A. Logan in the Senate of the United States. The Democratic members of the Legislature cast their votes for Hon William R. Morrison, while the Labor party members voted for Benjamin W. Goodhue.

Mr. Farwell was born in Painted Post, N. Y., July 1, 1823; was educated at the Elmira Academy; removed to Illinois in 1838; was employed in government surveying and in farming until 1844, when he engaged in the real estate business and in banking in Chicago; was elected County Clerk of Cook County in 1853, and was re-elected in 1857. He subsequently engaged in mercantile pursuits, and is now the widely known member of the firm of John V. Farwell & Company. He was appointed a member of the State Board of Equalization in 1867; was chairman of the Board of Supervisors of Cook County in 1868; was appointed National Bank Examiner in 1869; was elected a Rep-

resentative from Illinois in the XLIId Congress as a Republican, receiving 20,342 votes against 15,025 for John Wentworth; was elected to the XLIIId Congress and the XLIVth, running against J. V. Le Moyne and receiving a majority of votes, though after Mr. Farwell had served for over a year, the House gave Mr. LeMoyne the seat.

FRANCIS B. STOCKBRIDGE.

The Successor of Omar D. Conger, of Michigan.

Francis B. Stockbridge, of Kalamazoo, will succeed Omar D. Conger in the Senate, having received a majority of the votes of the Michigan Legislature. Mr. Stockbridge was born in Maine in 1826. In 1847 he came to Chicago, and was employed as a clerk at a lumber dock. He saved some money, joined some lumbermen at Saugatuck, Mich., started a mill or two, and in 1850 went to Saugatuck to live. In 1873

he located in Kalamazoo. He is reported to be worth $750,000. Col. Stockbridge is a large, fine-looking man, full of beaming good-nature, and famed for his broad views and whole-souled liberality. One secret of his popularity in Michigan is that he has helped hundreds of men in business, and aided scores in other ways—some, perhaps, who were undeserving. There is a saying in Michigan that Stockbridge is on everybody's note and everybody's bond. He began his canvass for the Senatorship last summer, and was ahead of everybody in the field. His only real opponent was Conger.

STEWART, OF NEVADA.

The Man Who Will Succeed Millionaire Fair.

The Legislature of the little State of Nevada has chosen William Morris Stewart to fill the seat in the Senate hitherto occupied by James Graham Fair. Mr. Stewart was born in Wayne County, New

York, in August, 1827. In 1833 his parents removed to Trumbull County, Ohio, where his schoolboy days were spent. He went to the Pacific coast with the great tide of emigration which swept thitherward in 1849. Reaching Nevada County, California, in April, 1850, he engaged in gold-mining, and was fairly successful. With the proceeds of his digging, some $8,000 or $10,000, he [illegible] in the bar of Nevada [illegible] removed to Virginia City, [illegible] 1861, when Nevada [illegible] of Pacific [illegible]

ing citizens. He was the first Senator sent to Washington from the new State. He was re-elected, and his two terms lasted from 1864 to 1875. Mr. Stewart possesses large wealth. His residence is in San Francisco, where he entertains handsomely. He married in 1855 a daughter of ex-Gov. Henry S. Foote, of Mississippi.

SENATOR QUAY.

Pennsylvania's New Representative in the House of Lords.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania has determined that Matthew Stanley Quay shall succeed John I. Mitchell as Senator from that State. Mr. Quay's residence is in the

western part of the State, but as a public man of long standing he is known throughout Pennsylvania, and has many influential friends in all the principal towns and cities of that commonwealth. In 1873 he was Secretary of State under Governor Hartranft, and he advertised the new Constitution in every newspaper of note in Pennsylvania. The office he is now holding is that of State Treasurer. A eulogist speaks of him as "conciliating in council, and easy of approach to the humblest citizen. Oratory is said not to be one of his strong points, but he is a man of ture and his public address is good.

EX-GOV. C. K. DAVIS.

The Newly Elected Senator from Minnesota.

Cushman K. Davis has been chosen United States Senator from Minnesota for six years from the 4th of March next. Governor Davis attended Carroll College, an incipient seat of learning at Waukesha, Wis. Carroll College is now a thing of the past, but it once promised to be a large and famous school. It was the first notable instance of coeducation in the United States. The plan worked well there. The girls did the cooking and the boys furnished the meat and groceries, and if the good friends of the institution had been numerous and rich enough to provide salaries for the professors, the experiment might by this time have become one of the marvels of Western civilization. Davis studied law with Alexander Randall, who afterward became Johnson's Postmaster General. He went to the law school at Ann Arbor, and graduated in 1857. Last July he delivered the address to the graduating class of the Michigan University. He served one term as Governor of Minnesota.

OTHER SENATORS.

Hearst Returned from California.

[San Francisco special.]

The Legislature balloted for a United States Senator on Tuesday. In the Senate George Hearst (Dem.) received 25 and Henry Vrooman (Rep.) 11 votes. In the Assembly Hearst received 38 and Vrooman 40. On Wednesday the two houses formally met in joint convention and elected Hearst.

Whitthorne for the Short Term in Tennessee.

The Tennessee Legislature, at Nashville, elected Hon. Washington C. Whitthorne to the short Senatorial term, he receiving 82 votes to 49 cast for J. A. Nunn.

Hawley Re-elected in Connecticut.

Both houses of the Connecticut Legislature re-elected Senator Joseph R. Hawley. The vote in the Senate was 12 for Hawley to 10 for Charles R. Ingersoll. The total vote cast in the House was 227. Hawley received 128, Ingersoll 98, and Henry C. Baldwin, Knight of Labor, 1.

Cockrell Succeeds Himself.

The two branches of the Missouri Legislature voted separately for a successor to Senator Cockrell. In the House the vote stood: Cockrell, 86; Warner, 50; Ford, 2. In the Senate: Cockrell, 25; Warner 8. Subsequently the two houses met in joint convention, and formally elected Senator Cockrell.

Gray the Choice of Delaware.

Both houses of the Delaware General Assembly, in separate session, voted unanimously for the re-election of George Gray as United States Senator. The joint session formally ratified the election.

Eugene Hale Re-elected.

The Maine Legislature elected Eugene Hale to succeed himself as United States Senator. The vote was as follows: Senate—Hale, 27; W. S. Clifford, 3. House—Hale, 114; Clifford, 26.

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT.

Regarding the Celebration of the Constitutional Centennial.

[Washington telegram.]

The President sent the following message to Congress on Tuesday:

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

As a matter of national interest and one solely within the discretion and control of Congress, I transmit the accompanying memorial of the Executive Committee of the Sub-Constitutional Centennial Commission proposing to celebrate the 18th of September, 1887, in the city of Philadelphia, as the day upon which and the place where the convention that framed the Federal Constitution concluded its labors and submitted the result for ratification to the thirteen States then composing the United States.

The epoch was one of the deepest interest, and the events well worthy of commemoration. I am aware that as each State acted independently in giving its adhesion to the new Constitution the dates and anniversaries of their several ratifications are not coincident. Some action looking to a national expression in relation to the celebration of the close of the first century of popular government under a written constitution has already been suggested, and while stating the great interest I share in the renewed examination by the American people of the historical foundation of their government I do not feel warranted in discriminating in favor of or against the propositions to select one day or place in preference to all others, and therefore content myself with conveying to Congress these expressions of popular feeling and interest upon the subject, hoping that in a spirit of patriotic co-operation, rather than of local competition, fitting measures may be enacted by Congress which will give the amplest opportunity all over these United States for the manifestation of the affection and confidence of a free and mighty nation in the institutions of a Government of which they are the fortunate inheritors and under which unexampled prosperity has been enjoyed by all classes and conditions in our social system. GROVER CLEVELAND.

Executive Mansion, Jan. 18, 1887.

The House passed a joint resolution, reported from the Special Committee on Celebrating the Constitutional Centennial, providing for the appointment of a joint committee of five Senators and eight Representatives to consider the expediency of holding, in 1892, an international exhibition of the industries and productions of all countries.

THE man who cannot take care of himself is about as safe among wild beasts as when carrying his wrongs to a court of [illegible]

SABBATH READING.

Some Observations Upon the Weaknesses of Human Character.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Saved by Kindness—"Flippant Criticism" and Its Serious Effects—Life Everlasting.

Saved by Kindness.

We will call him Jim, for I do not remember his name. He had lost all respectability, and was a common gutter drunkard. His family had disowned him, and would not recognize him when they met him. Occasionally he would get a job at the stables where Dr. Davis kept his horses. One morning the Doctor laid his hand on Jim's shoulder and said:

"Jim, I wish you would give up the drink."

There was something very like a quiver of the man's lips as he answered:

"If I thought you cared I would, but there is a great gulf between you and me."

"Have I made any gulf, Jim? Think a moment before you answer."

"No—you—haven't."

"If you had been a millionaire, could I have treated you more like a gentleman?"

"No, you couldn't."

"I do care, Jim."

"Say it again, won't you?" There were tears in the man's eyes now.

"I do care, Jim," with a tender little emphasis on the Jim.

"Dr. Davis, I'll never touch another drop of liquor as long as I live. Here's my hand on it."

This was fifteen years ago, and "Jim" is to-day the respectable and respected Mr.——. Saved by a kind word! Will you make an effort this week to win some one by kindness?

Flippant Criticism.

We cannot conceive of any suitable reason for the expressing of derogatory opinions respecting the pastor's public exercises, by a parent before his children. If the parent desires his children to benefit by the ministrations of the pastor, whether in or out of the pulpit, whatever may be his private opinion, the parent should not voice his unfavorable views in the family circle. Such an expression will prejudice the children against the pastor, raise barriers against the acceptance of the truth, and tend to stultify the pastor's teachings. A word, even inadvertently spoken, by a parent on such matters is often the occasion of unspeakable evil. The flippant tone in which such words are sometimes uttered is exceedingly detrimental. It lowers the pastor in the estimation of the child, leads to the hardening of his sensibilities and may start a train of thought in the youthful mind that may terminate in confirmed infidelity. Every parent therefore should put a watch upon his lips when speaking of the pastor before his children. If he values his own child's welfare, desires to see him enlisted on the side of Christ, and a co-worker with the good in the cause of God, he must beware of making inconsiderate remarks, derogatory in any measure of one who has been placed in the providence of God to be a teacher of the truth and a winner of souls.—*Pulpit Treasury.*

Life Everlasting.

A dear mother lay dying. For years past that hoary head had been the crowning glory of home. In all the affairs of family life her advice had been deemed precious, for had she not sought the wisdom that cometh down from above? and the confidence reposed in her judgment was but the evidence of the guiding hand. Through the trying period of young maternity, as through the riper years of motherhood, and when at length others now matured had assumed the burdens it had been hers to carry, and age had silvered the locks and diminished the physical vitality, her trust in the dear Redeemer had deepened and strengthened until with the apostle, in cheerful assurance, she could say: "I know whom I have believed." Never had she appeared more beautiful than while waiting the summons to come up higher. Her children to the fourth generation had gathered around the bedside. The tenderness and love shown there were but the ripened fruit of her own planting in the years gone by. Grandmother was loved because mother had first been the all in all. As the last words were spoken to each in turn, in the realization that the parting would be for a little while only, one surprised at such calmness in the very face of the King of Terrors, exclaimed: "Why, this is not like death!" "Death!" said the departing saint, as a new light appeared to gleam in the dying eyes and a momentary strength was imparted, "death! why, this is life everlasting!" In a few moments the spirit had returned to God who gave it—the reality of the Christian hope, the comfort of a childlike trust in Him who has promised us all things, both for this life and that to come!

"Jesus, thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high!"

ANCIENT WONDERS.

Nineveh was 14 miles long, 8 miles wide, and 46 miles around, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick and 100 feet high, with 100 brazen gates. The temple of Diana at Ephesus was 420 feet to the support of the roof; it was 100 years in building! The la[illegible] of the pyramids was 481 feet in [illegible] and 658 feet on the sides. The base covered 11 acres. The stones are about 60 feet in length, and the layers 208. It employed 350,000 men in building. The labyrinth of Egypt contains 300 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles around, and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich that it was plundered of $50,000,000, and the Emperor Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles around.

SLEEPING WITH THE HEAD LOW.

Few persons, we suppose, sleep without a pillow or a rest of some sort to elevate the head a little above the level of the body, and very few, if any, would think of habitually going to rest with feet raised higher than the head. Yet if we are to believe the writer of an article *Pfluger's Archiv*, the later is the only rational and proper position during sleep. Dr. Meuli-Hilty is the advocate of this plan. He was engaged in studying the physiological effects of such a reversal of the normal position of the body and found, among other results, that the circumference of the neck was increased nearly two inches, by reason, chiefly, of a swelling of the thyroid gland. He frequently fell asleep while in this position and occupied in his studies, and found that he always awoke earlier in the morning, felt greatly refreshed, and was capable of much better work during the day, than after a night's rest taken in the usual way. He has now slept with his feet higher than his head for the past four years, and his experience leads him to commend the method most highly. He says this way the brain receives more plentiful blood-supply, and is consequently better nourished, while there is no danger of so much blood passing to the cerebral structure as to cause congestion. This danger is obviated by the enlargement of the thyroid gland, which holds back a certain portion of the blood in its dilated vessels, and which also acts as a regulator of the cerebral circulation by exerting pressure upon the carotids, and thus diminishing their caliber. Another advantage which Dr. Meuli-Hilty claims for his method is that it is prophylactic against pulmonary phthisis. The apices of the lungs being dependent, receive a more plentiful blood-supply, and are thus rendered stronger and less liable to become a point of origin of tubercular disease. The writer's assertions may be correct, and his method may, as he claims, be the only rational one, but it is likely to be a long time before he can induce mankind to regard pillows as a useless and harmful part of the bed furniture.—*Medical Record.*

WASHINGTON'S MOTHER.

From his mother, who was a model country-woman and housewife for that day—and for all days—Washington derived, doubtless in a large degree, his strong rural tastes, his system, his aptitude for order, and that inexorable method, which, if he had been a lesser man, would have made a terrible martinet of him. The mother was full of it; and I cannot but think that Sharples, in his charming picture (the only authentic painting we have of her), has refined away somewhat of her august severities and serenities of character. She was always queen there, in that Staffordshire home—with son, with bailiff, with dependents all. If things went wrong, she came to quick knowledge of the *why*. Throughout her long widowhood she clung to all the simplicities, severities, homeliness, and out-of-door avocations of country life as if they had been royal inheritances. And are they not? When, in her later days, Lafayette came to see her and pay obeisance to the mother of his great friend, he found her in sun-bonnet working in her garden; and she was not caught at disadvantage by this chance, but wore, with an unshrinking and royal modesty, these tokens of her out-of-door reign.

When Washington, in a spirit of adventure, would have gone seafaring in the British navy—wiled thereto by the preferences of an elder half-brother—the mother put her quick veto upon it; but she never vetoed his huntings, his dare-devil rides, his wrestlings, his fencing, his leaping bouts; so he grew up sinewy, firm, and daring, and with elements of manly leadership marked all over him.—*Donald G. Mitchell, in American Agriculturist.*

THE BUOYANCY OF REINDEER SKIN

A Norwegian engineer, Herr W. C. Moeller, has made some important discoveries as to the buoyancy of reindeer hair and skin. He has found that a reindeer skin weighing 1 7-10 kilogrammes, rolled up and with the hair outward, will support for ten days the same weight as an ordinary cork lifebelt. Moreover, the reindeer skin has the advantage of warming a person, if formed in the shape of a life-belt and worn around the waist. He has also constructed collapsing boats, sledges for rescuing people from drowning in the ice, etc., from reindeer skin, and life-belts filled with reindeer hair, equal to those of cork. Herr Moeller further finds that a suit made from reindeer hair, weighing only one-half kilogramme, will save a man from drowning, even if it has been in the water for some time. It can be made in any thickness, and is warmer than other materials. He is confident that suits made from reindeer hair will in time supersede those made from oilskins. The life-serving establishment at Gothenburg has already procured several of these articles.—*London News.*

THE vine twig shows not more ingenuity as it traverses some rocky crag in search of the cool stream, at once its luxury and its life, than does our injured self-love, in seeking for consolation from the inevitable casualties of fate, and the irresistible strokes of fortune.

NO JEST can be quite so bitter as that one which runs laughingly along the edge of an ugly truth.

REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

Col. Benton used to carry rather a formidable looking knife, which had quite a history. When the Congress sat in Philadelphia, John Randolph, in a debate on the army, alluded to the officers as "a pack of ragamuffins." That night, at the theater, a party of the aggrieved orators hustled the Virginia Congressman and were treating him rather roughly, when Nat Macon, who was with him, drew a pocket-knife, and opening the large blade, made them stand back. Mr. Randolph, in remembrance of this timely aid, gave his friend a more serviceable knife, with "Nathaniel Macon" engraved on the handle. Mr. Macon bequeathed this knife to Col. Benton, who carried it for years and was very fond of showing it.

The bill appropriating $75,000 for the medical and burial expenses of President Garfield was not passed without opposition. Senator Vest was especially severe on the surgeons, who did not know the structure of the human body, and who had treated one part while the wound was in another, like the carpenter who cannot tell garret from cellar, or the shipwright who knows not mast from hull. For eighty days James A. Garfield lay and sweltered, and agonized, and suffered. Bulletin after bulletin went to the anxious hearts and ears of the American people: "We have probed the wound; we have found the bullet; the electric machinery responds under the great laws of nature until we have located the bullet to a hair's breadth!" And he died with the far-off look in his eyes across the dim and distant ocean, and the autopsy showed that they never came within a foot of the bullet, and that they doctored, and probed, and lanced the puss cavity for eighty long days; a curious exemplification of scientific skill.

Lucretia Sturgis, who became Mrs. Joshua Bates, wife of the London banker, was the daughter of the hatter at the North End of Boston. On the death of her father, who was a poor man, she was invited by her distant relative, William Sturgis, the father of Mrs. Samuel Hooper, to take up her residence in his house. There she met Mr. Bates, while on a visit to his native land. Mr. Bates became attached to her and proposed. Not being in love with him the young lady asked the advice of her cousin William. He replied in his usual off-hand way, "Have him, Creeche, have him!" and she did have him, and went to England with him, and when he became opulent and a member of the house of Bering Brothers, their only child attracted the attention of Mr. Van de Weyer, for many years Belgian Minister at the Court of St. James, and the friend of King Leopold, Lord Holland, and Sidney Smith and other celebrities of that day. Van de Weyer was a gentleman of high literary attainments, and when he married Miss Bates she was received at once as a member of the charmed circle of the British nobility and gentry, and admitted to the friendship of the Queen, who gave her a cottage at Windsor, near the castle.

Robert E. Lee, after having tried unsuccessfully, for years, at last "entered Washington," but "not as the conqueror comes." The joint committee on reconstruction summoned him, and he came from Lexington by rail, putting up at the Metropolitan Hotel, which was at once besieged by his admirers. He wore a blue-gray French army overcoat, from which the insignia of rebel rank had been removed, and a felt hat. He was squarer across the shoulders than he used to be, *ante bellum*, care had furrowed his face, and his hair and beard were white. His evidence before the sub-committee was unimportant, although it lasted nearly three hours. On Sunday morning the ex-rebel General attended divine service at the Church of the Ascension, and he afterwards went over to the house of a connection at Georgetown, which commands a view of Arlington, the birthplace of his wife, now the burial-place of thousands of Union soldiers, who died that the Republic might live.

Gen. Blenker was called on at Washington one night, among others, for a speech at a recent torchlight procession of the German regiments to Gen. McClellan's headquarters. After Secretary Seward had concluded a brief speech, Gen. Blenker, who spoke our language but imperfectly, came forward, and said: "Citizens and Sojers—I will say a few words, and it shall be few. If ever I find the enemy, I will fight thousands, and thousands of us will fight the better as I speak dis noble English." This pithy speech was received with enthusiastic cheers.

Mrs. George Spencer, one of the most beautiful women ever seen at Washington, was a member of a theatrical company at New York when her husband, then a Senator from Alabama, wooed and married her. She was a Mississippian by birth, but of Spanish descent, and was a decided feature of the drawing-room at the hotel where she was a guest. She generally wore a long black velvet dress, an immense Gainsborough hat covered with black plumes, and very long black gloves. She carried a large fan of black ostrich feathers, which, in its graceful motion, seconded the wonderful play of her large, dark eyes under the thin, arching brows. She would hold a whole company of ladies spellbound and fascinated, and that is the last and most critical test of any pretty woman's talents. When she sat down they formed a semi-circle before her, and she carried them with her by storm. Except for an occasional question they let her have it all her own way, and she was as bright, sparkling, and fascinating to all those women, and bewitched them as completely with her smiles and her black eyes and clever talk, as if they had been so many susceptible men.

MR. SWEENEY'S CAT.

Mr. Sweeney had a large cat named Dr. Mary Walker, of which he was very fond. Dr. Mary Walker remained at the drug store all the time, and was known all over St. Paul as a quiet and reserved cat. If Dr. Mary Walker took in the town after office hours nobody seemed to know anything about it. She would be around bright and cheerful the next morning, and attend to her duties at the store just as though nothing whatever had ever happened.

One day last summer Mr. Sweeney left a large plate of fly-paper with water on it in the window, hoping to gather in a few quarts of flies in a deceased state. Dr. Mary Walker used to go to this window during the afternoon and look out on the busy street while she called up pleasant memories of her past life. That afternoon she thought she would call up some more memories, so she went over on the counter, and from there jumped down on the window-sill, landing with all four feet in the plate of fly-paper.

At first she regarded it as a joke and treated the matter very lightly, but later on she observed that the fly-paper stuck to her feet with great tenacity of purpose. Those who have never seen the look of surprise and deep sorrow that a cat wears when she finds herself glued to a whole sheet of fly-paper cannot fully appreciate the way Dr. Mary Walker felt. She did not dash wildly through a $150 plate-glass window, as some cats would have done. She controlled herself, and acted in the coolest manner, though you could have seen that mentally she suffered intensely. She sat down a moment to more fully outline a plan for the future. In doing so she made a great mistake. The gesture resulted in gluing the fly-paper to her person in such a way that the edge turned up behind her in the most abrupt manner, and caused her great inconvenience.

Some one at that time laughed in a coarse and heartless way, and I wish you could have seen the look of pain that Dr. Mary Walker gave him.

Then she went away. She did not go around the prescription case as the rest of us did, but strolled through the middle of it, and so on out through the glass door at the rear of the store. We did not see her go through the glass door, but we found pieces of fly-paper and fur on the ragged edge of a large aperture in the glass, and we kind of jumped at the conclusion that Dr. Mary Walker had taken that direction in retiring from the room.

Dr. Mary Walker never returned to St. Paul, and her exact whereabouts are not known, though every effort was made to find her. Fragments of fly-paper and brindle hair were found as far west as the Yellowstone National Park, and as far north as the British line, but the Doctor herself was not found. My own theory is that if she turned her bow to the west, so as to catch the strong easterly gale on her quarter, with the sail she had set, and her tail pointing directly to the zenith, the chances for Dr. Mary Walker's immediate return are extremely thin. BILL NYE.

A HEART-BROKEN MONKEY.

In the monkeys' cage at one of the public resorts in this city is a very large and somewhat prehensile monkey. Some time ago he contracted a skin disease, the ravages of which have sadly disfigured his countenance. As it caused him little or no pain, he paid little attention to it. The younger monkeys in the cage have guyed him occasionally, but he was in blissful ignorance of the cause of their gibes. For the last few days there have been several broken bits of looking-glass in the cage, with which the younger monkeys have been amusing themselves. The old monkey at last had his curiosity aroused, and he slipped down, took a piece of the glass away from a smaller monkey, and then climbed onto a perch in order to investigate with becoming dignity. First he critically examined the back of the glass with a very knowing look on his disfigured face. Then he turned it over. The moment he saw the reflection of his own countenance he came near falling off backward from the perch, while an expression of horror overspread his face. For a moment he was stunned. Then he pulled his chin whiskers meditatively, and finally screwed up enough courage to look in the glass again. It confirmed all his worst suspicions. With a howl, he threw the glass from him and went raving about the cage. All the little monkeys were horror-stricken and kept out of the old man's way. After awhile he got another piece of glass, inspected his disfigured countenance, and vainly tried to rub away the white spots. Failing in this, he gave up in despair and again took to raving. He has refused to eat since he made the discovery, and will allow no one to look him in the face. His heart seems broken.—*Chicago News.*

A FRIEND once called on a certain German officer, and found the gallant veteran in high spirits, the cause of which was that he had just received a new ribbon, or star. The friend, as in duty bound, congratulated him, but knowing that he has already so many decorations that he hardly knew where to stick them all, ventured to observe that he could scarcely understand his excessive elation. "I see you don't understand," said the officer; "what pleases me is that I have now every ribbon and medal that they can give—and next time they must give me money."

WHEN a man and woman undertake to lead together a life of "plain living and high thinking," the brunt of the struggle always must fall on the woman. —*Athenæum.*

CHICAGO certainly takes the premium for large feet. A lady lost her baby for three hours the other day, and found it only when she came to put on her slippers

OHIO STATE NEWS.

—The meeting of the Ohio Short-horn Breeders' Association, held at Columbus, was one of the most interesting ever held. At the meeting Dr. T. P. Shields, of Union County, read an interesting paper on "The Duty of Cattle-growers in Regard to the Cattle Plague and Other Contagious Diseases." In the course of his remarks he said that the disease is supposed to have existed in the mountains of Switzerland for many years before its character was made known. The food supplies for large armies caused greater movement of cattle and carried contagion to other countries, reaching England in 1842 and entailing an annual loss there of $10,000,000. The disease was carried from England to New York in 1843. Massachusetts was the first State to take steps to stamp out the contagion, and as a result of her vigorous policy, has been comparatively free from its ravages for some years. The danger to Western cattle was enhanced by the introduction of calves from dairy and infected districts in the East, and the Western demand for imported cattle of improved breeds. This westward movement of cattle brought into our midst the dreadful pleuro-pneumonia. It is estimated that the value of the live stock in the United States is $3,000,000,000. Of this enormous sum the cattle interest equals nearly one-half. The cattle of England and Ireland only equal about one-fourth of those in the United States, and if the loss from this disease there equals $10,000,000 annually it will be seen how much greater our losses would be. It would not only cripple our cattle-growers, but the welfare of our people would be affected seriously. It is a curious fact that we have fewer cattle to our population than in 1860. Recognizing the necessity for some measure to meet the demand, the General Government has done a little in the past and many of the States have organized live-stock commissions to look after and suppress contagious diseases. These in most instances have been hampered by insufficient means and lack of authority. The Live-stock Commission of Ohio has scrupulously studied the interests of commerce and cattle-growers. Cattle-breeders should discourage the shipment of cattle from infected districts. They should bring every influence to bear on our Senators and Representatives to pass such national laws as will secure uniform rules and regulations as to quarantine and inter-state commerce.

—The Ohio State Wool Growers' Association held a meeting at Columbus. The annual address of the President, Hon. David Harpster, was read. It abounded in statistics, and all in all was an able document. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, David Harpster; Vice President, E. J. Hyatt; Secretary, W. N. Cowden; Treasurer, Charles Stoolfire; Directors, A. E. Sprague, John Pow and W. H. Rhoads. The Committee on Resolutions not being ready to report, George L. Converse was called out and addressed the Association. Remarks were also made by Col. Poorman.

—Charles Pratt, an engineer at the Kelly Nail and Iron Works, Ironton, was fatally injured in a most horrible manner. He was in a tunnel under the nail mill floor, through which a shaft extends to the blacksmith shop, and was caught on the shaft. It wound him round and round until all his clothing were torn off, after which he lay a helpless, bleeding mass for an hour or more before he was found. He died three hours after the accident. Deceased was an old steamboat engineer and an esteemed citizen, aged about 50 years.

—George Backus, who lives at Green Springs, near Tiffin, left home. He did not return until evening, and found the house cold and deserted. Stepping out of the back door he discovered the cistern open, and looking in he found his wife and child, clasped in each other's arms, and both dead. It is supposed that the little boy accidentally fell in and the mother, in trying to rescue him, jumped into the cistern and both were frozen to death. The water is scarcely four feet deep, which excludes the idea of suicide.

—The eleventh annual exhibition of the Northern Indiana Poultry Association will be held in the city of Fort Wayne, on Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, 1887. It is believed that this will prove to be one of the most successful exhibitions of the season, as a very large number of entries of fine breeds have already been made. Farmers and fanciers will find this an excellent means of gaining information on a subject of rapidly increasing importance.

—As the south-bound freight on the Indiana, Bloomington and Western was pulling into Tiffin a freight car jumped the frog at the Baltimore and Ohio crossing, near the bridge, and seven cars were derailed and demolished. At the time the B. & O. passenger train, east-bound, was waiting in the bridge. One of the freight cars struck the engine, demolishing the tender and letting all the water out of the boiler.

—George Russell, brakeman on freight No. 70 on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago road, met with a serious accident while uncoupling cars in the yard at Lima. He was walking between two cars when he stepped on a guard rail which held him, and a car passed over both of his legs, horribly mashing them. Russell was taken to his home at Fort Wayne.

—The sportsmen of the State held a meeting at Columbus, and organized the Ohio and Fish Protective Association. The following officers were elected: President, W. B. Shattuc, Cincinnati; Secretary and Treasurer, Wm. Shepard, Columbus; Corresponding Secretary, G. L. Graham, Columbus.

—The Board of Trade of Portsmouth have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, M. B. Wells; First Vice President, J. D. Clare; Second Vice President, E. E. Ewing; Secretary, Philo S. Clark; Treasurer, J. M. Wall.

—Mrs. Jonas Yoder, Millersburg, says she has been disturbed by the ghost of her husband who killed himself, and has had the remains taken up and buried four miles further away from her premises.

—Charles Phelps, aged 55, was found murdered in his cabin, where he lived alone, near Flat Woods, Meigs County.

—Gov. Foraker has received and accepted the resignation of Miss Kate B. Sherwood, of Toledo, as one of the lady visitors of the Soldiers and Sailors' Orphans' Home, at Xenia.

—A wealthy company has been organized for the purpose of supplying Cleveland, Akron, Canton, Massillon, Cuyahoga Falls, Alliance, and other town with natural gas.

—Pat Sheehan, a Lake Shore section hand, was struck by an engine at Ashtabula, from the effects of which he died.

—The Dow tax already collected in Hamilton County aggregates about $450,000.

THE GREAT SALE OF LADIES' Muslin Underwear!

—IS NOW—

In Full Swing!

IT PLEASES EVERY-BODY, OURSELVES IN PARTICULAR.

It is not a sale of a few pieces of trashy stuff, unfit for a lady to wear, but

A GENUINE SALE!

A BIG SALE

Fine Well Made Garments!

NOT ONLY A FEW DOZEN,

BUT OF THOUSANDS!

—AND—

Every Garment A GEM

—O F—

FINE WORKMANSHIP!

Whether you want to purchase or not, enjoy seeing these

EXQUISITE GARMEMTS.

ROOT and CO.

Home Made Mince Meat!

SARATOGA CHIP POTATOES

FINE FRESH CANDIES,

FINEST BUNCH RAISINS,

NEW NUTS,

CANNED ASPARAGUS,

GOTHA TRAFFLE SAUSAGE,

PLUM PUDDING,

COOKING WINES.

Pyke's Grocery,

180 Calhoun Street.

Aug. 15-1y

Down With the Prices

FOR

Laundry Work.

WAH KEE has opened a New Laundry at 75½ Calhoun street and is prepared to do work at the following astonishing low prices:

Collars	2c
Cuffs, per pair	4c
Drawers	7c
Undershirts	7c
Handkerchiefs	2c
Towels, per dozen	25c

GIVE ME A CALL.

Wah Kee,

75½ CALHOUN STREET. 31-1m

BEACH'S

SECOND HAND STORE.

I have opened a second hand store in the building formerly occupied by Mrs. Self, No. 207 Calhoun street. I have on hand a variety of second hand furniture, stoves, chromos, etc., which I will dispose of at sacrificingly low prices.

FRED BEACH,

15-1mo. Calhoun Street.

ANNUAL

CLEARING SALE

—FOR—

CASH ONLY!

We offer bargains in every department, as we wish to reduce our stock

$2,000!

The next twenty days to make room for

NEW GOODS.

One delivery wagon and two setss of harness for sale cheap.

H. N. GOODWIN & BRO.,

126 Broadway.

Gottlieb's XX Kaiser and Bohemian [illegible] at the Fort Wayne Ale [illegible], 107 Columbia street, [illegible] $1 per [illegible]

NOTHING WE HAVE EVER OFFERED

Has proven more satisfactory to patrons and ourselves than the

One-Fourth Off ReductionSale

Now Going On.

Everybody entitled to a Prize, notwithstanding the great reductions.

Store closes during January and February every evening at 7 o'clock except Saturdays and the 10th, 15th, 16th and 17th of each month, till March 1st.

SAM, PETE & MAX,

Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JAN. 22, 1887.

THE CITY NEWS.

E. R. Donaldson was at Roanoke this week.

The city council meets in regular session Tuesday evening next.

Mr. Louis Fox registered at the Grand Pacific hotel, Chicago, Thursday night.

Sheriff's, under the present state law, are allowed forty cents a day for boarding prisoners.

Mrs. W. D. Baker and little son Harley, of Monroeville, are visiting friends in Fort Wayne.

Mrs. Morris Lee, of Fort Wayne, will be guest of Mr. and Mrs. Riblet, at Wabash, over Sunday.

Sister Mary Angela, mother superior of St. Rose academy, Laporte, is dead. The devout sister was known in this city.

Passenger train number 5, coming in on the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad was derailed at Adams Wednesday morning.

Pete Tonnellier is reported as having started a saloon at Findlay, Ohio, and Harry Tonnellier is playing an engagement at Wheeling, West Virginia.

An election was held at Payne, Ohio, a few days ago and the people voted against saloons. Under the Ohio Dow law none can be established there.

The Pittsburg and Fort Wayne work train is engaged in hauling dirt from Maples and filling in the embankment along Flat Rock, east of Monroeville.

Marion Freidline, after residing in Fort Wayne several months, has decided that farm life is more acceptable to his calling, hence he has removed his family to his father's farm, south of Monroeville.

There will be a prorenata meeting of the Presbytery of Fort Wayne, in the Presbyterian church at Decatur, next Tuesday evening at seven o'clock, at which time the Rev. I. T. Hott will be installed pastor of the church.

The Monroeville *Breeze* says: "Judge O'Rourke, Bayles Swift, T. S. Heller, Johnny Rodabaugh, all of Fort Wayne; Esquire English and 'Squire Jammerson, of Williamsport, attended Samuel Furman's funeral last Thursday."

There was a man in our town,
Who thought him wondrous wise;
He swore by all the fabled gods
He'd never advertise.

His goods were advertised at last,
And thereby hangs a tale;
The ad. was set in nonpareil,
And headed "Sheriff's Sale."

The state geologist asks the legislature for an appropriation which will enable him and his assistants to take some observations in the northern part of the state, with a view of ascertaining the prospects of finding gas, oil, or anything that will be of advantage to the people. He is of the opinion that there is an inexhaustible supply of gas or oil, and perhaps both in the north part of the state.

There is a G. A. R. Loan exhibition at Andrews and the Huntington *News-Express* has these notes: "Amy Powers loans a file of the Fort Wayne *Gazette*, 1861 to 1865.—Samuel Miller, of the Fort Wayne *Journal*, has loaned the committee a model of the Cross with an image of the Lord Jesus upon it, also a ladder and spear, made by a life prisoner on the Dry Tortugas, from cedar wood taken from the old fort at St. Augustine, Florida, believed to be the first timber worked in the United States, and very ingeniously enclosed in a small bottle."

A scheme is on foot to bond the Little River ditch, the same as gravel roads are bonded, and makes Huntington and Allen counties responsible for the money to make the improvement. It ought to be vigorously opposed. The Little River ditch is a job which is working a great hardship, and is already "fat" enough for the parties who are engineering it.—*Huntington News-Express.*

This version of the proposition is wrong. It is a hardship for many people to pay ready cash for the improvement, so a law is proposed to enable them to bond their farms for as much of the assessments against them as they please, thus enabling them to better bear the burden and pay it off gradually. All this, however, is optional with the property owners interested.

Post A. T. P. A. meets at the Rich hotel Saturday evening, January 29th.

Johnny Gonandyke has removed his family to Fort Wayne from Andrews.

Receiver Caldwell last year spent $500,000 on Nickel Plate betterments.

The K. of L. band gave a very pleasant party last evening at Wagner's hall.

A little daughter of Mr. Julius Nathan fell on the sidewalk this morning and hurt herself severely.

Cards are out announcing the wedding of Isidor Lehman and Miss Hattie, daughter of A. Heilbroner.

Columbia City *Commercial*: "Lota and Mollie Hood, of Fort Wayne, visited with relatives in this place this week."

Conductor Hoyt, of the Wabash, whose serious illness we have reported, has gone to Buffalo, N. Y., for medical treatment.

Rev. W. F. Yocum, D.D., president of the Fort Wayne college, goes to Auburn over Sunday to preach a funeral in that place.

The headquarters of the Wabash fuel department have been transferred from Peru to Decatur and are in charge of D. W. Ryder.

A notice has been issued to all Wabash passenger trains that until further notice they must not exceed schedule speed between Fort Wayne and Andrews.

Jake Hiser is charged before Commissioner Harper with selling liquor at his joint on East Main street, without a federal license. He will have a hearing Monday.

The office of J. B. Mitchell, superintendent of the Wabash bridge department has been removed from Peru to Andrews. His jurisdiction now extends from Toledo to Tilton.

Hollis Gillett was arrested last night and hustled before Justice Harry France on a charge of assaulting his wife. Gillett is a hard man and has had much police court notoriety.

Orrin Perry was brought here to-day from Michigan City, by his brother, Mr. O. L. Perry, and placed in the city hospital. The young man has consumption and cannot live long.

Mrs. William Schweir, of No. 186 East Jefferson street, accidentally cut three of her fingers nearly off, while dressing pork yesterday afternoon. Dr. J. W. Younge dressed the fingers.

Great praise is due to D. Nestel for his energy in establishing the long felt and desirable acquisition, viz: A nursery park. See his card elsewhere. He certainly deserves to be liberally patronized by all our citizens.

A large, bright rainbow crossed the northwestern heavens this morning and was visible just before 8 o'clock. This is probably an assurance to the people who were flooded by the sewer overflow on South Calhoun street.

John M. Wilson, who was hanged at Norristown on last Thursday for the murder of Anthony Dealy, delivered a long speech just before he was executed, the concluding words of which were: "When my strangled body hangs between heaven and earth, may all who look upon it imagine they hear me say: 'This is the work of rum; is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?'"

An Andrews correspondent says: "Conductor J. C. Brinsley has resumed work after having been absent three months at his home in Fort Wayne, where he was attending to his father's business, (that of operating a feed stable and wagon yard,) that gentleman, on account of sickness, having been unable to look after his interests. He has now recovered his health."

The Huntington *Democrat* says: "J. W. Cromwell, of Fort Wayne, recently bought of Mr. Thomas Black, of Majenica, this county, a sycamore tree which cut three logs, the first of which contained 2,000 feet, the second 1,587, and the third 1,323 feet, board measure. The logs were perfectly clear. This is the largest sycamore tree on record."

The bill of Representative Darrock providing for the erection of four soldiers' monuments, one in Circle park, Indianapolis, another in Fort Wayne, the third on Tippecanoe battle ground, and the fourth in New Albany, and calling for an appropriation of $250,000 for that purpose, is of course, opposed by Indianapolis on the selfish ground that that city alone should have such a monument. It is hoped the representatives of Northern Indiana will retaliate on this sort of business.

The following interesting information is kindly furnished us by Rev. John F. Lang, secretary to the bishop of Fort Wayne: The Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger has constituted the following clergymen irremovable rectors and elevated their churches and missions to a corresponding rank: Very Rev. E. P. Walters, St. Mary's church, Lafayette. Very Rev. M. E. Campion, church of St. Vincent of Paul, Logansport. Rev. H. Meisaner, church of St. Charles Barromeo, Peru. Rev. J. H. Hueser, D. D., church of St. Peter and Paul, Huntington.

THE SENTINEL is pleased to note the receipt of "A Boston Girl's Ambition," "All Taut," "Dora," "Nature's Hallelujah," "Message of the Blue Bird," "Pictures and Sketches of Animals," in 6 vols., "Mistakes in Writing English," "Five-Minute Readings," "Golden Minutes," in 6 vols., "Parlor Varieties," "Part 3," "Little Miss Weezy," and "His Own Fault," etc., from Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston, Mass. These books are gems in their way, the stories being bright and entertaining, and the word pictures are very unique. Altogether this works are very entirely

T. G. Goldman, of Huntington, is at the Aveline house.

The "Stranglers of Paris" are divided between the hotels.

Mrs. Al. Nill is lying very ill at her home in this city.

Casper Weideman was injured severely at the Bass foundry yesterday.

Geo. C. Miln, the tragedian, will play a two-night engagement at the Temple February 3 and 4.

Christian Haffner's horses ran away this morning and smashed the bakery wagon to pieces.

Kate Castleton will delight an audience at the Temple Monday. The advance sale of seats opened this morning.

The Wabash saloon keepers are being punished and fined for selling liquor to the Indian boys at White's institute, Wabash.

A young man named Sitzman, of High street, fell this morning and broke his collar bone. Dr. H. S. Meyers attended him.

The eleven-year-old daughter of Julius Nathan fell on the sidewalk on West Wayne street and broke her ankle yesterday evening.

Mr. H. W. Mordhurst has been acting as manager of the Temple in the absence of Manager J. H. Simonson, who is expected home to-night.

Dr. Fairfield, the long-haired physic vender, came back last night and took his wife to Kendallville. The doctor used to travel with the famed Lighthall.

The congregation of the Third Presbyterian church has grown so much there are now but few sittings left, and there is every prospect of its being self-supporting.

Wm. Hewitt was arrested last evening on a warrant charging him with conspiracy to burn Kyle & Reid's hat store. He is having a hearing before Justice France this afternoon.

We are reliably informed that $53,000 in original pensions were obtained by the W. J. Kerr agency, of this city during the year 1886, besides a large number of increase for the boys.

A fellow named Riley complains that he was robbed of $300 at the Oliver house. He deserves no better luck for going there, and did not appear when the case was called before the mayor this morning.

Mamie, the six-year-old daughter of Henry Shedhoff, of Louis Wolf's dry goods store, died of diphtheria yesterday. The funeral will occur to-morrow at 1 o'clock p. m., from the house, 210 West Jefferson street and will be private.

Receiver Cooley has completed the organization of his roads, and has appointed the heads of all the leading department. Hereafter the receipts of the road will be forwarded daily to the Commercial National Bank, of Chicago, instead of to St. Louis as formerly.

Before Justice France yesterday Louis Fox got judgment for $46.48 against J. T. Haag, the Broadway grocer, in whose store there was recently an incendiary fire. Haag paid up the costs and took a change of venue to Justice Hays, who will hear and decide the case against Haag Monday.

There are no bad actors in the "Michael Strogoff" company. Every character is in the hands of a capable and experienced player. A bad actor stands no sort of a show in Mr. Andrews' company. Frank Bangs plays *Michael Strogoff*, and the show appears here next Thursday night only.

Chicago papers to-day publish the assertion that if the inter-state commerce bill becomes a law the Vanderbilts will arrange to work the Nickel Plate and West Shore roads for through business from Chicago to New York Central lines. By this means, it is claimed, rates would be upheld on both classes of freight without violating any provision of the law.

The annual congregational meeting of the Third Presbyterian church was held last evening. An unusually large attendance was present. Reports showed the church to be in a very prosperous condition. The church is out of debt and self-supporting. The following officers were elected: John Mudge, elder; William Meyer and Thomas Sinclair, deacons; J. C. Baker, W. D. Page, B. O. Diffenderfer and James Gray were elected trustees. The women's work and the bible school are keeping abreast with the rest of the work.

Jesse Heaton, sr., who resides with his son in Marion township, died last Thursday morning at 10 o'clock at the age of ninety-seven years. Mr. Heaton came to Allen county in 1831. He served with honor in the war of 1812 and for eighty-two years he has been a devoted Christian and member of the M. E. church. The funeral will take place Sunday morning at 10 o'clock from his late home, which is one of the prettiest in the country. Mr. Heaton was respected and honored be every one and his family have the profound sympathy of a wide circle of friends in their affliction, even though it was anticipated.

The Business Men's exchange adopted a constitution and by-laws last night and voted salaries of $50 per annum to its secretaries. The treasurer reported the receipt of $280 collected as stock and the committees in charge will continue to secure subscriptions from the members and all who desire to identify themselves with the movement. Messrs. Eckart, Beach and Lewis were empowered to arrange suitable headquarters for the exchange at a cost not exceeding $300 per annum and the next meeting of the exchange, Friday, Jan. 28, will be in the new rooms, centrally located. The association is now on a safe basis and will live to accomplish some good work, may [illegible] it [illegible]

P. S. O'Rourke is at Grand Rapids.

The Nickel Plate pay car arrived yesterday.

Charley Coop was fined for assaulting Charley Diehm by Justice France.

The new Mogul engine, No. 341, was taken out of the Pittsburg shops this morning.

Miss Eva Nelson, the pretty daughter of our friend, Sheriff Nelson, is visiting friends at Chicago.

Louis Deither sues Wm. Clinton Hollopeter and Charley Lindsay to recover $150. T. E. Ellison is his counsel.

J. B. Mitchel, superintendent of bridges and buildings of the Wabash company, was in the city yesterday.

A lady fell on the icy sidewalk at the corner of Broadway and West Washington street, last night, and broke her leg.

Mr. H. C. Schroeder received the drafts this morning for the damage done by the late fire at the Wayne street M. E. church.

Fred Roembke celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his birth yesterday and was presented with many mementos by his friends.

The DeWald property adjoining the federal building on East Berry street has been transferred to the government for $9,000.

County Recorder Heller says there is an unprecedented real estate boom in and around Monroeville, occasioned by the oil well project.

The late Mrs. Dr. Geo. T. Brusbach yesterday removed her effects from the doctor's residence and now resides on West Washington street.

Calvin Spencer, the Highland street butcher, cut a deep gash in his left arm with his big butcher knife this morning. Dr. Shatt dressed the wound.

A big party of creditors of Jonas Smith went to Sheldon to-day to look into his failure. The keys to the store are in the hands of the sheriff.

The water which overflowed the cellars in South Wayne, has now entirely receded, which shows conclusively that it was the fault of the sewer.

George W. Gordon, who was recently arrested at the Hines mansion, will have a hearing before Justice Hays Monday. He gave security for his appearance.

Meeting of Berry street choir at 7 to-night. All members are especially requested to be present, as matters of great importance are to be considered.

Charley Coop was arrested for assaulting Mr. Charley Diehm. Constable Cook had to pull a revolver on Coop, who wanted to throw a chair through him.

George C. Underhill and the firm of Greibel, Wyckoff & Becker have amicably adjusted their differences and the last named firm will open up Monday as usual.

Patrick Golden, a brakeman on the Pittsburg road, fell from a train this morning at Delphos and strained his ankle. He was brought here and is now at the home of his mother in Irishtown.

It looks very much as if Jewett's metropolitan police bill would pass the legislature this session. It will take in Fort Wayne and put a new phase on police affairs, inaugurating a complete revolution in the present force, entailing a more strict accountability.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Kunkle highly entertained twenty or twenty-five lady friends at their elegant residence, No. 138 East Wayne street, last evening. Some of the guests and family executed some fine music for the occasion and had a merry, good time long to be remembered.

Sam Carpenter and another young fellow from the country visited a room in the Central hotel and insulted some of the inmates in their search for a female of questionable repute. Constable Wilson arrested Carpenter and Justice Hays sent him to jail for eighteen days in default of bail. His companion escaped.

The "Stranglers of Paris."

This melo-drama is a dramatization of Belot's novel of that name, from the pen of Dave Belasco, author of "Hearts of Oak," "La Belle Russe," etc. The company presenting this great play arrived this morning twenty-five strong and brought a car load of scenery with them. The Temple patrons can expect a fine interpretation of the story, which is based upon the rivalry of Jagon and Captain Guerin for their respective daughters, Mathilda and Jeanne. A large fortune has been left to Mathilda. The brother of the testator, an old sea captain, Guerin, disputes the will and is sustained by the courts. Jagon, the father of Mathilda, who has been a bad man and does not go by his right name, accompanied by Lorenzo, visits the captain's house and strangles Guerin in order to rob him. The two manage to escape. Jeanne, who suspects Jagon, accuses him of the crime and he is soon in the hands of justice. Blanchard, an innocent man, is accused as Jagon's accomplice. They are both convicted and sent to penal servitude for life. They escape while at sea in a convict ship. Jagon promises Blanchard to prove him innocent to the world. Lorenzo, in the meantime, has assumed a noble name and married Jagon's daughter and is living in splendor in Paris. Mathilda falls in love with a young officer, who is Jeanne's accepted suitor. Lorenzo accuses her of being intimate with her lover, and a stormy scene ensues, in which Mathilda informs her husband that she is aware of his crime and will denounce him. In a fit of rage he strangles her. Jagon appears upon the scene, but too late to save his child. He denounces Lorenzo, pronounces [illegible] and a [illegible] [illegible]

MOLLIE MILLER.

A Chicago Street Damsel Figuring in a Divorce Suit at Winchester—Her Career.

"Mollie Miller, of Chicago street, Fort Wayne, a more or less classic thoroughfare, has been in town this week visiting some of her quondam female chums. She will be remembered as the former wife of whole-souled W. B. Miller, long the efficient agent of the Grand Rapids and Indiana people here, who was compelled by her waywardness and cussedness to seperate from her. This occurred a year or so ago, shortly after they removed to Vicksburg, Mich., but out of repect for Billy's feelings we have not before mentioned it.

"Depositions were taken in Newton & Lewis' office here this week in the divorce case of Miller, against his wayward wife and while the testimony was being given the defendant walked in and sat down, but it is safe to bet that what she heard concerning herself wouldn't tend to put her in a very good humor. People often bring things upon themselves that they don't like at all."—Winchester *Democrat*.

Life is not worth living if one has chronic rheumatism and can't get Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents.

Cold piercing winds seldom fail to bring on a cough, cold, or hoarseness at this season, and Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup should be kept in every house.

A BATH IN THE DEAD SEA.

I indulged in that quasi-luxury, a bath in the Dead sea, writes a correspondent from Palestine. Not only was it impossible to sink, but it was difficult to maintain a footing in the shallows, so lightly did I float on the surface. Despite all my carefulness, the malignant liquid entered my mouth and eyes, creating pain in both. It was several hours before I could eradicate the smart from my eyes, the deadly taste from my mouth, and the saline stickiness from my hair. Indeed, my whole body was covered with an incrustation of salt, which could only be washed away with fresh water.

Notwithstanding our great one-fourth off reduction sale, the wheel still grinds—Behold the grist. Since December 15 we have presented:

W. H. Goshorn, 102 East Washington street, an overcoat.

James Ormiston, Wayne township; Thomas Lynch, Roanoke, Ind.; George Himes, Heller's Corners; John J. Becker, 103 West Jefferson street; Mrs. L. Tiemenn, 425 Broadway; Justin Bennett, Zulu, Ind.; Chas. E. Cook, Wallen, Ind.; Mrs. W. Letwyler, 66 Leith street; A. Feulner, 33 Laselle street; M. Mitchell, Eel River Ditch company and Henry Bloemker, 13 High street, each a fine silver watch.

Paul Miller, corner Lillie and Edgerton street, a superb seal fur cap.

Mrs. E. Cull, 89 Baker street; Mrs. Mrs. John Burg, 129 Monroe street; Mrs. L. Kain, New Haven, Ind.; C. A. Green, Ossian, Ind.; George White, corner Jefferson and Fulton streets; E. Brown, Tremont hotel; Frank Hall, Milan township; John D. McGready, corner Wayne and Hanna streets; J. W. McCaskey, 245 East Lewis street; Wm. Simmons, 98 Montgomery street; Henry Stellhorn, Milan township; Joe Stell, St. Marys, Ohio, each presented with a half barrel of choice flour.

Fred Segreist, Centlivre's brewry; C. J. Schnurr, Geo. McCoy's farm; Wm. Miller, 200 East Washington street; Bert Gorrell, New Haven, Ind.; Jule Roisnt, Zulu, Ind.; B. Allegear, 13 Monroe street; Josie Heitman, 231 Barr street; Mrs. E. Keller, Wells county; Conrad Miller, Fairfield avenue; Mrs. L. R. Sherbody, 12 Miner street; Jos. Bishop, Nine Mile postoffice; H. Frye, Lima, Ohio, each presented with a choice ham.

1,000 capital prizes, including a $500 city lot, will be presented to our patrons before March 1, 1887.

SAM, PETE & MAX.

The "Boss" Clothiers.

BROADWAY NURSERY PARK.

Its First Opening in the Spring of 1887—A Card to the Public.

I beg leave to allow me to say that through my many years of traveling all over the continent it gave me the best opportunity to ascertain where the best plants or such luxurious fruit as I have seen can be procured and raised to advantage in our climate and have now arranged with a reliable eastern nursery man and importer to furnish me with a stock of No. 1 first-class rare and leading, including all the new varieties, of fruit trees; ornamental trees, weeping and deciduous varieties; evergreens, purple, golden and variegated flowering trees and shrubs, new varieties of grafted rhododendroms, altheas, roses, etc. Evergreen trees, a new variety of evergreen shrubs, splendid for cemeteries and lawns. Five thousand No. 1 grape vines, including every new and leading varietiy of white, red, amber, yellow, black and blue colors. A new variety of gooseberries, mulberries, currants, strawberries, etc.

For an inducement I shall sell at the opening this spring, every one of the mentioned article at bare cost price, which is less than one-half the price you will be asked for an inferior article by others.

All fruit trees warranted grafted and true to name. Orders sent through the mail will have the promptest attention and filled and delivered with respect, satisfaction and thanks.

D. NESTEL, Prop.,

Residence, Creighton avenue, one square east of the Park.

Big Strike at Ward's Cheap Crockery Store.

Best Irin Stone China dinner plates, 70c per dozen.

Hanging Lamps $2.50 each.

Best Iron Stone China cups and saucers 70c per dozen.

Best Iron Stone China bowl and pitcher 75c.

Best Iron Stone China covered chambers 60c.

Good lamp chimneys 3c each.

Decorated chamber sets $3.

Bargains in glass ware at half price.

d&wlt

Chicken Feed, Cracked Corn, Oats and [illegible] always [illegible]

Ladies' Skirts!

Having too large a number of Ladies' Skirts left after the Holidays we will offer them at the following low figures:

$2.25 Skirts now	$1.50
2.00 Skirts now	1.42
1.85 Skirts now	1.33
1.60 Skirts now	1.25
1.50 Skirts now	1.10
1.25 Skirts now	1.00
1.00 Skirts now	87
75 Skirts now	58

These figures are below cost and it will be to the interest of everybody to see these goods before they are closed out. They will not last long at the prices we now quote them.

Globe Warehouse

58 Calhoun Street,

A MAN whose name would have been good on a check for $2,000,000 not long ago, spent two hours in the back office of a Wall-street broker one day last week waiting to get a chance to borrow $10 from one who used to be his clerk. Speculation had brought him to poverty and made the clerk a millionaire, all within a year or two.

The Fort Wayne Turnverin will give a grand masquerade ball at the Turner hall on Tuesday evening, February 22d.

INSURE WITH

THE MUTUAL LIFE

—O F—

NEW YORK!

The experience of more than a century proves that well managed life insurance companies are the safest institutions in the world. The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York is the oldest, largest and wealthiest of these institutions. Its available assets foot up the enormous sum of over One Hundred and Thirteen Millions of Dollars. Its affairs are managed by men of the strictest integrity and of the highest business ability. Nothing human is more certain than that this Company will redeem, to the last dollar, every pledge for which it stands responsible.

By insuring with the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York you cannot lose the result of your investment, after having made three annual payments, except by your own negligence. Without making another payment you may receive from this company a paid-up policy for an amount proportionate to the payments already made.

The Mutual Life issues the cheapest policy, the most liberal policy, offers the best security, presents the best record and pays every legitimate claim promptly. It has paid since organization over $230,000,000 to its policy holders.

D. C. FISHER, Agent,
No. 32 East Berry street.

B. POULSON,

Dealer in all kinds of

POULTRY SUPPLIES

(Trade Mark.)

And directions for feeding. Also, all kinds of feed, such as hay, corn, oats, chops, straw, bran, etc., at

[illegible]

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 22, 1887. PRICE FIVE CENTS

FOR JANUARY

We are selling prints for 2, 3 and 4 cents a yard.

We are selling yard wide brown muslin for 4, 5, 5 1-2 and 6 cents a yard.

We are selling yard wide bleached muslin for 4 3-4, 5, 5 1-2, 6, 6 1-2 and 7 1-2 cents a yard.

We are selling cotton flannels for 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 cents a yard.

Remember that all of the above goods are from 2 to 3 cents a yard under price. An examination will prove our assertion.

GEORGE DEWALD & CO.

Cor. Calhoun & Columbia

The Perils of High Living.

Pittsburg Press.

Take such deaths within a very few years as those of Grant, Mat Carpenter, Zach Chandler, Hancock, Hendricks, Arthur, McClellan, Logan, Judge David Davis, General Miller, Vanderbilt, and the many less prominent but still widely known men, and it may be ascertained that their deaths were due to high living and sedentary habits. Secretary Manning has been disabled from a similar cause, and President Cleveland is, for the second time this winter, laid up in bed with rheumatism, gout, or something of the kind, brought on by too much eating and not enough exercise. Now Cleveland and General Sheridan talk about the "massage" treatment, or a sort of Turkish bath treatment, to reduce their burdensome flesh! Mechanical removal of blubber, in other words! What they and all such should do is to live moderately and exercise freely.

The world laughs at Gladstone, chopping down his almost daily tree at Hawarden, as a crank; but in consequence of tree-chopping and other healthful exercise, Gladstone is a power to the world at near eighty years of age; and Emperor Wilhelm, who takes his daily horseback exercise, is a lively old boy of ninety.

How many eighty-year-old able-bodied men in public life have we in the United States? Washington living and the packing of heavy dinners here and there about the country, has Americans up at a time when English statesmen are at their best. Bancroft, the historian, is ever four score and still healthful and happy, but he takes his daily long walks, as he has done these twenty years. But Americans with the physical qualities of Bancroft are scarce.

The School Book Question.

No family in this city is unfamiliar with the fact that there is a great deal of dissatisfaction and much murmuring in connection with the purchase of school books for use in our schools. Complaints are not confined to exorbitant prices but every change that is made excites much indignation, be it good or bad.

We see that an effort at a solution of the school book problem is being made by Representative Pleasants, who has introduced into the legislature an important bill providing for astate series of school text books, to include one spelling book, five readers, two arithmetics, two geographies, one grammar, one physiology, one history of the United States and one series of graded writing books. It provides that the state board of education shall employ well qualified persons to compile these books, but that the copyright shall belong to the state, the colract for the typographical part of the work to be let to the lowest bidder. The books shall be under the control of the state board, who shall apportion them out to the various counties. They are to be furnished to the children at cost, and $20,000 is appropriated for the purpose of compiling the books, and $50,000 for a revolting fund to keep up the enterprise.

GIVE all care to the intellect, but ever keep the mind in subjection to a loving heart, and train it simply as the heart's best servant.

It may save your life, for it cures your cold and Cough. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

Mr. Robert Sutcliffe, late of Birmingham, England, now a resident of Baltimore, claims: "For neuralgia Salvation Oil is worth its weight in gold."

Malaga grapes, peanuts, Choice Florida Nov. Fancy apples 30c. Others 15 cts.

ANOTHER BALLOT.

Once More Our State Solons Meet and Ballot for U. S. Senator.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 22.—The legislature met in joint convention to-day and took one ballot for United States senator. The result was:

Turpie, 74; Harrison, 70; Allen, 4. Two members were paired.

LEGISLATION, LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Yesterday forenoon was wanting in extraordinary features until near the hour of adjournment. After the opening of the proceedings with prayer by Rev. Mr. Edson, the roll was called for the introduction of bills. Among those of special interest was one providing for a pension of $25 per month to be paid by the state to Union soldiers who have been injured by the bursting of cannon. Mr. Fowler introduced a bill providing that any corporation that employs script of its own issues for the payment of hands, in lieu of federal money, or furnishes them supplies at prices higher than current rates, shall be guilty of misdemeanor.

A momentary flutter was created by the presentation of the resolution recently adopted by the house recognizing Colonel Robertson as the lieutenant governor-elect. After a brief discussion the resolution was referred back to the house as matter not requiring joint action.

The senate spent the greater part of yesterday afternoon's session in discussing Senator Johnson's resolution, to allow the minority a full and free expression of opinion in contested election cases. Various efforts were made by the democrats to defeat its purpose by reference, amendment, etc., Senator Bailey leading the opposition, but when it came to the final motion to lay it on the table it was defeated—ayes 17, nays 33—the democratic senators, Barrett, Barry, Cox, Duncan, Fowler, French, Griffith, Hale, McDonald, Peterson, Rahm, Sellers and Weir, voting with the republicans. An amendment, suggested by Senator McDonald, that the resolution should not be considered to reflect upon any one or conflict with any of the standing rules of the senate was accepted and the resolution then adopted.

Mr. McDonald soldiers' and sailors' orphans' home bill was read the second time—really the first time, it never having been read before. A favorable committee report was concurred in.

Mr. Zimmerman moved to reduce the pay of trustees from $500 to $300.

Mr. Winter regarded $500 as not too much.

Mr. Thompson, of Marion, was sure plenty of good men can be found willing to serve for $300.

Mr. McDonald was willing to compromise on $400.

The amendment was rejected.

By Mr. Beach: An act providing for the organization of industrial schools as a part of the public schools of all cities of 20,000 inhabitants or more.

Mr. Beach offered a resolution instructing the committee on education, in considering this bill, to call before them the president of Purdue university and superintendents of city schools of the state to consult about it, and that the committee visit the industrial school at Chicago.

Mr. Patton opposed the motion and made a vigorous speech in which he denounced Purdue university as the most "gigantic and colossal fraud ever perpetrated on the state of Indiana." It was further opposed, and finally the author withdrew the resolution.

TELEPHONE COMPANY'S MEMORIAL.

The Central Union Telephone company has prepared a memorial to the legislature asking a repeal of the telephone law of 1885, alleging:

1. The experience for eighteen months of the practical workings of this law in all portions of the state has demonstrated that the interests of the public, particularly that portion of the community who desire and need telephonic service, have not been promoted by this act.

2. The necessary and practical effect of the law has been to deprive of telephonic service many communities where it was a great convenience and value to a limited business interest and to stop all extensions of the system in this state.

3. Telephone service, whether by exchange or what is known as toll lines between distant points, is of such a nature that the cost is very different under different conditions and between different points, and the benefit received is not the same; so that a rigid rule, or fixed price for all, is fair neither to the company nor to the customer.

4. The law in question requires all business to be done by all the toll lines and exchanges in this state, with a few exceptions, at an actual operating loss.

NOTES.

Nearly 350 bills have already been introduced in the legislature, and still there is more to follow.

That compromise is still exciting the wrath of the republican politicians. They think they have been "out-managed" by the democrats.

Senator Smith received through the mail a good [illegible] in spite of hail or the republicans. From the democrats of Boone county."

Representative Gardiner yesterday introduced a bill making it obligatory to teach the effects of the use of alcohol on the human system, in the public schools, and requiring teachers to pass an examination on this subject before a license is granted them.

Representative Robinson yesterday received a dispatch signed by Senator Voorhees and all the democratic congressmen asking him to vote for Turpie. Mr. Robinson seems to be so much regarded by these gentlemen that he might be able to secure their influence to get him a federal office.

Senator Winter yesterday introduced an appelate court bill (the Weir bill of 1885) providing for such a court, to be composed of five judges, one from each of the five districts in the state, the first bench to be appointed by the governor; not more than three of them to be of the same political party. They are to serve four years; to hold court in this city and have final jurisdiction in all cases which properly come to their state.

IN WEST VIRGINIA.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Jan. 22.—The republicans held a caucus last night and passed a resolution to vote first for General Goff for senator, then Flick, Brown and McOlean.

ORPHANS' HOME.

One Can be Located at Fort Wayne if the Proper Effort is Made.

On next Wednesday the bill to establish a soldiers' orphans' home, in place of the one recently destroyed by fire at Knightstown, will be acted upon in the state senate. Here is an opportunity for the enterprising city of Fort Wayne to secure a state institution, something it is, by right of its size and commercial advantages, properly entitled to. All other cities of any importance have a public institution of some kind, while this city has repeatedly failed to secure any favor. The time has now come for her citizens to rise en masse and embrace this chance. The following dispatch was received by a prominent Fort Wayne citizen this morning and will insist:

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 22.—I have moved an amendment to locate the soldiers' orphan home at Fort Wayne. With proper help can get it through the senate. Work it up.

J. M. BARRETT.

It this connection Hon. Chas. F. Muhler has issued the following proclamation:

CITIZENS MEETING.

To the Citizens of Fort Wayne.

In view of the possibility of securing the location of an important state institution in our city I hereby request all citizens of Fort Wayne who have her material interests at heart, to meet at the circuit court room on Monday evening next, January 24th, at 7:30, to take such action as may be deemed advisable under the circumstances, and I especially desire that members of the Business Men's Exchange be present at that meeting. CHAS. F. MUHLER,

Mayor.

G. A. R. ACTION.

FORT WAYNE, Jan. 22, '87.

The members of the Sion S. Bass post are earnestly requested to meet at the post room Monday evening at 7 o'clock sharp to take action tending to the securing of the soldiers' and sailors' orphans' home (about to be built by the state) for Fort Wayne.

By order of

J. C. PELTIER, Commander.

E. LINCOLN, Adj't.

Let the business men and citizens generally immediately move in this matter and secure for Fort Wayne a building which will cost at least $100,000, that will be an ornament to our city and the maintenance of which will add greatly to the business interests of the city, as it will take at least $50,000 annually for running expenses, which will go to the business men of our city.

A Presbyterian Preacher Dies.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22.—Rev. Dr. Arthur Swazey, the venerable ex-pastor of the Third Presbyterian church of this city, died this morning from a stroke of apoplexy sustained two days ago.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—Following are the weather indications:

Indiana, variable, followed by colder northwesterly winds, rain or snow.

COTTON CREMATED.

About $300,000 Wort Destroyed by Fire—Other Losses.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Jan. 22.—Cotton shed No. 4, of the Merchants' Cotton Press and Storage company, located on the corner of Shelby and South streets, burned early this morning together with 6,500 bales of cotton. Loss, about $300,000; fully insured.

BRIDGETON, N. J., Jan. 22.—The Lucknow paper mills in this city, owned by W. Barrehouse, were burned this morning and with the exception of some machinery, the loss will be total. The fire started in the sorting room, and it is supposed from combustion. The works were valued at $42,000; insurance, $18,250.

100 PEOPLE

Go Down With a Chinese Steamer in a Collision.

SHANGHI, Jan. 22.—The British steamer Nespque, from London, collided with and sunk the Chinese transport, One hundred soldiers and several mandarins were drowned.

A Reported Lynching Bee.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 22.—It was reported from Warren, Ark., yesterday, that two men, Hamilton and Lndberry, the murderers of Harris brothers, in Bradley county, were taken from jail at Warren, Thursday night, by a party of masked men, who took them to the banks of the Arkansas river, where they were hanged.

A Divorce in High Life.

EDINBURG, Jan. 22.—The court to-day granted a divorce to the Marchioness of Queensbury, on the ground of adultery. The marquis made no defense.

THE THIEF TRAPPED.

A Postoffice Robber Caught in a Steel Trap.

CORINTH, Miss., Jan. 22.—The postmaster set a steel trap in a drawer to catch a burglar who has been robbing the postoffice by breaking the glass fronts of the boxes and reaching his arm through. The next morning he found the burglar there fast in the trap with his throat bloody from attempted suicide made by a pocket knife in the free hand. It proved to be the son of a prominent citizen of Corinth.

A Suit Dismissed.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 22.—The famous suit of Daniel Wells, jr., against McGeoch, was decided by Judge Mann in the county court this morning, the suit being dismissed with costs. The suit grew out of the failure of the great land deal in Chicago in 1885. Wells & McGeoch advanced $450,000 to settle the affairs of the stranded firm of McGeoch, Everingham & Co., and immediately thereafter, Wells brought suit against McGeoch, charging the latter with securing through misrepresentation his, (Wells') half amount paid in settlement. The dealings of the firm were gambling contracts and conspiracies against public policy and for that reason the court could not in any event entertain the suit.

DRINKING.

The Government of Belgium to Make an Effort to Stop Drunkenness.

BRUSSELS, Jan. 22.—The government has introduced in parliament a bill to suppress drunkenness. It provides that drunkards in public places and publicans serving drunkards or children shall be fined and imprisoned, and that debts incurred in purchasing intoxicants shall not be recoverable.

Mr. C. K. Over, member of the national committee of the Y. M. C. A., is in the city on business connected with the work.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

Speaking of George Woodberry's "Life of Poe," a critic says: And yet a sadder or more disheartening story could not well be told. There is hardly a gleam of brightness to relieve the somber shadow of a life that might and ought to have been so full of beauty and of worth. Poe was certainly one of the divinely gifted, and yet moral weakness and feebleness of purpose made him a wreck from the start. He was made up of the most contradictory elements; his nature was many-sided; but there was a fatal flaw in it all. The most charitable thing to think of him is that, if not actually insane, he always trembled on the verge of insanity, and was often irresponsible both for his words and actions.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—The stock market opened fairly steady. Prices, after some little hesitation, became strong throughout the entire list. A slight reaction was followed by renewed strength and some stocks reached yet higher figures. At 11 o'clock the market was quiet, but firm.

12 m.—Money easy at 4@5 per cent.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—Wheat 1@1c higher and less active; No. 2 red, February, 92½@92½c. Corn, 1@1c better and quiet, at 47½@48¼c. Oats, firm and quiet at 36@42c. Pork, steady; new mess, $12.75. Lard stronger at $6.87½. Butter, firm, at 12@32c. Sugar, dull; granulated, 5 3-16@5¼. Molasses, quiet, at 20c. Coffee, steady: fair Rio, 14¼c.

CHICAGO MARKET.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22.—Wheat, stronger, at 78¼c. Corn, stronger, at 35½c. Oats, firmer, at 25½c. Rye, 53c. Barley, 50¼c. Flaxseed, $1.02. Prime timothy, $1.90@1.91. Whisky, $1.18. Pork, higher, at $9.32½. Lard, firm at $6.52½.

JESUS LOVES ALL.

The Lord Jesus Kindly Says: "If Any Man Open the Door, I Will Come In and Sup With Him, and He With Me."

"And a voice in the heart of His silence saith—
One day, ye shall understand."

You are cordially invited to attend the services at the Congregational church.

Rt. Rev. D. B. Knickerbacker will be at Trinity church, Sunday, January 30.

You are cordially invited to attend religious services in the First Presbyterian church to-morrow morning and evening. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

Regular services at the Grace Reformed church, on East Washington street, Rev. T. J. Basher, pastor. Come. You are cordially welcome.

To-morrow at 10:30 Mr. Frame will preach at the Wayne Street M. E. church. Sabbath school at the usual hour. Revival services in the evening.

At the Simpson M. E. church, to-morrow, Rev. F. G. Browne will preach at 10:30 a. m. and administer the sacrament of baptism to a number of recent converts.

At the Third Presbyterian church to-morrow morning the subject will be: "Why Fear God Rather Than Man?" Evening subject, "The Final Invitation." All are welcome.

Contemplated services at the College Y. M. C. A. on Sabbath has been postponed until Monday at 3:30 p. m., so as not to conflict with the regular services at the hall of the R. R. Y. M. C. A.

Gospel song service at the rooms of the R. R. Y. M. C. A. Sabbath at the usual hour, 3:30 p. m. Mr. C. K. Ober, of the international committee of the Y. M. C. A., will address the meeting. All are welcome.

Elder W. W. Lovett, former pastor, will preach at the Church of God, corner of Hoagland avenue and DeWald street, Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock and in the evening at 7:30. A cordial invitation to all.

At the Berry Street M. E. church Mrs. Frame will preach at 10:30 a. m. to-morrow morning in the pastor's place. No services in the evening. Sabbath school at 2:15. A hearty welcome is extended to all.

Services at the Trinity Episcopal church to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Offertory solo at the morning service by Miss Hinks. Anthem at the evening service, "O, Lord, Our Governor." Offertory solo by Master Fredd o Maguire. All are cordially invited to attend.

Trinity M. E. church, north side. Quarterly meeting services to-morrow. Love feast at 9:30 o'clock, conducted by the pastor. Preaching at 10:30 p. m., by Dr. C. B. Stemen, followed by the administration of the Lord's supper and baptism. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. No evening service.

"Oh, for the Wings of a Dove," will be sung by the chorus choir of sixty voices at the Baptist church to-morrow evening. Prof. Heath is the popular leader. Come promptly at both morning and evening services at the Baptist church and you will secure a seat. Fifteen hundred people will doubtless attend both these services.

To-morrow evening all the Methodist congregations in the city will participate in the union revival service at the Wayne Street M. E. church. The meeting will begin at 6:30 o'clock with a service of prayer and at 7:30 o'clock Mrs. Frame will preach. Arrangements will be made to accommodate 1,000 people. Come early that you may get a seat.

FIGHTING FOR GOD.

The Great Cause of Christianity Received Another Boom Last Night at the Wayne Street M. E. Church.

A multitude was in attendance at the union revival service at the Wayne Street M. E. church last night. The prayer meeting was a season of great blessing. Mr. Frame made some very apt remarks upon the common but specious objection to revivals, that they are the result of animal excitement. His points were irrefutable. He annihilated the criticism of cold religionists and cynical worldlings.

Mrs. Frame preached on Paul's address to Felix on righteousness, temperance and the judgment to come. Her description of future judgment was most thrilling. Leaving the pulpit, she walked out into the aisles and most eloquently exhorted the people to flee from the wrath to come and lay hold of an eternal life. Many responded to the earnest call.

THE BAPTIST REVIVAL.

Twenty-four adults requested prayer at the Gospel meeting at the Baptist church. The attendance was so large that it was found necessary to bring in chairs. Pastor Northrop spoke less than a half hour with all his might, mind and strength. The results of the week's work are more than satisfactory and the coming Lord's day will give it fresh impetus. It is expected that 1,500 people will attend both services to-morrow and a great effort will be made to seat all the people.

FAREWELL.

Ohio is Moving to Obliterate the Old Canal and Its 4,000 Acre Reservoir Near the County Line.

The people of Fort Wayne can yet look on the traces of the old Wabash and Erie canal, long since abandoned in this state. Now the Ohio people are moving to obliterate the old ditch and with that end in view the great reservoir just east of the Allen county line, in Paulding county, Ohio, and occupying 4,000 acres of land, is to be condemned and the the property is to be sold at public auction, making the vast area fertile and inhabitable. A bill is now before the Ohio legislature providing for the abandonment and sale of the Wabash and Erie canal and six mile reservoir, in Paulding county, Ohio. This bill is to vacate about twelve miles of canal in Paulding county, which now extends from the Ohio and Indiana state line to the village of Junction. All that portion of the Wabash and Erie canal in the state of Indiana has been vacated, boats can not and have not been carried on this canal more than three or four miles above the village of Junction for many years. Six Mile creek, the principal feeder of this reservoir, has been cut off and the water carried into the Maumee river, about one and one-half miles above the state line, so that the reservoir can not act as a feeder to the Miami and Erie canal except during the spring and autumn rains. There are about 4,000 acres of land in the reservoir and about 15,000 acres of land outside that has been rendered unfit for cultivation. The gross receipts of this canal have not exceeded $50 per year for the last five years, while one employe receives $141 per year from the state for his services as gate keeper.

THE DEATHS.

Fifteen People Summoned to Give an Account of Their Stewartship.

The following deaths have occurred since last Saturday:

Nannie J. Dickey, aged two years, diphtheria.

Edna J. Livelsberger, 9 months, scarlet fever.

James Ormiston, 72 years, dropsy.

Rosie Crammer, 4 years, croup.

Geo. C. Lepper, 87 years, old age.

Georgo Case, 6 weeks, croup.

John P. Gerling, 2 months, spasm.

Annie Agnes Shea, 7 months, spasm.

Ada Jones, 39 years, cancer.

Chas. Weber, 2 years, bronchitis.

Emma Schaffer, 2 months, diphtheria.

Wm. T. Foster, 54 years, debility.

Caroline Von Behren, 6 years, scarlet fever.

Jesse Heaton, 37 years, old age.

Mamie Stiedhoff, 5 years, diphtheria.

HOOSIER NEWS.

Items of News From all Parts of the State in a Condensed Form.

Mrs. Elizabeth Moose, died near Goshen, aged 82.

The Everett House, Penn., had a serious fire Tuesday. Loss, $4,000; insurance, $2,500.

H. Hong, Goshen, tilled with budge fell in the snow, nearly froze to death, and is in a critical condition.

Expected the last spike will be driven on the Midland railroad to-day—connecting Lebanon, Westfield, Noblesville and Anderson.

Two-story residence belonging to Rev. Jacob Norton, seven miles from Columbus burned—defective flue. Loss, $1,000; insurance, $700.

Judgment for $600 has been rendered against Evansville for cutting the wires of the Cleveland Telephone and Telegraph company, in allowance with order of council.

WHEN DRUNKENNESS HAS A VIRTUE.

The reign of George III. of England was the most openly dissolute period in the history of Great Britain. State officials who had acquired reputations for drunkenness were then the most popular. It was then that gout attained its highest degree of perfection. A man who did not wear a split shoe was only under protest admitted into the circles of polite society. Sir Philip Francis, upon awakening at night and finding himself sober, would immediately get out of bed and proceed to get drunk again. Lord Weymouth, after spending a fortune and becoming utterly worthless, was appointed secretary of State in recognition of his abilities as a drunkard.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

BLACK stockings are worn with all sorts of street, carriage, indoor, reception, and evening dresses, when the hosiery is not necessarily of the color of the frock or its accessories.

DELAY NOT!

A Little Talk With You On a Subject of Great Interest.

KIND READER:—As THE SENTINEL at one issue reaches thousands of people and hundreds of homes, and those who scarcely ever enter a place of prayer except at funerals, I take this liberty, through the kindness of the editor, to talk with you kindly, confidentially, and yet earnestly, upon a matter of vital importance to you. Please read candidly, thoughtfully and without prejudice. Let us enter at once upon the question at issue.

Are you a Christian? If not, what is the reason? Consider a moment this question: Is it right for me to be a Christian? If so, then I'm wrong! A still small voice within tells me so; God's Book says the same; the preacher repeats it; human experience confirms it; my own history voices it. "Now, what shall I do to be saved?" Ah, friend, that's an old question. It can be answered. It comes quick and strong: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." There is no other way of escape from sin. Then, "lay hold of eternal life!" The awful responsibility of decision rests upon you with peculiar force. You cannot afford to be trifling, neutral or indifferent in this eventful crisis. Self-preservation is a common law of human nature. Hence you should not allow prejudice, early training or anything else to come between you and eternal preservation—salvation through Christ. Do beware lest you refuse proffered mercy! Heaven is yours by personal choice. God saves no one against their will. He breaks no bolts to force Himself into your heart. He enters and redeems only as you will it. He pleads, "Believe and repent!" Will you?

You stand to-day where two roads meet. It is very dark. The same familiar voice speaks in tender tones, "This is the way, walk you in it!" On the right in letters of light, "I am the Way!" This is the Gospel. You are responsible if you refuse it. You do so at your peril! This very hour, flee from sin to the cross. There grace will unload the accumulated burden of years.

Suffer me, in conclusion, to implore you to follow this friendly advice at once. Words cannot express the pious sympathy I have for you in this conflict, for conscience and God's voice give the halting soul no rest. I pray you, therefore, to lay this message to heart, and alone in prayer settle this all important question. The expanded arms of a dear Redeemer are now open to receive you, if you will only obey the gospel call. The Lord of love promises: "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." Do come! Delay not! "The night cometh!" The shadows gather. Death approacheth! May you have "rod and staff to comfort you through the valley." Decide on bended knee, before a new day dawns, and "joy cometh in the morning."

Your sincere friend,

S. A. NORTHROP,
Pastor First Baptist Church.

Fort Wayne, Jan. 22, 1887.

P. S.—Whenever I can be of any service to you in the direction of showing you the way from earth to heaven, please call on me any day from 2 to 5 o'clock at my study, up stairs in the Baptist church.

Found Guilty.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22.—"Bobby" Adams tried for the theft of $14,000 worth of stamps from the Minneapolis post office was found guilty by a jury in the United States district court this morning.

STRANGE PROFESSIONS.

Among the curiosities of the Indian census are the extraordinary professions which some of Her Majesty's subjects declare they pursue. In Allahabad no fewer than 974 at a former census described themselves as "low blackguards," a calling which, however, is only too common elsewhere than in Allahabad; but the professional "painters of horses with spots" and the "hereditary clerks who pray to their Inkhorns" are surely peculiar to India.

In Russia, however, the progress of civilization has developed a new profession which it would be difficult to match even in India. The St. Petersburg insurance companies have just captured one of three members of this profession who have carried on this lucrative vocation for several years. They were in the habit of arranging for conflagrations with the owners of insured premises. On being granted 20 per cent. of the insurance money they set fire to the houses, which, being mostly built of wood, burned easily enough.

They might have been earning their 20 per cent. to-day had for the astuteness of the Libau police, who set a trap for them into which they fell, much to the delight of the insurance companies. It is possible enough that members of this scandalous profession are not unknown in other countries except Russia.

Frauds against insurance companies are difficult to detect even when the insured fires his own property; but when the work is done by a professional firesetter detection becomes almost impossible.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

WINS A WIFE.

August Spies, the Condemned Anarchist, Captures the Affections of a Vassar College Girl.

Miss Van Zandt, Handsome, Well Educated, and Young, to Wed the Sentenced Prisoner.

[Chicago Telegram.]

One of the most regular attendants at the trial of the anarchists during the closing days, was a tall, fair, and handsome girl, who dressed in fashionable garments and whose appearance generally was suggestive of refinement. She was apparently

MISS VAN ZANDT.

about 20 years of age, and on nearly every occasion she was accompanied by an elderly lady. She evinced the deepest interest in the proceedings, and it finally became evident that she was more than usually interested in one of the prisoners. As the days passed by it was ascertained that her admiration extended to August Spies. At the conclusion of the trial she visited the County Jail to proffer her sympathy to the anarchist leader was evidently reciprocated, and her visits to the jail to see her lover became so frequent that she finally came to be known to the jail officials as "Spies' girl." She would stand at the iron grating of the "cage" and talk to her lover until the jail hour for locking up the prisoners arrived. Her identity finally became known, and she proved to be Miss Nina Van Zandt, only daughter of J. Van Zandt, a chemist employed in Kirk's soap factory at No. 352 North Water street. She would bring all sorts of dainty edibles for his use, and also articles of feminine manufacture for the adornment of his cell. It was evidently a case of "mash," and a severe case of that. But Miss Van Zandt seemed to glory in it, and was apparently proud of her powers of conquest. But nobody appeared to be prepared for the news, which was made public through the local press a few days ago, that August Spies and Miss Van Zandt were to be married in a short time.

The future Mrs. Spies was born in Philadelphia, Jan. 5, 1865. Her father is said to belong to one of the Knickerbocker families who moved from New York State to Central Pennsylvania about fifty years ago. Her mother comes from a Scotch-English family named Clarke, that has lived in Pittsburgh for many years. Miss Van Zandt attended the Friends' Central High School in Philadelphia until her parents moved to Chicago, in 1882. Here she attended the Misses Grant's Seminary for young ladies, as a boarding scholar, and remained there one year. In the fall of 1883 she entered Vassar College at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., staying there two years and taking Latin and mathematical courses. She is a member of St. James' Episcopal Church, together with her father and mother, and is well known in church society. She has attracted the attention of many young men, some of whom were members of the congregation. A young Canadian, who is employed in a La Salle street insurance office, was understood to have been regarded with more than passing favor until the trial of the anarchists began. Mr. and Mrs. Van Zandt and the prospective bride have been regarded as rather extreme in their views toward alleged suffering humanity, and, like Captain and Mrs. W. P. Black, perhaps, look upon the anarchists as having been more sinned against than sinning. When the news of the coming marriage was quietly circulated in North Side society circles, to which Miss Van Zandt belonged, and became known in the St. James' Club, to which many young men of the church belong, the utmost consternation and surprise was manifested. The fact is indisputable, however, that within a very few days Miss Nina Van Zandt will be Mrs. August Spies.

Miss Van Zandt has also been one of those who united with the Central Labor Union and contributed money to have Spies' speech to the jury during the trial printed.

Miss Van Zandt's home is at the corner of Cass and Huron streets, almost the center of the aristocratic portion of the North Side. Directly opposite is the ultra-swell Episcopal Church of St. James. Within two blocks of her home are the stately palaces of S. M. Nickerson, Henry Field, E. D. Watkins, Cyrus McCormick, Henry Willing, John T. Lester, R. R. Cable, A. A. Carpenter, and perhaps twenty others which are the homes of millionaires.

A reporter called at No. 336 Huron street for the purpose of getting a look at Miss Van Zandt. The young lady was not visible, but her father, Mr. J. K. Van Zandt, obligingly gave all the information in his power concerning the proposed marriage, stipulating that his remarks should be treated seriously, and without prejudice or unfavorable comment. Mr. Van Zandt is a fine-appearing man of about 55 years. His ancestors came from Amsterdam, Holland, and he claims relationship with aristocratic Knickerbocker families of New York. He is a chemist by profession, and has charge of the chemical department in Kirk's soap factory. His daughter, judging from a photograph shown the reporter, is a handsome girl 20 years old, with an intellectual countenance. Her father said that her acquaintance with Spies was brought about by the loss, four years ago of a pet dog. Miss Nina at that time lavished her spare affection on the small animal, and when he disappeared she made extraordinary efforts to recover him. She advertised in all the daily papers, including the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, offering a liberal reward for the restoration of the poodle to its fair mistress' arms, and it was while on a visit to the *Arbeiter Zeitung* office to see if the lost puppy had been heard from that she first saw August Spies. It was a case, on her side at least, of love at first sight.

Eugene Seeger, clerk in the Marriage License Department of the County Clerk's office, received the following telegraphic dispatch from the grandmother of Miss Nina Van Zandt, the fiancee of August Spies, Monday:

PITTSBURG, PA., Jan. 17, 1887.

Eugene Seeger, Clerk of Marriage Licenses:

Issue no license to Miss Van Zandt and August Spies to be married. We forbid the marriage. MRS. ARTHUR.

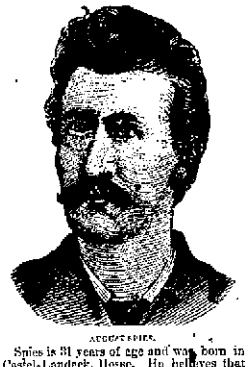
Mrs. Arthur is the lady from whom Miss Van Zandt's legacy is expected to come. Mr. Seeger said: "That dispatch confirms me in my resolve not to issue a marriage license unless I am compelled to. I believe that this whole thing is got up by some sharp-witted friends of Spies who propose to use an innocent and foolish young girl to create sympathy for him, in the hope that the Governor may pardon him or commute his sentence. The passage in an interview with Miss Van Zandt where she says Spies has experienced a change of heart and will be a better man if he is ever liberated convinces me that the scheme is to represent him as reformed and entitled to executive clemency. I know Spies' nature too well to believe that he loves the girl. I don't believe that she loves him, but she thinks she does. I think that the real attorney is between Miss Van Zandt, who has nine dogs, and Mrs. Capt. Black, who has sixty dogs. I regard it as an outrage on decency and an insult to the law that this man Spies, with his neck in a halter, should defy all the dictates of honor and manhood and seek to drag down to his own disgrace an innocent and foolish girl."

SPIES.

The Condemned Anarchist Talks About His Love Affair.

"One day, during the trial, while George C. Ingham was making his argument," said Spies, in an interview, "Miss Van Zandt came to the court-room. She had read in the newspapers about us condemned men, had seen our pictures, and had formed the impression that we were in fact of wild beasts. Her visit to the court-room disappointed her. After the verdict was given she came in contact with certain people who had interested themselves in our persecutions, and concluded that the whole trial was nothing but a vast conspiracy against us. She wrote to the newspapers to explain certain matters that would throw light on the trial, but the editors refused her articles, being unwilling to say anything in our favor. This strengthened the young lady in the belief that we were going to be murdered.

"Subsequently Miss Van Zandt came here and introduced herself to me. When she found I was neither an ignoramus, monster nor beast she came regularly and took an interest in my companions and myself. At last," said Spies, blushing and hesitating—"Oh, well, you know what to say." Then he added, slowly: "Yes, a mutual agreement was arrived at. Put it in your own words. Miss Van Zandt," the anarchist continued after having resumed his usual calm demeanor, "is an only child, and her parents are rational, reasonable people. Capt. Black is now making the arrangements for our marriage. The lady is not the one who attended the trial and sat next to Mrs. Capt. Black, as some people seem to have thought," he remarked in conclusion.



AUGUST SPIES.

Spies is 31 years of age and was born in Castel-Landeck, Hesse. He believes that the sentence against him will never be carried out and that he will soon be given his freedom.

PROSTRATED WITH GRIEF.

Miss Van Zandt's Grandma Crushed—The Girl to Be Disinherited.

[Pittsburgh special.]

In an interview with Mrs. Arthur, the aunt of Nina Van Zandt, at her residence in Oakland, the following information was gleaned concerning the young lady and the attitude of friends in regard to her conduct. The shock to Mrs. Arthur and her distinguished father and mother ran readily be imagined, especially as Miss Van Zandt's mother, who is the only sister of Mrs. Arthur, had been visiting her parents and sister just two weeks previous, and with the exception of jokingly remarking that Nina expected to marry some nice young man in the spring, had made nothing known, and had not given the slightest hint in the true direction. On reading the news, so great was the prostration of Mrs. Arthur's father, Mr. William B. Clark, that Mrs. Arthur was obliged to write to the Van Zandts the message he wished to send. The letter was mailed by 9 o'clock Saturday morning, imploring them to prevent the wedding. This was closely followed by another, and the Van Zandt family were informed that henceforth they were not to be considered in the light of relations. Every connection, socially and financially, was dissolved forever, and Miss Nina utterly disinherited.

"She will receive no more than our dog lying there on the rug. Every dollar will be bequeathed to charitable purposes," said Mrs. Arthur, as she wiped the bitter tears from her eyes.

Mrs. Arthur is a very wealthy society queen here, and holds Miss Van Zandt's future wealth. This morning a letter was received from Mrs. Van Zandt, from Chicago, written before the receipt of those sent from Pittsburg, in which she informs her relatives of Nina's approaching marriage to Spies, the anarchist, and invites them to be present at the ceremony, which is to be performed on Thursday in the jail of Chicago, adding, also, that she and Mr. Van Zandt could find no fault in the man and had given their full consent to the nuptials, and that she hoped the friends here would not worry themselves.

"This letter," continued Mrs. Arthur, "which shows Nina's parents to be as highly dishonorable as Nina herself, has made father and all of us more firm in the determination to disown the family forever."

Mr. Wm. B. Clark, the grandfather of Nina, is well known in Pittsburg. Both he and his wife look back upon a long line of ancestors which shows not a single blot on its proud integrity. They and their daughter, Mrs. Arthur, are members of the First Presbyterian Church, and for their active religious works are widely known. Mr. Clark has but two children living, Mrs. Arthur and Mrs. Van Zandt—and Nina is t he only grandchild. Pretty, bright, and a good conversationalist, she made a host of friends in this city, and at the wedding of Miss Walker, given at the residence of Mrs. George Westinghouse, she was spoken of as the "brightest, handsomest" lady present.

"I fear," said Mrs. Arthur, "that is to her bright ways of talking that has led her into this. She never saw Spies until that day in the court-room. Then she probably visited him in the jail, and an exchange of words and sentiments led to this. But we cannot account for this complete infatuation unless she and her father and mother have all gone clear crazy, and we think they have. If Nina is an atheist now, she certainly was not last summer, as she contemplated at that time joining the church."

Mr. Clark will positively refuse to have anything more to do with the family. If the marriage takes place, not a dollar will be expended in the way of release for the condemned anarchist. Mr. Clark's condition is so serious that his friends fear he will not recover.

Society Slang.

There are a few new wrinkles in this district. In the first place, "too sweet for anything" has gone out; no well-regulated girl will use it, neither will she say "I never saw anything like it in my life." Both are worn out.

There is, however, something new to take their places. Some sacrilegious individual has called a ladies' lunch "a giggle, gabble and gobble."

This monster has been initiated by another who asserts that at a five o'clock tea you are served "tea," "im," and "se-he."

Again, society ladies of a marriageable age have been divided into three classes. First, very young ladies are called "debutantes," short for debutants; a second class are called "tabbies," including the very antiquated maidens; while the intermediate ones are called "terriers," because they tarry so long unmarried.

THE LADIES.

A Highly-Seasoned Pot-pourri Dished Up Especially for the Tender Sex.

FAIR WOMEN AND THEIR WAYS.

A Bit of Poetry, a little Humor, and Some Solid Chunks of Useful Information.

Not a Favorite Inmate.

"By heavens, that stuff is not fit for a hog to eat," remarked Smythe, as he pushed away a plate of beef stew at the Jarby boarding-house at dinner.

"All right. You needn't eat it then, sir," spoke up Mrs. Jarby.—*Brooklyn Times.*

Woman's Ingenuity.

A young girl, whose room in an old country house was disfigured by an ugly wooden mantel and a fireplace that was not capable of improvement except at much expense, has beautified it in a simple manner. She was the happy possessor of a long mirror, so she had the center of the mantel sawed off and taken out and the mirror inserted in the space. The ends of the mantel and the jambs on either side of the mirror she then draped in old-gold satin in hoop-glass fashion, adorning the top with bright Japanese fans and bric-a-brac. The entire arrangement is unique, and no one would dream that it was a make-shift to cover up a gaping, useless fire-place and hid eighteen inches of ugly wood.

Penelope's Memoranda.

I went down town with Penelope, and she gave me a peep into her memoranda. Her list of errands was unique and I copied it as a curiosity: "Piano plush pointoes ironing Evarts flat."

"In the name of wonder," I asked, "what are plush pointoes, and why are you going to iron poor Mr. Evarts flat? I assure you it will not be easy to do that, for it was tried last winter at Albany and was a dismal failure."

The key was this: "See to having the piano tuned—two yards of plush for a picture frame—order some potatoes—new ironing-board and another flat-iron wanted—tell husband to come early to dinner so they could go to hear Evarts speak."

The President of the New Orleans Woman's club is Mrs. Maria Jefferson Swayze, a niece of Thomas Jefferson. —"Meg," *in Buffalo Express.*

Woman's Understanding.

"Well, you know men understand about such things."

How often do we hear this sentence from the lips of women, when any question of politics or business is under discussion, and in how many different ways and tones is it uttered. Sometimes it is said with an apologetic and self-depreciatory manner, as if because men "knew about things" was a good and sufficient reason why women should not; sometimes the air of the speaker is one of discouragement, that seems to say it's really no use to try, under the circumstances; while others still will speak in a grave and serious way, as if they were simply stating a scientific and physiological fact which no one would be reasonable enough to deny, and concerning which there was no need for any display of feeling whatever.

Women of this last class are perhaps the most "aggravating," for they seem to believe that whatever a man knows about the subjects mentioned above, and other matters relating to the conduct of every-day affairs, he knows by intuition or instinct; that it comes to him in some mysterious way because he is a man.

Now, this is a mistake or nonsense. Men do not acquire knowledge on these points save by the exercise of certain faculties of observation, comparison, and so on, which faculties are possessed in precisely the same degree by women and can be used by them in the same way and with the same results if they are so minded. Given a man and a woman of any age beyond their majority and there will be found a great difference in the knowledge possessed by them respectively about common things. Yet trace their lives back ward through some years and a point will be found where they stood on an equality in this particular. But their paths began to diverge quickly and widely. The boy was encouraged in his eager asking of questions about all topics, especially those in which he knew his father to be interested. He was taught to hurrah for his feal parent's favorite candidate before he could speak plainly. He was proud to listen to the talk of men on every subject. As soon as he could he began to read and talk, too, always helped along and encouraged by his elders in every possible way. The girl, on the contrary, is as systematically discouraged should she develop a taste in any of these directions, or else, more killing still, has her little remarks and interests quietly ignored, and so they soon die out. She resigns herself to her dolls and fairy stories, later to her small flirtations and fancy work, and presently we have the spectacle of a woman who is utterly unable, from want of experience and knowledge, to manage for herself in many of the simplest affairs of life.

It is not perhaps necessary that she should be able to converse fluently about "margins" and "cotton futures," although I know several bright women who are all the more attractive and no less womanly because they can at least listen intelligently to talk on those matters; and it may not be imperative for her to give at a moment's notice an exhaustive opinion upon the advisability of the government's granting subsidies as an encouragement to infant industries in lieu of maintaining a high protective tariff. But she should know how to use a "railway guide" and look after her own baggage in traveling, cash a check at the bank, or send a telegram in a rational manner, and without asking more than fourteen questions of whatever unfortunate man happens to be near. These and the other everday matters of which they are types, are fundamental, like the three R's in book knowledge, and a girl or woman ought to be ashamed of being ignorant of the one as of the other.

But women are to be wives and mothers, you say; they are to be lovingly cared for, and all burdens and cares of this world outside their homes are to be taken from them by their natural protectors. Well granted. Suppose each woman in the land marries, and her husband lives longer than she does, and is all that a husband should be, so that there are no old maids, nor widows, nor disappointed wives, who would, of course, have to earn their own living, or at least manage their own affairs. What then? Women have still no excuse or reason for ignorance. They are to be companions and helpmeets for their husbands; and how many of these latter have hardly a thought or an interest in their lives that is not comprised in the two words, "business" and "politics." If the wives know nothing of these subjects, what sort of a companion can they be? And, as to the children, will the boy have less or more respect for his mother and her wishes and authority if she can sometimes explain what he is so eagerly desirous of knowing about men and things, instead of giving the stereotyped reply, "Oh, ask your father, child; I don't know."

But to return to our text of how a woman may "understand about things;" the answer may be gathered from what has already been said. Let her go to work as a man does, let her read and think for herself, and talk with those who know more of the subjects to be pursued than herself. Let her observe and compare, and, above all, acquire experience by accustoming herself to do things independently until she has become self-reliant, and has a sound, well trained judgment that will make her own mainstay and a sheet anchor of sensible and helpful counsel to all around her.—*Exchange.*

WOMEN WHO WOULD BE SOLDIERS.

I know a girl who at the beginning of the war was so filled with patriotism, and so weighed down by a sense of duty, so carried away by an adventurous impulse, that she followed the squad of boys who had enlisted in her neighborhood, dressing as a boy, enlisted in the company that was forming in the county town. Her friends, discovering the long hair she had cut from her head and the clothing she had thrown off in her father's barn, gave immediate pursuit. As they were driving into the city they saw walking along the sidewalk smoking a cigar a young fellow who had the same sort of a face as the girl they were in pursuit of.

They stopped and accosted the young fellow, and were treated to such a shower of epithets and such and exhibition of bravado that they admitted their mistake and apologized for it. An hour later one of the party found the same young fellow deathly sick from smoking the cigar. He called him by the girl's name, and found that after all, the young fellow who had done such hard swearing was the girl they were looking for. She was taken home, and afterward entered the service as hospital nurse. In the last year of the war I found her again in men's clothing, crying as only a heart-broken woman can cry, over a light-haired man shot dead in the charge of Resaca. She cared nothing then for exposure, and went home in a widow's dress.

Another girl, I remember, had a pleasanter experience. I was the examining surgeon at one of the recruiting camps early in the war, and on one occasion as I passed down the lines of a company formed in open order for muster and inspection, I noticed as the hands were held out one set that, to my practiced eye, belonged to a woman. I said nothing at the time, but after consultation with the Colonel had the recruit with the feminine hands brought to headquarters. The bright-looking soldier in the new blue suit admitted in two minutes that she was a woman, and in two days she was at home.

A year after that I was at a ball in Washington. As I stood a little aside from the main party, wishing that I was at the front with the army, a young lady came toward me, bowed with exaggerated stiffness, and as she straightened up went through the motions of obeying the order, "Eyes right." She offered me her hand and thanked me for something that she supposed that I had done and walked away. She was pretty enough to be the belle of the occasion, and I saw that she took considerable delight in my confusion of mind, all of which I understood later, when I learned that she was my recruit with the lady-like hands. She afterward told me that she owed me a debt of gratitude for stopping in at the right time to break down her romantic notions.—*Exchange.*

GENERATIONS OF MINCE PIES.

There is a peculiar charity in Kennebec County which has been preserved in one family for three generations. On every Thanksgiving day Mrs. Daniel Williams, of Augusta, gives a mince pie to each one of the prisoners in the jail. One hundred and five pies were required this year. Mrs. Williams inherited the custom from her mother, Mrs. Jane Bridge, and she had it from her mother. When Mrs. Williams shall have gone the way of all the saints the charity will be perpetuated by her descendants.—*Lewistown (Me.) Journal.*

"CANNOT something be done to prevent young ladies from being insulted in the streets at night?" asks a correspondent. Why, yes. Have the old lady tuck them snugly in bed at sundown, and lock the door.

THE CHILDREN.

Funny and Historical Matters for the Young Readers.

TIMMY THOMPSON'S TIMIDITY.

"A Small Boy's Conscience," and the Lesson He Learned The Three Empires.

A Small Boy's Conscience.

Timmy Tompson was not such a bad boys, after all, but he always seemed to be in mischief.

One day he did a dreadful, dreadful thing, and this was the way of it.

Mamma had made him a beautiful bag of calico, covered with red and yellow roses, for his toys. They put them all in it, his broken soldiers, torn pictures-books, and battered animals, but the minute her back was turned, Tim shook them out upon the floor, and ran into the garden with the bag.

"I'll catch a bird, now," he thought, exultingly, "and keep it in here 'stead of a cage."

Of course he could not catch a bird. Who ever heard of catching one with a bag?"

But he spied something just as good. Four dear, soft little goslings, which had lost their mother, and were running about to find her.

Tim caught first one and then the other, and shoved them into the bag, and whirled it round and round, and up and down, and shook it hard, just for the fun of hearing the strange sounds the little things made. All the time he sang in a deep voice:

"Timothy Titus
Crame out of the wood
To bite us."

So he began to feel a little ashamed of himself, so he turned the bag upside down and shook it.

Out tumbled the four little goslings, and off they ran as hard as they could go—all but one!

The smallest and whitest of them all lay dead!

Tim's heart stood still.

"Get up, goosie," he said, softly; "your mawver wants you." But the goosie did not stir.

"Oh, it's dead," sobbed Tim, "and I killed it, and I'm a killer, I'm a killer!" and he ran away and hid, for he saw a big, solemn goose, which was certainly the mother, coming up.

"What will she do to me when she finds out I have killed her goosie?" he thought. "She might pick out my eyes, or bite off my nose, or swallow me right down up whole."

Poor, unhappy little Tim! He thought about his dreadful crime all the morning. When the boys asked him to play with them, he stuck his head out of the hay-loft window, where he had taken refuge, and said: "You'd all just better go off. I'm a killer."

He was afraid of meeting the mother goose again, and did not dare to go to the house for dinner until Brother Bob came for him.

After a hearty meal his conscience felt easier, so when Bob asked him to go to the Smithses, he thought he would.

Bob and the Smithses did not known he was a killer. He could play with them until they found it out.

He ran along in front of his brother, until he was half way across the plank over the brook, when he stopped short with a shriek!

There was the goose!

"Stand still, little silly, he won't hurt you!" cried Bob, laughing and catching his arm.

"Take me away! Take me away!" screamed Tim, dancing around in fright, and over he went ker-splash into the deep, cold brook. In a moment Bob pulled him out, shivering, wet, and dirty.

"Am I drowndad, Bob? am I drowndad?" sobbed the little boy.

"No, you ain't. You'll be all right if you run home fast," said Bob.

One, two, three, and away they went, Tim gasping breathlessly, "I'll never touch 'em any more, goosies, or birdies, or chickens, or anything."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Three Empires.

The recent and still continuing troubles in Bulgaria once more call attention to the fact that peace or war and the fate of the lesser European nations depend on the mutual relations of the three great central empires. In old times, Russia, Austria, and Germany (or Prussia) were always alternately making alliances with each other, and engaged in war. Their rival ambitions brought them into frequent conflict, and often caused two of them to combine against the other. In the last century Austria and Prussia were at swords' points, and bitter and long were the contests between them. Frederick the Great coveted some of Austria's territory, and won his fame fighting with the Empress Maria Theresa.

But the three empires have also sometimes joined hands in a common alliance, when to do so was for the interest of all of them. They combined to divide up unhappy Poland between them more than a hundred years ago, and they combined again, early in the present century, to stem the conquests and the illimitable ambition of the first Napoleon. Later, Austria and Prussia came into collision in 1866, while Russia watchfully stood by, and the later result of Prussia's victory at that time was the revival of the German Empire, with Prussia at its head.

In recent years the relations of the three great empires have been, at least outwardly, peaceful. Russia and Germany have been in close alliance, as a result partly of the family relationship between their rulers, but more because their political interests at all aims have not clashed with each other. Germany is not very greatly interested in the eastern question, or in Russia's advance in Asia. On the other hand, Russia has no special reason to object to the German attitude toward France. Germany aims to be great and strong as a purely European empire, and to hold the arbitership between the other European States. Russia's ambition, on the other hand, seems to be to become the dominant power in the east. In like manner, there has recently been no obstacle to a cordial friendship between the two old-time enemies and rivals, Germany (or Prussia) and Austria. They were once bitterly hostile, because each wished to be the controlling power among the German peoples. The victory of Prussia in 1866 put an end to this rivalry, by depriving Austria of all power and influence in the German confederation; and Austria has since accepted that result. A close alliance, therefore, has existed for some years between these two central empires; and it may be regarded as certain that this alliance has been the cause of the peace of the world having been so long preserved.

The relations between Russia and Austria, on the other hand, are less firm and constant in their friendly nature. They have been in alliance, it is true, but the danger of a war between them has more than once arisen in recent years. They were formerly firm allies; but more recently they have regarded each other with suspicion and distrust. Their ambitions, unlike those of Germany and Austria, are not wholly reconcilable. Both Austria and Russia have a deep interest in the fate of the States — Bulgaria, Roumelia, Servia, Bosnia—which were once under the Sultan's rule; and in the control of the mouths of the River Danube. Each desires seaports in southern Europe; and seeks to control the destinies of the southeastern peoples. It is not unlikely that war might have broken out between Russia and Austria before this, had it not been for the mediatory action of Germany. It is Germany who keeps them in apparent peace and harmony.

In general it may be fairly said, that as long as the three empires remain in accord, and maintain the triple alliance which now binds them, peace will continue in Europe. But should dissensions rise between the three empires, or may two of them, the peace of Europe would probably very soon give place to a terrible war.—*Youth's Companion.*

LINCOLN'S SPELLING DECISION.

"I was one of the Senators," said a venerable Republican statesman "who favored the re-election of President Lincoln when that was a debatable question. I remember that one of the points they made against Lincoln was that he had appointed 'an ignoramus' Commissioner of Agriculture. That gentleman's name, you may remember, was Isaac Newton, and I think he was from Philadelphia. The graveness of the charge brought against him was that he could not spell.

"The opposition had gotten hold in some way of one of his note-books, in which, among other ludicrous mistakes, was the word 'sugar' spelled 'shooggur.' Armed with this note-book a committee of Senators waited on President Lincoln and demanded the removal of Newton. Whether he was removed or not, they were going to spring the Newtonian spelling on the world at the first convenient opportunity. But they thought it only fair to give the President a chance to remove him first. So up to the White House they went.

"When they came back I asked the chairman, a distinguished New England Senator, what had occurred. 'Well, sir' said he, 'Lincoln is no better than Newton. Would you believe it, when I showed him that wretched spelling of the word sugar he said: "Well, I'm not sure but what that's right. Sugar spells soogar—shooggar spells just what it says and what we all know it is. But whether that's right or wrong, gentlemen, is neither here nor there. I didn't appoint Newton, and therefore I can't remove him. Mrs. Lincoln appointed him. She has the sole power of removal in his case. You may go to see her if you please, and, if she removes him, remove him it shall be, but as long as he continues to send her fresh butter and vegetables, and strawberries out of season, I don't think she will remove him."'"—*Washington letter.*

STATISTICS OF BLINDNESS.

The world's blindness is computed to number about 1,000,000, or about one sightless person to every 1,400 inhabitants. In Austria one person in every 1,785 is blind; in Sweden, one in every 1,118; in France, one in every 1,191; in Prussia, one in every 1,111; in England, one in every 1,037. The proportion is greatest in Egypt, where, in Cairo, there is one blind person to every twenty inhabitants, while in New Zealand it falls to one in every 3,550 inhabitants. Germany has the greatest number of institutes for the blind—thirty-five; England has sixteen; France, thirteen; Austria-Hungary, ten; Italy, nine; Belgium, six; Australia, two; while America, Asia, and Africa together are said to possess only six.

WHAT ONE WOMAN CAN DO.

What one woman can do is illustrated by Jennie Collins, who, fifteen years ago, was a tailoress in Boston, working for her daily bread. Realizing the sorrows of a large class of shop girls who must perforce live in cheap boarding houses and miserable lodgings, she thought out the idea of establishing a public circles of Berlin as well as of St. Petersburg, but unpopular in this country of Austria. Prince Waldemar's recent rejection by the ruler of Bulgaria has not dampened the ardor of Prince Nicholas as an aspirant for the throne, and his ambition seconds the desire of the Czar of Russia to see him placed upon the deposed Prince Alexander's throne.

WHAT is this immortal demand for more, which belongs to our constitution? This enormous ideal? There is no such critic and beggar as this terrible soul.

POLITICS is a science which no one believes those who differ with him to understand.

JUSTICE APPEA

John M. Wilson, Who Made a Confession of Murder in Chicago, Hanged in Pennsylvania.

Strange Facts Concerning the Crime Brought to Light in Working Up the Case.

[Norristown, (Pa.) special.]

John M. Wilson was hanged in the jail-yard here, on Thursday, for the murder of Anthony W. Dealy, in February, 1885, in Montgomery County, near the Philadelphia city line. Wilson read a speech from the scaffold. He confessed his guilt, and said his death in expiation of the crime should be a warning to all persons who had be victims to strong drink. His body down and handed over to a phy to whom he had willed it.

The history of the crime for wh John M. Wilson paid the extreme pe and the manner of his conviction, are probably without parallel in the annals of criminal history. But for a confession which the murderer afterward denied, the death of Anthony Dealy would never have been accounted for, and probably another and an innocent man would have been hanged for another crime which is most curiously interwoven with that for which Wilson suffered.

In October, 1885, Frederick Stahl, a butcher who worked for Albert Dieterle at No. 905 Moore street, Philadelphia, suddenly dropped out of sight. He had lived with Adolph Scheuringer, a saloon-keeper, at No. 407 Vine street, with whom he had deposited $700 for safe-keeping. Weeks passed, and Stahl was not heard from. Then Scheuringer said that Stahl had been murdered, and accused Albert Dieterle (who owed Stahl money) of the crime. In the following March the headless and dismembered trunk of a human being was found floating in the Wissahickon Creek, in Fairmount Park. A further search was made, and one leg and one arm were found. Scheuringer's charge that Dieterle had murdered his employe was renewed, and when at the inquest the body was identified as that of Stahl, Dieterle was arrested.

On Sunday, Oct. 4, 1885, a peculiar-looking man walked into the West Twelfth Street Station in Chicago, and said that he was a murderer. He said he had killed a man named Anthony Dealy near Philadelphia in January, and after sawing the body in sacks had thrown it in the Wissahickon Creek. The next day he repeated the same story, but in more detail. He said he had been employed by one Anthony Denly for several months on a farm near Philadelphia. He quarreled with Dealy about $30 which was due him, and then, picking up a shovel, struck the man on the head, killing him instantly. He then cut off the victim's head and hid it between two feather-beds, dragged the body to the barn, and, cutting off the legs and arms, hid them in a feed-box. Then he went to the creek and selected a place in which to throw the dissected body. That night he put the head in a bag along with a lot of stones. The body and limbs were placed in other sacks, and, with the head, in a sleigh and horse, Wilson took his ghastly load to the place selected and threw it overboard. He then went to Philadelphia, and, after spending his money for drink, returned to the house and set it on fire. It was entirely destroyed, and he said Dealy's family supposed he was burned up in it.

The trial, which was begun March 8 last, lasted several days and was very sensational in its character. Stahl's brother, his friend, Scheuringer, and others who knew Stahl well still swore that the body found in the river was that of the missing butcher. A score of others swore that it was that of Anthony Denly. They related the burning of the house and the disappearance of Wilson, who was known to them as "Sailor Jack," the day of the fire, and when the police found the clothes which had belonged to Dealy and proved that it had been taken from Wilson while drunk a few days after the fire the evidence was complete. Conviction quickly followed.

The whereabouts of Frederick Stahl are still a mystery. The resemblance of the two men, Stahl and Dealy, was remarkable. They were the same size hat, both were left-handed, both had their right shoulders higher than the left, both were of medium height, both had scars on the right hand, both had small mustaches, red hair, and bald spots on the tops of their heads. Had not Wilson's confession been corroborated in every particular his conviction could hardly have been had, in view of the remarkable resemblance of the missing butcher.

PRINCE NICHOLAS.

One of the Aspirants to the Bulgarian Throne.

Prince Nicholas of Mingrelia, whose name has been conspicuously mentioned in connection with the Bulgarian throne, is

an ex-Caucasian Chief, who for twenty years has been a dependant upon the Russian Court. Born on Dec. 23, 1840, he inherited the quasi sovereignty of the Principality of Mingrelia, a district now included in Russian Transcaucasia, and lying between the Black Sea on the west and the Caucasus on the north.

The inhabitants, some 70,000 only in number, are allied to the Georgians in blood, and are mostly attached to the Greek Church. Prince Nicholas, in 1866, sold his birthright to the Russian Government, under the customary pressure, for 1,000,000 rubles, but was permitted to retain his title, and was made an aid-de-camp on the Czar's staff, with the rank of Captain. In 1875 he married a daughter of Count Adlerberg, the son for many years at the head of the Imperial household of Russia. According to one of the reports in circulation, the Prince is much younger than his wife, and separated from her soon after their marriage. Prince Nicholas is described as being a careless, good-natured man of the world, popular in the high social circles of Berlin as well as of St. Petersburg, but unpopular in his country of Austria. Prince Waldemar's recent rejection by the ruler of Bulgaria has not dampened the ardor of Prince Nicholas as an aspirant for the throne, and his ambition seconds the desire of the Czar of Russia to see him placed upon the deposed Prince Alexander's throne.

Conundrum.

Henry—Why is a young lady in full ball-dress like a "suburban" that has left you in the city?

Fred—I'll waste no time on your blamed conundrums. Give it up.

Henry—Why, cos it is trained miss, and the other is a mid train.

FOR THE BLOOD

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Combining IRON with PURE VEGETABLE TONICS, quickly and completely CLEANSES and ENRICHES THE BLOOD. Quickens the action of the Liver and Kidneys, Clears the complexion, makes the skin smooth. It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—ALL OTHER IRON MEDICINES DO. Physicians and Druggists everywhere recommend it.

Dr. N. S. RINGOLD, of Marion, Mass., says: "I recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as a valuable tonic for enriching the blood, and removing all dyspeptic symptoms. It does not hurt the teeth."

Dr. M. DILLER, Reynolds, Ind., says: "I have prescribed Brown's Iron Bitters in cases of malarial and blood diseases, also when a tonic was needed, and it has proved thoroughly satisfactory."

Mr. WM. BYRNE, 826 Mary St., New Orleans, La., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me of a terrible attack of blood poisoning, and I heartily commend it to those needing a blood purifier."

Mr. W. J. MORGAN, Tuscumbia, Ala., says: "I have been troubled from childhood with impure blood and eruption on my face. Several bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters effected a perfect cure. cannot speak too highly of this valuable medicine."

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BEAUTIFUL CAPCINE, the newest, quickest, safest and most powerful remedy known for Rheumatism, Pleurisy, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, Weakness, Colds in the chest and all aches and pains. Endorsed by 8,000 physicians and druggists as of the highest repute. Benson's Plasters promptly relieve and cure where other plasters and greasy salves, liniments and lotions, are absolutely useless. Beware of imitations under similar sounding names, such as "Capsicum," "Cayenne," "Capsicine," as they are utterly worthless and intended to deceive. Ask for Benson's and take no others. All druggists. BEARDSLEY & JOHNSON, Proprietors, New York.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING, and perform the work of the natural Drum. Always in position, but entirely invisible to others and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers, heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. H. SMITH, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper.

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Restores color and beauty to the hair. An elegant dressing. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore gray hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50 cts. and $1 at druggists.

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The only sure cure for Corns, Bunions, & Painful Feet. 15 cts. by mail or at druggists.

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FARMS on James River, Virginia, in *Claremont County*. Illustrated circulars free. J. F. MANCHA, Claremont, Virginia.

DEAFNESS its causes, and a new treatment whereby most cases may be cured, sent free on application. Address, with stamp, WM. HOLLOWAY, Box 1,000, Indianapolis, Ind

Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1887.

THE STYLES.

Some of the Very Latest Decrees of the World of Society.

A GLANCE AT THE FASHIONS.

Including Some of the Minor Accessories Which Make or Mar Otherwise Complete Toilets.

Bridal Dresses.

The bodice of the bridal dress is frequently made with a waistcoat of crossed folds, which may be gauze or point d'esprit net or silk mull, the high-standing collar matching the folds. The long, full train hangs straight from the bouffant tournure, the panel is either of two or three lace flounces or of pearl-embroidered galloon, or of clusters of pearl flower ornaments; the skirt is edged with a pinked-out ruche of either silk or satin. A single spray of natural orange flowers is now worn in the hair, and the lace of tulle veil, falling back from the face, is fastened with some ornaments; real blossoms are also worn on the bodice. The gloves are undressed white kid, and the shoes are either white kid or the material of the dress; ivory white satin or colored silk, with a satin luster, are the choice materials. Although white velvet and white brocade are occasionally introduced as panels or to show the petticoat, the rich, simple web of one material is preferred.

Bridesmaids usually wear some transparent material mounted on a silk or satin foundation. Large-meshed silk net or tulle, with chenille pompons, or gauze, is a favorite for these fluffy dresses. When color is introduced in bridesmaids' dresses it is added to white, as white and gold, white and Suede, white with brown, etc.: the gold may be wrought in by yellow pearl beading, yellow velvet sashes, yellow roses, or gilded sticks to the fans; white gloves accompany such toilets. The new Suede passementeries, with tan Suede gloves, Suede shoes, and stockings to match, are very stylish and are worn with gauze dresses that have scalloped hand-embroidered flounces.

The fashion of veiling flowers in tulle has now spread to jewels. Pearl and precious stone necklets are to be worn under the guimpes or chemisettes of high dresses, and for low bodices the necklace will be veiled in tulle.

In a bridal outfit two wool dresses are considered necessary. One is of checked cloth and the second of smooth cloth for general afternoon wear. The checked gown should be made in the simplest tailor style for traveling wear, and there should be a toque of the cloth or of felt with it, trimmed with two rosettes of double velvet of a becoming color, or else some pompons. The dressy cloth costume may be of plum, navy-blue, mulberry, heliotrope, or dark-green ladies' cloth, trimmed with braiding and white cloth revers, or else with fur bands, and fur-covered buttons like great pompons, notably of grayish furs, such as chinchilla and the blue-gray fox furs. *Philadelphia Record.*

Paper Collars and Cuffs.

"Paper collars and cuffs are becoming popular again," said a Fulton street haberdasher to an *Eagle* reporter. "In late years it was considered vulgar to wear them, but now they are affected by all classes of society. I have many wealthy customers who will wear nothing else. They are mostly elderly gentlemen who have been educated to that idea from boyhood and are loath to discard the style of linen worn by their daddies. Paper collars have the best sale in the rural districts. Farmers, if they wear collars at all, affect paper ones. A linen collar is almost unknown in some parts of the country, particularly in the West. Of late I have noticed that many young and dressy men wear paper linen, and especially in warm weather. Paper collars come cheap. Some brands are worth more than others. An excellent quality can be bought for 25 cents a box, which contains ten collars. Cuffs cost the same for a box containing five pairs. In hot weather paper collars are luxurious to men who perspire freely. They can be changed as often as desired, and are comparatively cheap, when it is taken into consideration that a box can be purchased at about the same price that would be paid for one linen collar. But few men can tell a paper collar at a glance. Some brands make nearly as good an appearance as linen. Celluloid collars and cuffs are now seldom worn. Some years ago they were very popular, but only in hot weather. False or paper bosoms have almost entirely disappeared."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Removable Vests.

Removable vests are decidedly an "institution." They meet the demand in a very simple and practical manner for something by which variety can be given to the same costume; and the omission of the dainty caprices and accessories that are now in vogue makes a plain dress remarkable, especially if it be worn frequently. Vests in this style are inserted in jerseys as well as ordinary basques, but the fronts, of course, are cut narrow, and are provided with button-holes on each side to match the buttons on the vest. Some are made of velvet, either plain, brocaded, studded with beads or embroidered; others of [illegible] shrinose gutwise folds of silk, satin, cent him as far as [illegible] a different color from the dress goods—a dark blue jersey has a vest of faille silk in a deep wine color, laid in three lengthwise folds on each side turned toward the middle, and the collar is of the same silk laid in folds. Fancy ribbons, especially those with gold interwoven, are utilized for the same purpose, two widths being required, and the joining is down the middle.

Puffers.

Trains are worn at balls by ladies who do not care very much for dancing, while round skirts are adopted by those to whom dancing is the object of the evening.

The Diana coiffure is much in vogue. For this coiffure the hair is turned straight up from the roots and arranged on the top of the head into a sort of rouleau, which is fastened with a small tortoise-shell comb. Two large tortoise-shell pins to match are used to fasten the ends of the front hair into loops at the sides quite high on the head.

The Psyche coiffure is also very fashionable. The hair is also combed up from the roots, but it is then twisted and arranged into two large loops fastened with a small comb and pins of light-colored tortoise-shell.

These tortoise-shell combs and pins are of quite a new style, and are among the prettiest novelties introduced this season. They are in pretty open-work patters, some square, some rounded, and some triangular; the pins are but reductions of the comb; they are sold in pairs.

Jewels of old silver, finely wrought in imitation of ancient jewelry, are also among the favorite trinkets of fashion just now. There are beautiful bracelets composed of detached ovals fastened together by very fine chains, brooches to match, and exquisite chatelaines of the most beautiful workmanship. The chatelaine consists of an ornamental hook to fasten to the waistband, from which depend five chains, each upholding some article necessary to the work-table for instance, a thimble-holder, a pair of scissors made so as to fasten in their points when not wanted, a pin-cushion and a yard measure. In some models the latter are exchanged for a silver pencil-case, and a scent-bottle, or a tiny note-book, while some ladies prefer a silver whistle or a circle for suspending a bunch of keys.

Extremely pretty frames for photographs are also made of carved silver. The image of St. Michael is the favorite *dessein* this year, and is reproduced in a variety of styles upon all the silver jewels, frames, and other knick-knacks. Very pretty clasps for fur jackets and cloaks are also made in the same style. Nor must we forget the lovely little flower-holders of open-work silver, with shell-like vase of colored crystal inside.

Street Costumes.

Costumes are made short for street wear, and generally draped, though less tucked up than last year. Fancy stripes forming a diamond pattern are a fashionable device. A pretty walking-costume is made thus: Plaited skirt of some plain woolen material, with a plaited robing in fancy stripes at the side; tunic of the plain fabric loosely draped into a shawl-point in front and puff at the back. Tight-fitting jacket of the same material as the tunic, opening with two small revers, fastened down with buttons, over a plain vest of the striped fabric. Coat-sleeves with striped facings.

Wraps for Women.

English raglans of fine gray cheek fit like ulsters and are very popular; they have three tight-fitting, graduated capes and beneath them the new sling sleeves. All the jackets and ulsters this winter have capes and hoods, and frequently both. Astrakhan is used for both jackets and wraps, though in the former garments it is not becoming to all figures. A short wrap of this material is very handsome when trimmed with long fur.

Home Decorative Notes.

SAPPHIRE blue and gray is an effective combination.

BILLIARD cloth is an excellent foundation for a lambrequin.

INK stains can be removed by rubbing with common table salt.

SQUARES of gold lace are an extremely pretty addition to a plush chair.

A NOVEL card receiver is a porcelain pug dog, holding in his mouth a brass umbrella.

SMALL thermometers attached to brass toboggans are among the popular additions.

LEMONADE sets of Pomona glass have a novel frosted effect, and are refreshing to behold.

SQUARE dinner plates grow in favor, and the newest are a perfect study of artistic decoration.

THE newest bottles for aromatic salts are made of antique silver, chased in Etruscan designs.

JAPANESE teapots, being a square of copper with bamboo handles, are to be the thing at 5 o'clock teas.

SQUARE lanterns perforated and adorned with large opals and agates of various colors find universal favor.

ITALIAN wine jugs are now decorated with iridescent metallics or bronzes and finished with fancy ribbon bows.

SPOTS of grease may be effectually removed from the most delicate fabric by the application of dry buckwheat flour.

A MIXTURE of water and a little common soda is said to possess rare efficacy in cleansing old painted surfaces for repainting.

SPRAYS of grass may be beautifully frosted by dipping them into a solution of gum arabic and sprinkling them with powdered glass.—*New York Mail and Express.*

BONNETS are smaller than ever, and seem to be only the frame upon which [illegible] ornamented.

WOMAN'S JUSTICE.

Are Women More Unforgiving and Censorious than Men?

[Boston Globe.]

Said a very clever and experienced man of the world to the writer not long since while speaking of his mother, a beautiful old lady with a character evidently as fine as her distinguished manner and bearing:

"There is one thing about my mother that is quite remarkable, and that is her perfect justice. I think she always sees more clearly both sides of a question and forms her opinions and shapes her actions, even in cases where her own feelings are enlisted, with more absolute fairness than almost any one else whom I know. I think she is perfectly and absolutely just.

"Now you know that justice is a trait which we do not look for in woman. It is unfeminine. I have always admired, for its exceeding truthfulness, the picture which Thackeray draws in Pendennis of the devoted, unselfish, self-sacrificing Christian mother who is yet so perfectly merciless in her inability to forgive the woman whom she supposes has won her son's affections and defeated her own plans for his future. There are some who dispise this fact and think it a fault or weakness which belittles woman's character; but it is charming to me," he said, gallantly, "because it is essentially feminine." Then, after a moment's pause, he added, with a comical seriousness: "The Lord only knows what would become of us men if women were perfectly just."

I listened in sad silence. Had he been less clever or less experienced I might have roused to the defense with some sort of an argument or plea in behalf of my sex; but felt that under the circumstances loyalty had better yield to honesty, for in my heart I knew he was right. Justice is not a trait of character one is certain of finding in the average woman. Feeling is almost sure to influence her acts and opinions, rather than judgment based upon a clear and fair comprehension of all aspects of the matter. There may be some who believe they admire this trait, like my gallant friend, because it is so peculiarly feminine. But why should this be? Injustice, abstractly considered, is a characteristic of narrow, undeveloped, and illogical minds, and it is hard to find anything admirable in such. We more than suspect, moreover, that these same men, who find small, unreasonable rages and unjust spites of their feminine friends so amusing and charming, when the object is some other woman would scarcely regard them with the same relish if turned against themselves; would be the first, in fact, to cry out against feminine prejudices and "feminine logic," which term is usually used to designate an utter lack of logic.

No true, sensible woman can regard this state of things as being anything but deplorable, and every such woman ought to do her best in reforming this fault, like many others, out of the rising generation. Surely it is only necessary to train our girls to be logical, to examine all sides of a matter with eyes unblinded with prejudice. Truth would then compel one to acknowledge the facts and shape one's beliefs, acts, and utterances accordingly.

Finally, my sisters, for those are only the heads of a most powerful sermon which I shall leave each one of you to think out for herself, consider for a moment the last words quoted above: "The Lord only knows what would become of us men if women were perfectly just."

Let the words be suggestive beyond their original intent. We often cry out, when cases in which we have no personal interest are brought to our notice, against the unjust discrimination made by society in general in condemning women more than men for faults in which the other sex was equally if not more culpable; and yet it is a well-known fact that women are more unforgiving and censorious in such cases than men. We women control social matters practically; and when we, individually and collectively, insist upon the same virtues in our male friends as in those of our own sex; when, in short, we mete out justice to offenders of either sex with an even hand, then, and not till then, will come about our social reformation.

COOKING AT SEA.

The first thing that naturally attracts the attention of a landsman is what a fearful state of confusion there must be in the galley during the rolling sea. Imagine an ordinary kitchen grate covered with saucepans, etc., were it suddenly begins to swing backward and forward like a seesaw. This difficulty, however, is easily overcome. Every galley fire is fitted with a number of iron bars fastened to a rod at the back and which fit into little grooves in a rod in front; consequently when the sea is rough these bars are fixed, and each cooking utensil is held tightly in its place between the bars, just the same as a saucepan could be held over an ordinary fireplace with a strong pair of pincers. Another difficulty is when the saucepans on the fire are all full—when the ship rolls they run over. The remedy for this is just as simple as Dr. Abernethy's one for the old lady who complained of having such a dreadful pain in her arm when she went "so." He pocketed his guinea and said: "Don't go so." So with the saucepans. The simple remedy is this: "Don't fill the saucepans." No saucepan on board ship should ever be more than three-quarters full when the ship is rolling. My first impression in watching the cooking on board ship was how many practical lessons might be learned from it by cooks on shore? How often do cooks complain: "There is no doing anything in this poky kitchen!" the poky kitchen being probably quite four times the size of the galley in which I am standing, in which breakfast, lunch, and dinner have to be prepared for over two hundred persons. The requisite qualities required for success are early rising, an entire absence of fussiness, and, by no means the least important, the power of looking ahead, and seeing that each person minds his own business without interfering with another's.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

THE FAMILY ROW.

A wee-bit house of hewed logs nestling under pine trees, but a palace never held happier inmates.

Of course we count father and mother one, then came Jack, Jason, James, Mark, and Luke and last of all "Ruthie."

"Whir, whirr," went the big wheel from early morning until long after the sturdy, restless feet were stilled and the wee folks slept the better for a day of noisy play.

"Don't fret for the old home, wife, this is a fine new one; our boys can have room to grow, to spread out," and Farmer Crum playfully pinched the pale cheek of the mother, toil-worn from the work of spinning, dyeing, weaving, sewing, and cheese-turning.

"When Ruthie gets to be mamma's housekeeper, then she can rest," and the pleased parents watched the efforts of the little one to "work as mammy did."

The years passed by, the small house gave place to a large one, then Ruthie was tired and lay down to sleep; in the morning they called her, but her ears were deaf.

Jack and Jason, two promising sons, were stricken down, and two chairs were vacant, and the mother's eyes grew dim from much weeping.

"Mother, we are not doin' our duty by them that's left; our duty is to the livin'; we'd best hearten up a bit for their sakes," urged the father, as he started with James to mill.

And she did prepare an extra tea for the travelers and pinned in a white collar in her homespun dress, but father and son came home when Big Cliffy gave up its dead.

A few more months and the mother was carried across the way and laid in the family row.

With awe, we young people used to go to the old cemetery and count the graves in this row, six of them, only two left, and they were lonely in the big, white house on the hill.

Mark was a recluse and kept Luke close to his side; all company was avoided by this old young man.

"No, no, Luke, our family was not meant for happiness. You mustn't think o' bringin' in any young wife to this place. I want us to be an unbroken family over yon," and Luke well knew Mark's word was law.

After long years of absence I went to this place and a friend pointed out this unbroken row: "Josiah and his wife Marie, John, Jason, James, Mark, Luke, and Ruth." Strange, isn't it, that not one of the children left the "home nest?"

With a sigh, I turned away. Mark and Luke had come to lie in the family row.—*Ella Guernsey, in Goodhall's Daily Sun.*

PEACEMAKERS AMONG WARRING BIRDS.

A resident of Memphis, Mo., erected on his lawn a large bird-house, intended as a summer-house of a flock of martins. It was a three-story affair, and three varieties of birds inhabited it—martins, bluebirds, and sparrows. The numbers were about equal. The mixture of breeds did not appear to cause discontent for a long time. Each bird nation gathered sticks and straw and other material for nests, and harmony prevailed for weeks.

One day, however, this gentleman's family discovered that there was something wrong with the inhabitants of the airy house on the lawn. There was unusual commotion, a squalling, pecking, and fluttering which denoted trouble in the hitherto happy family. A close watch brought the further discovery that the martins and bluebirds had joined forces and were making a mighty effort to drive the sparrows off the premises.

The sparrows battled pluckily for their home, but were in the end doomed to defeat and an ignominious flight.

Opposite the lawn in a neighbor's yard stood several large oaks. A small colony of bluejays had pre-empted homes here. The sparrows on being forced from homes and nests took refuge in the oaks. Their advent was followed by bird clatter, and chirp, and squall participated in by both sparrows and jays. The noise attracted the family, and now households were watching with interest the actions of the winged tribes.

Shortly the sparrows, seemingly escorted by a number of the jays, returned to the lawn and house. This was followed by a convention of bird music, in which the jays took the prominent part. By and by the bedlam of voices ceased, and the jaws did the talking or chirping. They soon returned to the oaks, leaving quiet and peace on the lawn. The three bird colonies worked all summer without further jar or disagreement. Did the jays act the part of the peacemakers?—*Keokuk letter.*

NOTHING COMMON.

"And so you've been to Boston, Mrs. Squiggs?"

"Yes, Mrs. Fraigle: I've just returned."

"You saw the Common, of course."

"Indeed I didn't. Didn't go anywhere near anything common. We visited the best society only, and saw everything elegant there was to see. The common, indeed! I am surprised at you, Mrs. Fraigle."—*Tit-Bits.*

This is a manly world we live in. Our reverence is good for nothing if it does not begin with self-respect. Accidental manhood springs from that as its basis.—*Holmes.*

Great ideas travel slowly, and for a time noiselessly, as the gods whose feet were shod with wool.

WAR REMINISCENCES.

Old Soldiers Rehearsing the Stirring Scenes Through Which They Passed.

Anecdotes of the Battle-Field, the Camp-Fire, and the Merry March.

John A. Logan.

BY GATH.

[His last words were: "If this is the end, I am ready."]

Dollrious lay the soul
That never could grow old—
His name as dirty black,
Like twenty was his mold:
What fluid he rode above,
By white black Lethe's eddy,
None knew, who heard his tone;
"I'm ready."

No corpse is there, strong child!
That pivots on thy will!
Thy foe is but a thief,
That flings thee but to kill:
Already tortured sore,
Beat thou a soul so steady
To my—and look death o'er—
"I'm ready!"

Aye, mature as valiant
And valor's organ hand,
Fear not itself to trust
Though vaulted sea and land!
The eagle aye is dull,
The judgment, hard and heady,
Says, firm and dutiful:
"I'm ready."

So lie, no sneaking arts,
Come on thy flank to flurry,
That startle crowding hearts
And their departure hurry;
As in the hope forlorn,
When blow the guidons shreddy,
Thy voice peals like a horn:
"I'm ready!"

So in these days, weak span
When timoc heroic falter,
Thank God for nature's man
No priest, Horace-book can alter;—
Whose instincts, like the breath
Of prairies, blowing steady,
Say to his foes or death:
"I'm ready."

Where There Was Fighting.

Most of the veterans of two, three, or four years' service saw enough of real war, smelled enough "tithainous saltpetre," to satisfy their longings in that direction for a whole lifetime. And most of that class are able with slight reflection to select one particular day in their experience when war was hotter and more destructive than at any other time.

The actual fighting of battles occupied so small a part of the soldiers' time that this series, which aims to present war in every phase, is not crowded, as it easily might be, with the writer's experience on the battle-field. But there is one picture that stands out so vividly in the life of those days that he must not omit it—our first great battle in the Shenandoah, Sheridan's battle of Winchester, fought September 19, 1864.

There is some queer fate about the names that are finally attached to great battles, in contrast with those that are first given them. The French desired to name the field of their great overthrow Mont Saint Jean, where in fact the fighting was done; but history only knows it as Waterloo, the name of a hamlet two miles off. Bunker Hill is the name by which one of the earliest conflicts of our Revolution is known. And the fighting was on Breed's Hill. The first great battle at the West in our war was promptly christened Pittsburg Landing; now everybody knows it as Shiloh. So many stubborn and bloody collisions occurred around Winchester, in the time of Banks, Milroy, Shields, Hunter, Crook, and I know not how many more, that Sheridan naturally wished to distinctively designate his great victory, so he chose the name Opequan, from a neighboring creek. But the title, though a good one, never stuck—and as "Sheridan's battle of Winchester" it always has been, and always will be, known.

A more beautiful day was never known in Virginia. A warm sun tempered the cool autumn air; there was a peace and quiet in nature utterly opposed to the hurricane of destruction that arose at noon, and raged till sunset. It was a storm of man's designing, and a dreadful one.

For two full months two armies of upwards of twenty-five thousand men each had been moving about in the valley and in Maryland, with occasional skirmishes of cavalry and picket encounters, but both avoiding a general engagement. But Sheridan was now released from the order that had restrained him: he was at liberty to fight if he chose, and he lost no time in bringing on a battle.

Some battles come on unexpectedly; but none of our army need have been in ignorance, the night before this battle, as to what the orders meant. Everything was to move at three o'clock in the morning; all the trains were to go to the rear, all the surgeons to report to the medical director. Yet so long had the fight been coming on that there were many who did not realize that such orders as this could mean nothing but a battle.

Our position was at Berryville, some twelve miles east of Winchester. Secret and reliable information had made it known to General Sheridan that two divisions of Early's army were at Bunker Hill, only six miles north of the main body, and this present movement was made with the expectation of crushing the latter before the detached divisions could regain it. The plan almost succeeded; nothing but the unexpected delay that occurred in crossing the Opequan Creek, and the almost superhuman speed made by the Confederate divisions at Bunker Hill to get there in time, when it was discovered that Sheridan was moving, prevented the cutting up of Early in detail.

The Sixth Corps went first; then the Nineteenth; then the Eighth; the whole preceded by the strong cavalry divisions. One of the latter drove in the enemy's pickets across the creek and through the gorge beyond, so that the infantry columns could deploy near the town; the others went round to seize the pike and drive back the Confederate cavalry. We marched without incident or interruption, save the delay in waiting for trains to pass, to the creek-crossing. The water was less than knee-deep, but the fording was slow, and more valuable time was consumed here than should have been.

Over the creek, and pressing on, signs of warm work ahead began to appear. The booming of distant cannon was heard. Cavalry men began to drop back by twos and threes; some stragglers, others wounded, dinging feebly to their saddles. A tall fellow in fine and yellow, with his handkerchief bound round his head, stood by the roadside, and consoled us as we marched by with the words:

"We've done our part, boys: now you go in and do yours."

"What's ahead?" somebody asked.

"O, go on and you'll find out! It was rather warm for us; I guess it'll be for you, too."

We passed swiftly and silently through the deep gorge in the road, filed out into the fields, and pressed on. The Sixth Corps had passed on ahead of us; I did not see them, but understood that they had taken ground over to the left. We went straight up, past a farm, from the roof of which Sheridan noted the deployment of these two corps, past a stone mill, which the surgeons took for a field hospital, and which in another hour was filled—crowded with shrieking, suffering men—and went at double-quick over some hollows to a road, where the brigade to which I belonged formed column by divisions—that is, two-company front. There was good reason for the double-quick. Shells from the enemy's batteries on the high ground near the town were screeching over the wood and bursting in the air above our heads. It was a stirring prelude to a savage scene.

We were halted here not more than ten minutes. The Second Division of our corps was ahead, and had already entered the woods. At the call of the bugle we advanced. I looked at my watch; so much time had been consumed at the creek and in waiting for the trains to pass, that it was now seven minutes past twelve. General Sheridan in his report says that it was about ten. I think he did not consult his watch.

Any of the soldiers who fought on this part of the field would not recognize it now. The deep, thick woods were all cut down the same winter, to make fuel and log-huts for the troops.

We had not penetrated thirty yards into the wood when the music commenced. Shells flew through the air overhead, bursting among the trees, or dropping on the ground right in front of our line. Such perfection of range I never saw, before or after. Twigs and branches fell upon us in showers. Two field officers I saw dismounted, as their horses were struck through, and rolled on the ground. A great flash and roar not five yards in front of my company made me painfully aware that something serious was happening. The air was instantly alive with flying fragments. Corporal Alfred Dain, at my elbow, was literally blown to pieces; three more of the company were wounded; a fragment slit the sleeve of my sword-arm from wrist to elbow. A sharp sting told that I was hit; I felt of the arm, and found that it was only a flesh-wound—and kept on. A superficial shell-wound does not bleed; the heat of the fragment sears the veins as it passes. I had time after the battle to examine my arm, when I found that a piece about the size of a silver dollar had been taken out.

Straight up to the front went the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York, forming battalion line as it went, thrown far out to mask the deployment of the other three regiments of the brigade, while the shells never ceased to crash and burst over and around us, and men to fall at every step. An angrier and sharper whizzing in the air now told us that we had come into musket range of the enemy. We reached the edge of the woods, and a scene burst upon us that no man who was there can forget till his eyes close in death. A wide field, perhaps two hundred yards in width, thickly dotted with fugitives from the Second Division, which had been repulsed in its charge, and flung back, crowding to the rear, and crying out to us, "Don't fire till we get by!" Another wood beyond, and out in front of it a strong gray line of battle, cheering wildly, apparently advancing, with three flags of stars and bars plainly thrown out before it!

To describe with precise accuracy just what occurred during the next hour or half-hour is simply impossible. We were in the smoke, the roar, and the slaughter of battle. The officers stood sword in hand to keep the men up to the horrible work. There were yells, cries, groans, the incessant crash of muskets and whistle of bullets. I saw men go down to the right and left; some sprawled forward, some knocked onto their backs, as if struck with a club; some settling down in a heap. I heard the impact of musket-bullets against flesh and bone as plainly as you can hear a blow of the hand. A spent bullet struck me in the breast, knocking me down, but I was on my feet again at once. Those who were not too badly wounded to move, limped or crawled to the rear; those who were unhurt fought on, loading as rapidly as possible, and firing at the dim line of smoke that was all from the line of gray opposite. Then there came a time when, our Colonel being badly hit, the Major ordered us to fall back into the woods. We went, as orderly as we could, helping back the wounded.

We found back in the woods the One Hundred and Sixteenth and One Hundred and Fifty-third New York; the two other regiments of our brigade had been thrown off somewhere to the right, to pierce out the line at a weak point. We speedily got into line with the two regiments first named, and with a great cheer and shout rushed across a field to the right and rear of our first position, and took position behind a rail fence. As the One Hundred and Fifty-third came up to this line, they fired a stunning volley. A battery—Captain Bradbury's, of Maine, I think—galloped in at our left, unlimbered, and began firing; and sweeter music I never heard.

To measure time, or rather, to guess it, on the battle-field, is nearly impossible. Everything is rush, roar, smoke, destruction, and confusion; you live a week in a minute, and can have little idea of the lapse of time. So I can only guess; and my guess is, that we hung to that fence two hours. It was close and deadly work. There were the veterans of two and three years on both sides; they had learned to fire low. Our men lay down, knelt, sat, any way to load and fire with as little exposure as possible. But the deadly bullet reached out its victims everywhere. In front of these position I was myself struck. I noticed one man making a rest of the dead body of a comrade, with his protruding knapsack, as he fired. The dry grass in that field in front took fire from discharged paper cartridges, and blazed up fiercely. Blood was spattered on the fence and on the grass. And we held on. Brave fellows, how they fought!

It was only when our cartridges were all gone that we fell back on the woods again. A great cry went up for cartridges. General Grover rode up and assured us that a good supply was at hand. So there was; but it is hard work to get the driver of an ammunition wagon anywhere within reach of a bullet. Presently the pine boxes were brought up, and each as it came was splintered to pieces against the trunk of a tree, and the cartridges scooped from the ground in handfuls. A story told by Major John M. Goodell, of the Twenty-ninth Maine, of our brigade, relating to this juncture of the battle, is too good to be lost. He had gone back twenty or thirty rods into the woods, and, collaring a teamster, was urging him to bring his ammunition wagon closer to the line, when Sheridan came tearing along. He stopped, and demanded what was the trouble. Major Goodell was trying to tell him, when the General abruptly cut him short thus:

"You take every —— teamster, and every box of cartridges, and every mule, and go to draw them that you can find, and get them up to the front —— quick, and then you go there yourself, —— you!"

"For each and every one of which oaths," said the Major, "he ought to be fined one dollar according to Army Regulations."

From the cover of these trees the fight was renewed, and went on furiously for perhaps another hour. Here I witnessed an admirable exhibition of soldierly pluck. Sergeant John Toombs, of my regiment, fell badly wounded, mortally it turned out. He begged a comrade to lend his musket again and hold him up against a tree, when he took careful aim, fired a farewell shot, and not till then consented to go to the rear.

Such soldiers could not fail to win battles.

All this time, entirely beyond our sight, but swelling the general noise and uproar, the Sixth Corps on our left, and our Second Brigade and partially rallied Second Division on the right, were fighting a stern and bloody battle of their own. It is not for me to tell what they did. The soldier who can see and remember what passes right before his own eyes in battle, and can tell a plain story about it afterward, does more than all men who have been thus engaged can do.

About five o'clock there came a lull. The firing opposite us grew feebler, and then stopped. The heads of the Eighth Corps column began to appear behind us, and were directed more to the right, where their charge was to be made. I had an opportunity at this time to walk over to the position of our regiment in front of the wood, and survey it. Glorious but sorrowful sight! Twenty-two brave fellows as ever handled a musket lay dead there. Our whole loss in killed and wounded footed up, the next day, one hundred and eighty-eight—more than half the number we took into the fight.

Those who have any curiosity to know how destructive on the whole field was this battle may look at any good history of the war. Believe that, in round numbers, four thousand men on each side were slain and mangled, besides prisoners.

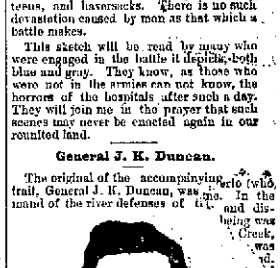
As the afternoon waned, a great noise came from our far right. We heard the loud of cannon and musketry, with cheers and yells. It was Crook with the Eighth Corps, and the heat of our cavalry, attacking the Confederate left. The lull in our front was thus easily accounted for; everything was on their side hurried to the left, to oppose this onset. Soon the order came for us to advance. Our lines swept straight over the fields where we had lately had such hot fighting. Far to the left we saw regiments of the Sixth Corps, advancing and cheering. There seemed to be no infantry in front to oppose us. We came in sight of the spires and buildings of Winchester; on the hills near the town several pieces of artillery still thundered, but as we advanced we saw our cavalry sweeping on from the right, and this artillery was silenced. The battle of Winchester was over; the enemy had been broken and driven from the field. All the slaughter that I have described had occurred in the successful effort of the Nineteenth Corps to hold the center until Crook and the cavalry got into position to make a charge on the right.

Ghastly, dreadful evidences of the effect of our fire greeted us as we passed over the field. The dead and wounded thickly dotted it. Most of the bodies were clad in gray and russet uniforms; though others we came to the point where our Second Division had met its repulse we saw many blue-clad corpses. In the yard of a stone house the dead were literally piled, lying one across another. As our line halted a moment I observed a wounded Confederate near us. I went up to him and asked him where he was hurt. He said not a word but pointed to his leg. The entire calf had been torn off by a piece of shell. Dead horses were thick, and also muskets, cartridges, and haversacks. There is no such devastation caused by man as that which a battle makes.

This sketch will be read by many who were engaged in the battle it depicts, both blue and gray. They know, as those who were not in the armies can not know, the horrors of the hospitals after such a day. They will join me in the prayer that such scenes may never be enacted again in our reunited land.

General J. K. Duncan.

The original of the accompanying portrait, [illegible]rello (who], trail, General J. K. Duncan, was one. In the mand of the river defenses of [illegible] and disbeing was Creek, was nd. d



New Orleans at the time of the expedition under Butler and Farragut to capture that city. He surrendered Forts Jackson and St. Philip to the Federal forces, with their garrisons, and was, with his men, immediately paroled. He afterward commanded a division of Bragg's army, and was in the advance at Murfreesboro, where Colonel Wilder, in command, was forced to surrender over 4,000 prisoners to General Polk.

A War on Turkey.

I woke up at night to laugh about some some things that happened in the army to myself in the old One Hundred and Fourteenth Ohio Infantry. I remember that one time when three companies of our regiment were on picket duty at Athalalay River, Louisiana, we prepared for a big time and didn't have it. The night before Christmas the boys concentrated all their thoughts on a Christmas dinner. An old darky was sent off on a foraging expedition, with instructions to get a turkey or never come back. He came back the next morning with as fine a turkey as ever gobbled, a twenty pounder, and it was cooked in splendid style by men who knew how to do that sort of thing. It was on the table in the house at the reserve post, and with knife and fork in hand I was on my feet making a flourish preparatory to an attack on the turkey, when crash came the plastering down on the table. The crash was followed by a terrific explosion, that tore out one corner of the house.

It was followed by another crash that sent half the shingles flying from the roof. A third explosion sent more of the roof down on the table and on those who were about it, when we comprehended that we were being bombarded, and we lit out, leaving the turkey in the ruins. The enemy had placed three guns in position on the other side of the river, and, getting range at first fire, had opened on our post. We did not care much about the house, and we regarded the shooting at us as a question of privilege, but our mouths watered whenever we thought of the turkey in the ruins. The Confederates, of course, kept up their fire on the old house until it was pretty well demolished, and in the meantime we gave them our undivided attention.

When they retired, the man who had been at dinner proceeded to investigate the ruins of the old house; the turkey was excavated, was submitted to the cleansing process, and was eaten. I have attended a great many Christmas dinners since that time, but I don't remember one that had more fun in it than our dinner on cold turkey on Athalalay River, in Louisiana. I never see a fellow with a carving-knife and fork but that I look unconsciously up to the ceiling to see whether any bombshells are coming through or not, and I suppose that I have laughed a thousand times over the consternation that spread over the faces of the boys when that first block of plastering came down on our turkey.

ALEX. R. BURNSIDE,
Company A, Ninth Ohio Infantry.

Taking a Short Cut.

In the month of February, 1862, I, with several others of the regiment, was on the way to join my command at Nashville, Tenn. We went by steamer from Louisville down the Ohio River and up the Cumberland. When within about fifty miles of Fort Donelson, the little steamer we were on came up with a stern-wheel packet. The packet had a coal-barge in tow, and was taking on coal. Our steamer, a sidewheeler, and called the W. W. Crawford, chartered the packet for a race, which was promptly accepted, and had we not run the packet into the bank she would have beaten us at the start. As it was we left her behind, and were soon out of sight, going round a bend in the river.

One of the soldiers on our boat made the remark that the packet could run two miles to our one, and looking back down the river we saw the stern-wheeler coming up on us, hand over hand. She had got her supply of coal, and had cast loose from the coal-barge. On she came, and passed us easily. The mate of our boat said to me (aside): "Bet that fellow that thinks the packet can beat us that we will run ahead of her yet. I did as the mate advised me (the Cumberland River at the time was very high, and at some points the river looked as though it was a mile wide). Soon after the bet was made our steamer left the channel of the river and steamed into the woods. She went first one way, then another, through the trees (following a bayou, as I afterwards learned) for an hour or more. All at once we came out into the river again, and the mate, pointing down the river, said: "There is your fast packet." We had by our short cut left the packet three miles behind. The money was handed over to me with good grace, and if that soldier is alive and will write to me I will return him the amount of money I won of him on receipt of his letter with his name attached.

J. K. PERKINS,
Company I, Thirteenth Mich. Int. Vol.

ECZEMA

And Every Species of Itching and Burning Diseases a Cured by Cuticura.

ECZEMA, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with Cuticura Soap and a single application of Cuticura, the great Skin Cure. This repeated daily, with two or three doses of Cuticura Resolvent, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unirritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure eczema, Tetter, ringworm, psoriasis, lichen, pruritis, scald head, dandruff and every species of itching, scaly and pimply humors of the scalp and skin, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

ECZEMA.

I gratefully acknowledge a cure of eczema or salt rheum, on head, neck, face, arms and legs for seventeen years; not able to walk except on hands and knees for two years; not able to help myself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced my case incurable; cuticura, with the Cuticura Remedies.

WILL McDONALD,
3342 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

ECZEMA.

Some five months ago I had the pleasure to inform you of my improvement in the use of the Cuticura Remedies in my case of severe chronic eczema. Gratefulness and to-day cheerfully confirm all I then said. I consider my cure perfect and complete, and attribute it entirely to your remedies, having used no others. PHILIP SCHENKLBERG,
3536 Penna Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

ECZEMA.

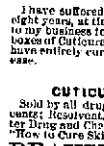
I have suffered from salt rheum for over eight years, at times so bad I could not attend to my business for weeks at a time. Three boxes of Cuticura and four bottles Resolvent have entirely cured me of this dreadful disease. MR. JOHN THUN,
Wilkesbarre, Pa.

CUTICURA REMEDIES.

Sold by all druggists. Price: Cuticura, 50 cents; Resolvent, $1.00; Soap, 25 cents. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BEAUTY the complexion and skin by using the Cuticura Soap.

I CAN'T BREATHE.



Chest pains, numbness, soreness, heaving cough, asthma, pleurisy and inflammation relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. Nothing like it. At druggists, 25 cents. Potter Drug and Chemical Co.

Catarrhal Dangers,

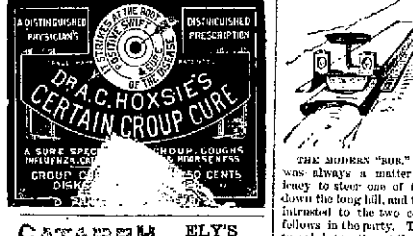
To be freed from the dangers of suffocation while lying down; to breathe freely, sleep soundly and undisturbed; to rise refreshed, head clear, brain active and free from pain or ache; to know that no poisonous, putrid matter defiles the breath and rots away the delicate machinery of smell, taste and hearing; to feel that the system does not, through its veins and arteries, suck up the poison that is sure to undermine and destroy, is indeed a blessing beyond all other human enjoyments. To purchase immunity from such a fate should be the object of all afflicted. But those who have tried many remedies and physicians despair of relief or cure.

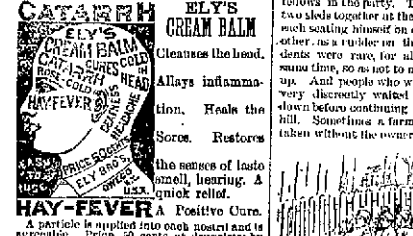
Sanford's Radical Cure cures every phase of Catarrh, from a simple head cold to the most loathsome and destructive stages. It is local and constitutional. Instant relief and permanent in curing, safe, economical and never-failing.

Sanford's Radical Cure consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box of Catarrhal Solvent, and one Improved Inhaler, all wrapped in one package, with treatise and directions, and sold by all druggists for $1.00.

ACHING BACKS

Weak Backs, Pain, Weakness and Inflammation of the Kidneys, Shooting Pains through the Loins, Hip and Side Pains, lack of strength and activity relieved in one minute and speedily cured by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, a new, original, elegant and infallible antidote to pain and inflammation. At druggists, 25c; five for one dollar, or postage free of Potter Drug and Chem. Co., Boston.





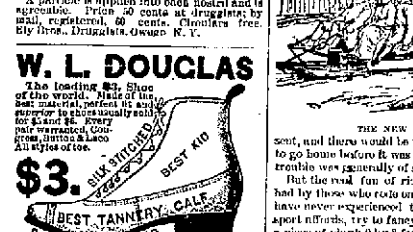
ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the senses of taste, smell, hearing. A quick relief.

HAY-FEVER A Positive Cure.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars free. Ely Bros., Druggists, Owego N. Y.

W. L. DOUGLAS



The loading $3. Shoe of the world. Made of the best material, perfect fit and superior to shoes usually sold for $4 and $5. Every pair warranted. Congress, Button & Lace. All styles of toe.

$3.

The great demand for this shoe has been a sufficient guarantee of its reliability; to make the public still better satisfied, we have made such improvements that there can be no question as to the value of making the best $3 shoe in the world.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2.50 SHOE
for gentlemen. Best calf, with bottom of selected stock, and equal, if not superior, to the $5 shoes advertised by other dealers. We invite personal inspection and comparison before purchasing.

$2 SHOE FOR BOYS. Same styles as the $3 shoe. Carefully and neatly made, stylish and unequaled as a school shoe. If any of the above cannot be had at your dealer's, send address on postal to W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

MADAME MORA'S CORSETS.

MOST COMFORTABLE AND PERFECT FITTING. Ladies can say they give better satisfaction than any corset they ever sold. Dressmakers recommend them for their fine shape. Cannot break over or be uncomfortably lifted by Lacing of all kinds. The CONTOUR and "ALADINE" Lacing Corsets are Featherbone, Which covers the open space and yields to the line. The "LA BELLE" has the popular Kersey Gusset, which can be instantly taken out, without cutting or ripping. If Ladies ask for MADAME MORA'S CORSETS, others have no reinforced French Curved Gusset. Beware of imitations offered to deceive the public. For sale by all leading dealers. Manufactured by

Madame Mora's Contour, Madame Mora's La Belle, Madame Mora's Aladine, Madame Mora's Comfort Hip.
L. KRAUS & CO., Birmingham, Conn. 341 Broadway, N. Y. 41 Leonard St., N. Y.

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NO. 108 EAST BERRY STREET,
Where he will give exclusive attention to all
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Daily Sentinel

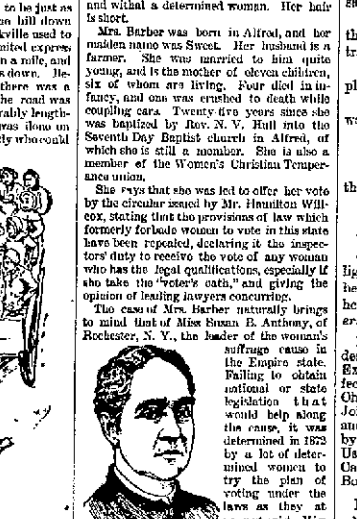
SATURDAY, JAN. 22, 1887.

FUN SPICED WITH RISK.

COASTING ONE OF THE OLDEST OF WINTER SPORTS.

The Pung and Hand Sleds—Coasting on Single Sleds—The Modern "Bobs"—Dangers of the Sport—The Fascination Overbalances It.

In the days and the places when the writer enjoyed the exciting sport now known as coasting they used to call it "sliding down hill." Perhaps this wasn't so good a name as that applied now, but then used to be just as much fun in it all the same. The hill down which the young people of Blankville used to go spinning at the speed of a limited express train afforded a ride of more than a mile, and the village was about two-thirds down. Beyond the village in the valley there was a "flat" and a mill pond, and if the road was good the ride could be considerably lengthened. Most of the "riding" was done on moonlight nights, when everybody who could possibly turn out would do so.



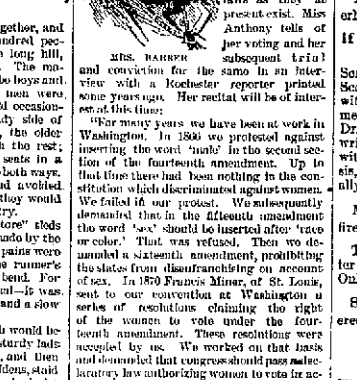
THE OLD TIME WAY.

Everybody went up the hill together, and it was a jolly spectacle to see a hundred people, more or less, toiling up the long hill, dragging their sleds after them. The majority of the party would always be boys and girls, of course, but middle aged men were not at all unusual, and there would occasionally be a lady who was on the steady side of fifty's meridian. But, of course, the older ones did not always walk up with the rest; they more often took comfortable seats in a sleigh drawn by horses, and so rode both ways.

But if any of the youngsters had availed the toil of the sport in that way they would certainly have been sent to Coventry.

The styles of sleds varied. "Stores" sleds were not in this count. Most were made by the village wagonmaker, and great pains were lavished upon that the turn of the runner's curve should be of just the proper bend. For therein—all other things being equal—it was allowed lay the speed of the sled, and a slow sled was worse than none.

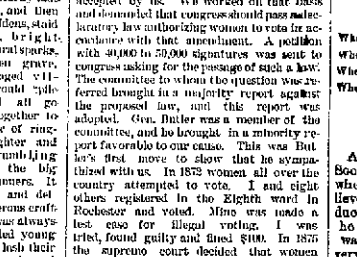
Sometimes a farmer's long sleigh would be pressed into service. A score of sturdy lads would push and pull it up the hill, and then rosy maidens, staid matrons, bright young rural sparks, and even grave, middle aged villagers would "pile in" and all go down together to the music of ringing laughter and snow crumbling beneath the big sleigh runners. It was always a matter of nerve and delicacy to steer one of these ponderous crafts down the long hill, and this work was always intrusted to the two coolest headed young fellows in the party. They would lash their two sleds together at the end of the pole, and, each seating himself on one leg would use the other as a rudder on the way down. Accidents were rare, for all went down at the same time, so as not to meet any one coming up. And people who were driving that way very discreetly waited till the party came down before continuing on their way up the hill. Sometimes a farmer's sleigh would be taken without the owner's knowledge or con-



THE NEW WAY.

sent, and there would be trouble if he wanted to go home before it was returned. But the trouble was generally of short duration.

But the real fun of riding down hill was had by those who rode on single sleds. If you have never experienced the excitement this sport affords, go to Jersey yourself seated on a piece of plank 2 by 4 feet in size, furnished with runners. You are ready to start, you push off. It seems almost as if you were falling, if the hill be a steep one, so swift is your descent. The snow blinds your eyes. If you lose your head for an instant you may swerve from the track or upset. Then the fellow who is just behind you yelling like a wild man o' the woods for you to keep out of his way will overtake you and you will both be hurt. The village flies past you before you have more than thought about it. The flats are reached and your sleigh stops. It is just a minute and ten seconds and you have covered a plump mile. The tension has been great and there has been danger, but you try it again, and laboriously begin at once to climb the hill for half an hour just to have another exciting ride of a one little minute.



A SINGLE SLED.

Coasting, by whatever name it goes, will always be popular—some like it much better than tobogganing. It always affords delightful opportunities for love making, and has become very popular in many cities, where coasting clubs are regularly formed and maintained and "bobs" of great cost are used. Coasting in cities is very dangerous sometimes, and the list of deaths and accidents occuring from carelessness by coasters in some towns is appalling. But it has come to stay.

Beware of premature conclusions when you see a man sit down hurriedly on the sidewalk at this time of year. Don't conclude that he is drunk simply because he has taken a drop.—Lowell Citizen.

Mme. Ecalchi, the great contralto, who is on a concert tour, has given up the use of her residence, near Turin, as a hospital for poor people during her absence. This is a much more commendable and effective style of advertising than having diamonds stolen or getting up a divorce scandal. Beyond this it is entirely novel and wholesome from the flavor of the

MRS. LUCY F. BARBER,

The Woman of Alfred, N. Y., Who Dared to Present Her Vote.

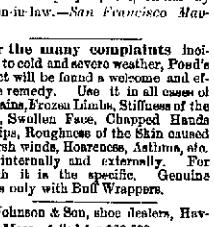
The little village of Alfred, Allegheny county, N. Y., was thrown into a state of considerable excitement on Nov. 2 by the action of Mrs. Lucy F. Barber, who presented herself at the polls, and demanded, when her vote was challenged, that she be allowed to swear it in. This the inspectors of election, Isaac M. Langworthy, Albert W. Langworthy and Frank B. Goodwin, after a long consultation, concluded to do, and Mrs. Barber had the satisfaction of knowing that at least one woman in the Empire state had exercised the same rights of franchise as are accorded to men. Mrs. Barber was afterward arrested. The matter is of particular interest, since, upon the outcome of this case, to a great extent, depends the progress of the woman suffrage movement in New York state.

Mrs. Barber's face, as shown in the picture here presented, is that of a bright, sensible and withal a determined woman. Her hair is short.

Mrs. Barber was born in Alfred, and her maiden name was Sweet. Her husband is a farmer. She was married to him quite young, and is the mother of eleven children, six of whom are living. Four died in infancy, and one was crushed to death while coupling cars. Twenty-five years since she was baptized by Rev. N. V. Hull into the Seventh Day Baptist church in Alfred, of which she is still a member. She is also a member of the Women's Christian Temperance union.

She says that she was led to offer her vote by the circular issued by Mr. Hamilton Willcox, stating that the provisions of law which formerly forbade women to vote in this state have been repealed, declaring it the inspectors' duty to receive the vote of any woman who has the legal qualifications, especially if she take the "voter's oath," and giving the opinion of leading lawyers concurring.

The case of Mrs. Barber naturally brings to mind that of Miss Susan B. Anthony, of Rochester, N. Y., the leader of the woman's suffrage cause in the Empire state. Failing to obtain national or state legislation that would help along the cause, it was determined in 1873 by a lot of determined women to try the plan of voting under the laws as they at present exist. Miss Anthony tells of her voting and her subsequent trial and conviction for the same in an interview with a Rochester reporter printed some years ago. Her recital will be of interest at this time:



MRS. BARBER

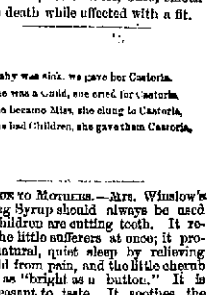
"For many years we have been at work in Washington. In 1866 we protested against inserting the word 'male' in the second section of the fourteenth amendment. Up to that time there had been nothing in the constitution which discriminated against women. We failed in our protest. We subsequently demanded that in the fifteenth amendment the word 'sex' should be inserted after 'race or color.' That was refused. Then we demanded a sixteenth amendment, prohibiting the states from disenfranchising on account of sex. In 1870 Francis Minor, of St. Louis, went to our convention at Washington a series of resolutions claiming the right of the women to vote under the fourteenth amendment. These resolutions were accepted by us. We worked on that basis and demanded that congress should pass declaratory law authorizing women to vote in accordance with that amendment. A petition with 30,000 to 50,000 signatures was sent to congress asking for the passage of such a law. The committee to whom the question was referred brought in a majority report against the proposed law, and this report was adopted. Gen. Butler was a member of the committee, and he brought in a minority report favorable to our cause. This was Butler's first move to show that he sympathized with us. In 1872 women all over the country attempted to vote. I and eight others registered in the Eighth ward in Rochester and voted. Mine was made a test case for illegal voting. I was tried, found guilty and fined $100. In 1875 the supreme court decided that women could not vote under the provisions of the constitution. From that time we have continued our efforts to secure an amendment to the constitution. We have annually sent to congress petitions with 100,000 signatures. We have had hearings before different committees of the house and senate. We, however, in the meantime demanded special committees. In 1882 both houses granted us a special committee and each committee presented a favorable report to the Forty-seventh congress. The present senate reappointed the select committee which made an admirable report. The house, however, refused to give us a committee, and our petitions were thrown into the hands of the judiciary committee. A two hours' hearing was given us but a majority report was brought in against us and a minority report in our favor."

The decision of New York's attorney general, referred to by Miss Anthony, that a constitutional amendment is necessary before women may legally vote in New York, was rendered May 10, 1882, and any amendment to the constitution, whether made by the legislature or a constitutional convention, must be sanctioned by a popular vote.

COL. MATTHEW QUAY,

Chosen to the United States Senate by Pennsylvania.

One of the most pleasant faces that will be seen in the new United States senate is that of Matthew Quay, who has been elected by the Pennsylvania legislature. Col. Quay is a short, rotund fellow, about 56 years of age.



COLONEL QUAY.

His face is plump and round, and his blue eyes light up his countenance whenever anything occurs to please him. He has a son, named for his old friend, ex-Governor Curtin, who is now at the West Point military academy. Quay is an inveterate fisherman, and spends what holidays during the summer, at Atlantic City, alone in a boat, with only his fishing rod and bait as companions.

He is a very astute politician, having taken his first lessons from Governor Curtin, for whom he was private secretary. But when Curtin and Simon Cameron fell out some time after, Quay cast his lot with the latter. At one time his great personal popularity was seriously threatened by Chris Magee, of Pittsburg, but Quay's proverbial good fortune carried him safely through when the issue was made, as his election to the United States senate shows.

It has been discovered that the weight of cotton has been increased by dishonest southern dealers by salting it.

James A. Beaver sworn in as governor of Pennsylvania.

After Diphtheria.

Diphtheria is a terrible disease; requiring the greatest medical skill to effect a complete cure. Even when its power is broken, it clings to the patient with great persistency, and often leaves the system poisoned and prostrated. Just here **Hood's Sarsaparilla** does a vast amount of good, expelling impurities from the blood, giving it richness and vitality, while it renovates and strengthens the

WOMEN'S OCCUPATION IN SHROE.

Joe Brown, of Truckee, when alive, had many a sharp word with his wife over the question as to who should build the fire on winter mornings, but she got the upper hand, and Joe built the fires. One day he died from the effect of a cold contracted while building the fire on a freezing cold morning, and Mrs. Brown was disconsolate. She heard of some Spiritualists and went to them for comfort. They told her she could talk to her husband through a medium, at a trifling price—some $10—which she paid, and she was taken into a darkened room. Joe's spirit was called up, and answered by rapping twice.

"All ready now; what do you wish to say to him?" asked the fakir.

"Tell him that I am sorry he built the fire on that morning when he contracted the cold from which he died."

Then came a quick rapping in reply.

"He says tell you it's all right; it's warm enough where he is now."

"Where are you now, Joseph?"

"Shoot."

"Bless me! are there any women there?"

"Yes, lots of them."

"What are they doing, dear?"

"Building fires."

Just then some one turned up the light, and Mrs. Brown found she had been bunced by a job put up on her by her son-in-law.—*San Francisco Maverick.*

For the many complaints incidental to cold and severe weather, Pond's Extract will be found a welcome and effective remedy. Use it in all cases of Chilblains, Frozen Limbs, Stiffness of the Joints, Swollen Face, Chapped Hands and Lips, Roughness of the Skin caused by harsh winds, Hoarseness, Asthma, etc. Used internally and externally. For Catarrh it is the specific. Genuine Bottles only with Buff Wrappers.

L. Johnson & Son, shoe dealers, Haverhill, Mass., failed for $60,000.

If the Sufferers from Consumption,

Scrofula and general debility, will try Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and a permanent benefit. Dr. H. V. Mott, Brentwood, Cal., writes: "I have used Scott's Emulsion with great advantage in cases of phthisis, scrofula and wasting diseases generally. It is very palatable.

Mrs. Geo. Lefevre fatally burned at a fire in the Toledo, Ohio, pottery.

The universal verdict; "The Hop Plaster is the best porous plaster ever made." Only 25 cents.

Scott Linn, Van Wert, Ohio, smothered to death while affected with a fit.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferers at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub wakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Jan. 15—oniawly.

LADIES, is life and health worth preserving? If you think so, use Gilmore's Aromatic Wine.

GIVE YOUR CHILDREN, for Coughs and Colds, Croup Whooping Cough and Hoarseness, Gilmore's Magnolia Elixir.

REV. E. J. WHITNEY, of Clarksville, N. Y., says Gilmore's Aromatic Wine for Female Weakness, stands without a rival.

IMPOTENCY in Man or Woman cured by Gilmore's Aromatic Wine.

READ THESE FACTS—It may save your life—Gilmore's Aromatic Wine cures suppressed menstruation and painful monthly sickness.

For sale by Dreier & Bro's, and H. G. Gumppar.

Claimed the Sharon, (Pa.) gamblers and Young Men's Christian association have arranged a compromise whereby the latter gets half the profits for keeping still. Very unlikely story.

DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven just the required remedy in hundreds of cases.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS COOK, Irish Electric Light Co., New York City.

Sick Headache

"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I therefully recommend it to all." MRS. E. F. ANSARD, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Mary C. Smith, Camb ridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it the best remedy she ever used.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

A POSITIVE CURE

Piles without Medicine, Internal or External. No Pain. One box will cure the most obstinate case of long standing.

Allan's Soluble Medicated Bougies.

No nauseous dose of subtle, a spatter or oil of unpleasant taste. Sold by druggists or mailed on receipt of price. For further particulars send for circular.

T. A. ALLAN CO.,
2 John St., New York.

CURE.

POND'S EXTRACT

VEGETABLE

PAIN DESTROYER

Hemorrhages. Bleeding from the Lungs, Stomach, Nose, or from any cause is speedily controlled and stopped.

Sores, Ulcers, Wounds, Sprains and Bruises. It is cooling, cleansing and Healing.

Catarrh. It is most efficacious for this disease. Cold in the Head, &c. Our "Catarrh Cure," is specially prepared to meet obstinate cases. Our Nasal Syringe is simple and inexpensive.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia. No other preparation has cured more cases of these distressing complaints than the Extract. Our Plaster is invaluable in these diseases, Lumbago, Pains in Back or Side, &c.

Diphtheria & Sore Throat. Use the Extract promptly. Delay is dangerous.

Piles. Blind, Bleeding or Itching, it is the greatest known remedy; rapid in curing when other medicines have failed. Our Ointment is of great service where the removal of clothing is inconvenient.

For Broken Breast and Sore Nipples. Mothers who have once used The Extract will never be without it. Our Ointment is the best emollient that can be applied.

Female Complaints. In the majority of *female* diseases the Extract can be used, as is well known, with the greatest benefit. Full directions accompany each bottle.

CAUTION.

Pond's Extract Has been imitated. The genuine has the words "Pond's Extract" blown in the glass, and our picture trade-mark on surrounding buff wrapper. None other is genuine. Always insist on having Pond's Extract. Take no other preparation. *It is never sold in bulk, or by measure.*

Sold everywhere. Prices, 50c., $1, $1.75.

Prepared only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON.

THE NEW QUININE. KASKINE.

Sanford's according to Dr. Hackmann.

WHAT THE PHYSICIANS SAY ABOUT IT FOR RHEUMATISM, MALARIA, DYSPEPSIA *NERVOUS DEBILITY,* LIVER, LUNG AND KIDNEY DISEASES.

The eminent and celebrated Dr. Glessner writes:

"We *Kaskine Co.*—DEAR SIRS.—The first practical successes I had with Kaskine were in chills and fever, malaria, neuralgia, rheumatism, dyspepsia, and liver diseases and I considered at that time it undoubtedly was the best remedy ever discovered, but I was even then unfamiliar with its really wonderful powers in curing all the other germ diseases and disorders, particularly where the blood has become diseased or impoverished and the digestion impaired. Strictly speaking Kaskine is the *only* blood purifier we have. I use it also very largely with unfailing success in all diseases peculiar to women and children. In over 20 cases I have cured those have never been the slightest bad effect following its use, and it is far superior to any tonic or nerve medicine ever known to the medical profession." Very truly yours,

L. M. GLESSNER, M. D., 300 East 61st St., N.Y.

Prof. W. F. Holcombe, M. D., 84 East 25th St., N. H., late Prof. in N. Y. Med. College) writes: "Kaskine is superior to quinine in its specific power, and never produces the slightest injury to the nervous constitution."

The U. S. Examining Surgeon, Dr. J. R. White, writes: "Kaskine is the best medicine made."

St. Francis Hospital, N. Y.:—"Every patient treated with Kaskine has been discharged cured."

Bellevue Hospital, N. Y.:—"Universally successful."

St. Joseph's Hospital, N. Y.:—"Its use is considered indispensable. It acts perfectly."

Kaskin is pleasant to take and can be used without special medical care or diet.

Send for the great list of testimonials unparalleled in the history of medicine. $1 per bottle. Sold by or sent by mail on receipt of price.

THE KASKINE CO.,
54 Warren St., New York.

WANTED

WANTED.—An industrious and correct man to transact our business in his district. Good salary and permanent employment. References exchanged. S. DEANGE, 15, 17 and 19 Empire Mfg House, 37 Warren St., New York. 5 Ddlawlm.

WANTED.—The Am. Association desires a reliable woman of good address to organize House Associations in her district. Full instructions given. Salary $50 to $60 a month to commence. References
AM. ASSOCIATION,
1785 Wmo. P. O. Box 1,900 New York.

MONEY TO LOAN—On first mortgage security in any desired sum; mortgage paper bought.
JOHN DREIBELBISS,
Dec8-3m 13 East Main street.

LADIES wanted to get up Tea Clubs for our Fine Teas and Coffees. A host of useful premiums to select from as premiums. Send for illustrated Price and Premium List. *Special Offer:* to every *fourth* person that names this advertisement, we will send *free* a sample of choice Tea. Address
NEVILLE TEA & COFFEE Co., Boston, Mass.
Oct 22 3m

WANTED.—A live, energetic man to represent us. $75 per month and expenses. Staple article; every one buys; outfit and particulars free.
STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., Boston.
Oct 22 3m

WANTED.—A man of temperate and moral habits, seeking employment, to represent an old established house in his own section. Salary, if suited, $900 per month. References exchanged.
AM. MANUFACTURING HOUSE,
12 Barclay Street.

MONEY to loan on improved Real Estate. For particulars address "Box 957." City. 29-tf.

NOTICE.—Business men Are sensible of the fact that office appliances that save labor and dispatch business generally are desirable to have. In this respect the Aglerp Check Letter File can't be beat. No one once using it would be without it. Send for catalogue. Cameron, Amberg & Co. 3m5-1y

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE OR TRADE.—A house of 15 rooms with well and cistern; one all through; in good condition; suitable for a boarding house; reason for selling, it is too large; also three other houses on Main street. Inquire of J. Dickerson, 10 Lafayette street. 27-tf

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT.—Two story brick house, No. 216 West Berry St. Inquire of H. B. Angell, 82 Calhoun St. 31-tf

O.D. WEISELL DENTIST

34 Calhoun St.

Offers a professional experience of over 25 years. april 21 1y

PENNYROYAL WAFERS are successfully used monthly by over 10,000 ladies. Are *Safe, Effectual* and *Pleasant.* $1 per box by mail, or at druggists. Send 2c stamp for *Particulars* & package stamps. Address The Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

Sold in Fort Wayne by Dreier Bro. Oct. 14-1y.

WHITE Bronze Monuments

Are Beautiful,

And do not decay like stone. Investigate before purchasing.

LONGACRE & CO.,

No. 46 Harrison Street,

Fort Wayne, - - Ind.

Jan. 10 d&wly.

MEAT DOWN!

Rolling Meat	5c per lb
Roasts	6 to 8c per lb
Steaks	10c per lb
Sausage	8c per lb
Hams	12½ per lb

Lamb, Veal and Bacon, etc., at bottom prices at

BALLER'S MEAT MARKET.

85 South Calhoun street. jan20-tf

Geo. R. Bowen.

Plumbing,

Steamfitting,

Sewering.

Particular attention given to

Sanitary Plumbing and Sewering.

Bath Tubs, Boilers, Water Closets, Sinks, Hydrants, Yard Hose, Brass Trimmings for Engines, Etc.

NO. 110 CALHOUN ST.

FRUIT HOUSE PRICES FOR '87

Quite a change has taken place in a great many goods the last sixty days, the tendency being in most cases upwards. This is the case, especially in Coffee and Dried Fruits, Sugars, Teas, Syrups, Spices and Tobaccos, have not advanced, but from indications they will.

It will pay our customers to purchase liberally.

We have just received forty hogsheads of choice New Orleans Sugar.

A nice yellow Sugar which we are selling at 4½c. This is the lowest price such sugars have ever been sold at.

Sugars—White, Brown and Yellow New Orleans.

No advance on them. Choice yellow, 5c; best standard A coffee white, 6c; crushed, powdered and granulated, 6½c; choice yellow New Orleans, 4½c.

NO ADVANCE ON TEAS,

Yet they will not likely remain at such low prices in the face of the large advance on Coffee. We continue to maintain our prestige in the Tea trade. Our trade has grown immensely in that line. People have no longer to send off to purchase their Teas. In order to save money we keep up the plan of buying in large lots of the importers and re-selling direct to our customers at a small profit, thereby saving to our customers the intermediate profits of jobber and wholesale dealer—which is not less than 10 to 20c.

Good, 15c per pound; choice, 20c; best, 25c. Imperial tea—Green, good, 30c; best, 50c. Gunpowder tea, 30c; best, 50c. Oolong or Black tea, 20c, 30c; best, 50c; Japan tea, 20c, 30c; best, 50c. Above prices on teas are the lowest on record and the best teas are of the highest quality—no better anywhere—the other grades are good, sweet, drawing teas and will please the most fastidious tea drinkers. Just give them a trial and satisfy yourself.

Coffee—Rio, Java and Roasted.

Best Rio coffee, 15c, per pound; best roasted Rio, 18c per pound; German coffee, 20c per pound; Housekeepers' Choice, 23c per pound; roasted Java, 25c per pound.

Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Prunes, Raisins, Currents, &c., &c.

Turkish prunes, 6c; figs, per pound, 10c; pealed peaches, 20c; dried cherries, 15; unpealed peaches, 8c; dried raspberries, 30c; dried apples, 6c; dried blackberries, 15c.

Leghorn Citron, 22c; orange and lemon peel, 15c; Valencia raisins, 8c; best layer raisins, 12½c; Zante currants, 8c; shelled almonds, 30c; seedless raisins, 10c.

Candies—Stick, Mixed and Bon Bons.

Pure stick candy, 10c; pure mixed candy, 10c; fancy toy candy, 20c, toy candies, 20c; Brazil nuts, 10c quart; almond nuts, 15c quart; mixed nuts, 15c quart; walnuts and filberts, 12½c quart.

Syrups—Maple and Sugar Syrups and New Orleans Molasses.

Pure Maple syrup, 70c a gallon; golden drips, 40c; Sorghum, 40c; New Orleans molasses, 30c; best, 50c. The sorghum is splendid and 10c lower than we ever sold it before.

WINES AND LIQUORS FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES.

Old 76, $2.50 per gallon; two years old, $1.75; one year old, $1.40 per gallon; new whisky, $1 and $1.25 per gallon; Port and Sherry wine, $1.25 per gallon; California wine, $1.25 per gallon; wines in bottles, 40c.

Machine Oils, Fish Oil, Lard Oil and Neatsfoot Oil, and Headlight Oil and Castor Oil.

Fish oil, per gallon, 70c; Neatsfoot oil, 80c per gallon; Lard oil, 90c per gallon; Machine oil, dark, 20c per gallon; Golden, 30c per gallon; Castor oil, $1.75 per gallon; Headlight oil, 12c per gallon.

Tobaccos and Cigars, Plug Tobacco, Smoking Tobacco and Fine Cut.

Bull Dog plug tobacco, 40c; Durham plug, 50c; Perfection plug, 35c; Hiawatha plug, 30c; Knights of Labor plug, 30c; Sweet Heart plug, 50c per pound. Fine cut, 25c, 50c; best, 75c per pound. Smoking, 15c, 20c, 25c; best Durham, 45c per pound. Choice cigars, $1.50 per box; good cigars, 60c and $1 per box.

25 Cents on the Dollar Saved at the

FORT WAYNE FRUIT HOUSE.

LAWRENCE, OSTROM & CO.'S

Famous "Belle of Bourbon"

HAND MADE
SOUR MASH
BELLE OF BOURBON
IN PRODUCING OUR
BELLE OF BOURBON
WE USE ONLY THE FLINTY OR HOMINY PART OF THE GRAIN
THUS FREEING IT OF FUSEL OIL BEFORE IT IS DISTILLED

IS DEATH TO Malaria, Chills and Fever, Typhoid Fever. Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Surgical Fevers, Blood Poisoning Consumption, Sleeplessness or Insomnia, Dissimulation of Food. Ten years old, No Fusel Oil. Absolutely pure.

The Great Appetizer.

This will certify that I have examined the sample of "Belle of Bourbon" Whisky received from Lawrence, Ostrom & Co., and found the same to be perfectly free from fusel oil and that other deleterious substances and artificially pure. I cheerfully recommend the same for family and medicinal purposes. J. P. BARSEN, M. D., Analytical Chemist, Louisville, Ky.

For Sale by Druggists, Wine Merchants and Grocers everywhere. Price, $1.25 per Bottle.

If not found at the above, half dozen bottles, express paid, in plain boxes will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of $6.

Lawrence, Ostrom & Co., Louisville, Ky

JULIUS NATHAN & CO., Agents. - - - Fort Wayne, Ind.

For Sale by DREIER BROS., W. H. PYKE *and* OTHERS.

Dec. 18-1y.

26,587,335

BOTTLES OF

Warner's SAFE Cure

Sold; to Dec. 27, 1886.

No Other Remedy in the World Can Produce Such a Record.

This wonderful success of "Warner's SAFE Cure" is due wholly to the real merit of the Remedy. For a long time it has been **REGARDED BY THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES AS THE ONLY SPECIFIC FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND URINARY DISEASES, AND FEMALE COMPLAINTS.**

Thousands of people owe their life and health to "Warner's SAFE Cure," and we can produce **100,000 TESTIMONIALS** to that effect.

Read the following and note the large number of bottles distributed. We guarantee these figures to be correct, as our sales-books will prove.

Boston, - - 1,149,122

CAPT. W. D. ROBINSON (U. S. Marine Hosp., Buffalo, N. Y.), in 1885 was suffering with a skin *tumor like leprosy*. Could not sleep; was to spend *winter* in Florida. For two years tried everything, without benefit. Was pronounced *incurable*. "Twenty bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure *completely cured me*, and to-day I am strong and well." (Feb. 5, 1886.)

Providence, - 179,929

EX-GOV. T. G. ALVORD (Syracuse, N. Y.), in 1880 began *running down with General Debility*, accompanied with a sense of weight in the lower part of the body, with a feverish sensation and a general giving out of the whole organism. Was in *serious condition*, confined to his bed much of the time. After a thorough treatment with Warner's SAFE Cure, he says, "I am *completely restored to health* by its means."

Portland, Me., - 441,105

MAJOR S. B. ABBOTT (Springfield, Me.), in 1881 was afflicted with *bone ache, Rheumatism, and Kidney trouble*. Consulted the very best physicians in San Francisco, and visited all the mineral springs there. Took a health trip to the New England States, but for seven years *suffered constantly* from his malady, which had resulted in *Bright's disease*. After using a couple dozen bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure and two of SAFE *Pills*, he wrote: "My back and kidneys are *without pain*, and, thank God, I owe it all to Warner's SAFE Remedies."

Bal. of New Eng., - 441,753

MRS. J. T. RITCHEY (3824th Ave., Louisville, Ky.) was a confirmed *invalid for eleven years*, just living, and hourly *expecting death*. Was confined to bed ten months each year. Was attended by the *best physicians*. Her left side was *paralyzed*. Could neither eat, sleep, nor enjoy life. The doctors said she was troubled with *female complaints*; but she was attended her kidneys were affected. Under the operation of Warner's SAFE Cure she passed a *large stone or calculus*, and in November, 1885, reported: "Am to-day *as well as when a girl*."

New York State - 3,870,773

Pennsylvania, - 1,821,218

F. MAYER (6030 N. 12th St., St. Louis, Mo.), afflicted with *tired feelings*, dizziness, and pain across the back, and lost appetite. Was seldom out care-worn all the time. The doctors failing, he began the use of Warner's SAFE Cure, and reports: "*I feel like a fighting cock.*"

Chicago, - - 2,808,693

MR. B. BROWN (222) Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.) injured his back from a *fall*. Was confined to his bed six weeks. The fall injured his *kidneys*, producing intense suffering. Warner's SAFE Cure *restored his kidneys* to their natural condition, and he writes: "I am now eighty years of age, *smart and active*."

Detroit, - - 846,946

MRS. THOS. SCHMIDT (Wife of the Vice-Consul of Denmark), 23 Wall St., New York) reported that her little son, *three years old*, was *of Diphtheria Sore Throat* eight years ago, was afflicted with Bright's Disease in advanced form; by the advice of General Christensen, of Messrs. Morgan & Co., Bankers, New York, she prescribed Warner's SAFE Cure, with the consent of the physicians, and reports, "the physicians say that he will be *perfectly well*."

Milwaukee, - - 458,894

MISS Z. L. BOARDMAN (Quechee, Vt.), in May, 1881, began to *bleed*, thought came *stomach trouble*, terrible *headaches*, and finally the doctor's opinion that it was *Bright's disease*, and *incurable*. Eventually she became nearly *blind*, pronounced by the doctors to be the *last stage* of Bright's disease. After having been under treatment for Warner's SAFE Cure for *one year*, she reported, "*I am as well as any one.*"

Minnesota, - - 648,017

HON. N. A. PLUMPTON (Worcester, Mass.), in May, 1881, was prostrated by *Grave*. Under the operation of Warner's SAFE Cure alone he *passed a large stone*, and subsequently wrote: "I have had *no recurrence* of my trouble since Warner's SAFE Cure *cured me*."

Kansas City, - - 717,860

MRS. (PROF.) C. A. WOLF (Gettysburg, Pa., Wife of the Ed. of the Lutheran *Quarterly*), began to decline with Pulmonary Consumption. (Over 50 per cent. of all cases of Consumption are caused by diseased Kidneys. *Request of Drug.* After a Thorough course of treatment with Warner's SAFE Cure, she writes, "*I am perfectly well.*"

Bal. S. W. States, - 746,789

EX SENATOR R. K. BRUCE (South Carolina), after doctoring for years for what he supposed was *Malaria*, discovered he was afflicted with *Sugar Diabetes*, and having obtained no relief whatever from his physicians, he began the use of Warner's SAFE *Diabetes* Cure, and he says, "My friends are astonished at my improvement."

Cleveland, - - 682,632

EX-GOV. R. M. JACOB (Westport, Ky.) was prostrated with severe *Kidney trouble* and lost 40 pounds of flesh. After a thorough treatment with Warner's SAFE Cure he reports, "I have *never enjoyed better health.*"

Cincinnati, - - 873,667

GEN. H. D. WALLEN (144 Madison Ave., New York), *scarcely able to walk* two blocks without exhaustion, and, having lost flesh heavily, began the use of Warner's SAFE Cure, and says: "I was *much benefited by it.*"

Bal. Ohio (State), - 633,158

COL. JOSEPH H. THORNTON (Cincinnati, O.) in 1885 reported that his daughter was very much prostrated by *palpitation of the heart*, intense *pain in the head*, nervous disorder and *catarrh of the bladder*. She lost fifty-five pounds. Other remedies failing, they began the use of Warner's SAFE Cure, SAFE *Pills*, and SAFE *Nervine*, and within three months she had gained fifty pounds in weight and was *restored to good health*. That was three years ago, and she is still in as *good* health as ever in her life. Col. Thornton, himself, was cured of *Chronic Diarrhœa* of eighteen years' standing, in 1881, by Warner's SAFE Cure.

Southern States, - 3,534,017

C. H. ALLEN (Leavenworth, Kan.), son Edwin, two years of age, afflicted with *extreme case of Bright's disease*, and the doctors gave *him up*. By the advice of the doctor's wife, began the use of Warner's SAFE Cure, and after taking seven bottles he is *perfectly well* and has had no relapse.

San Francisco, - 1,242,946

J. Q. ELKINS (Hiksville, L. I.) suffered for ten years from *Gravel*, which attacked him *every six months*. He lost 45 pounds in three months, and his strength was *nearly gone*. After a thorough course of Warner's SAFE *Diabetes* Cure he reports, "I am as *well as I ever was*, after using fourteen bottles."

Canada, - - 1,467,824

Bal. Pac. Coast, - 732,316

☞ Every Testimonial we publish is genuine. Write to the testators, inclosing stamp for reply, and learn for yourself.

ASK YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS ABOUT

WARNER'S SAFE CURE.

THE MOST POPULAR REMEDY EVER DISCOVERED.

HARTER'S IRON TONIC

THE ONLY TRUE

Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS and, by giving the HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH, impart a feeling of Ambition, Independence, Lost of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely disappear. Dull eyes, muddy skin and nerves receive new force. Pimples in the face and repulsive Eruptions vanish.

LADIES Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe, speedy cure. Clears clear, healthy complexion. All examples at counterfeiting only adds to its popularity. Do not experiment—use RELIABLE AND BEST

Dr. HARTER'S LIVER PILLS Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Box and Iron Book mailed on receipt of two cents to postage.

THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

St. Louis, - - 1,530,527

CAPT. GEO. B. WILTBANK (919 Spruce St., Phila., Pa.), prostrated in Central America, with Malarial Fever, caused by congestion of Kidneys and Liver. *Delirious* part of the time. *Liver enlarged one-third*. Stomach badly affected. Could *hold no food*; even water was ejected. Being less than a dozen bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure he writes, "I was *completely cured*."

Cincinnati, - - 2,255,139

MRS. MARY E. HOWARD (Cincinnati, O.), in 1882 was afflicted with *Kidney Disease*, and was under the treatment of the best physicians. Was confined to her bed for *seven months*. Was pronounced *incurable*. Was attended by the *best physicians*. Her left side was *paralyzed*. Could neither eat, sleep, nor enjoy life. The doctors said she was troubled with *female complaints*; but she was attended her kidneys were affected. Under the operation of Warner's SAFE Cure she passed a *large stone or calculus*, and in November, 1885, reported: "Am to-day *as well as when a girl*."

Buffalo, - - 1,155,134

MRS. E. A. WOODRUFF (Fredonia, N. Y.), in 1882 was afflicted with *Kidney trouble*, and was under the treatment of the best physicians. Was confined to her bed for *seven months*. Was pronounced *incurable*. Was attended by the *best physicians*. Her left side was *paralyzed*. Could neither eat, sleep, nor enjoy life. The doctors said she was troubled with *female complaints*; but she was attended her kidneys were affected. Under the operation of Warner's SAFE Cure she passed a *large stone or calculus*, and in November, 1885, reported: "Am to-day *as well as when a girl*."

Rochester, - - 1,051,131

MRS. M. A. HOWARD (Rochester, N. Y.), in 1882 was afflicted with *Kidney trouble*, and was under the treatment of the best physicians. Was confined to her bed for *seven months*. Was pronounced *incurable*. Was attended by the *best physicians*. Her left side was *paralyzed*. Could neither eat, sleep, nor enjoy life. The doctors said she was troubled with *female complaints*; but she was attended her kidneys were affected. Under the operation of Warner's SAFE Cure she passed a *large stone or calculus*, and in November, 1885, reported: "Am to-day *as well as when a girl*."

Bal. N. W. States, - 1,767,149

OAKLAWN
The Great Nursery of
PERCHERON HORSES.
200 Imported Brood Mares
Of Choicest Families.
LARGE NUMBERS.
All Ages, both Sexes,
IN STOCK.

300 to 400 IMPORTED ANNUALLY
from France, all recorded in the stud book that has the support and endorsement of the French Government. Send for 120-page Catalogue, illustrations by Rosa Bonheur.
M. W. DUNHAM.
Wayne, DuPage Co., Illinois.

Why did the Women

of this country use over *thirteen million* cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886?

Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1887.

THE STAGE.

Various Interesting Theatrical Events and Play-House Points.

A VARIETY OF SMALL TALK.

Fresh News, Idle Gossip, and Entertaining Anecdotes About the Stage and Stage People.

A Strong Combination.

The Standard "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company recently appeared before a large audience in Little Rock. The performance, it is thought, was not a complete success. Something seemed to be lacking. It was surely not Uncle Tom, for he was present with his tremulous voice and sciatica. The dogs were also there, but they wouldn't work. Instead of barking fiercely and dashing across the river, whose ice worked on leather hinges, in furious obedience to the fellow who pulled the rope, and seizing the wife of George Harris, the dog lay down to a suddenly inspired scratch, and compl'ently bumped the floor with his elbow. There was another blood-hound, but instead of corroding the mistake of his worthy contemporary, he gaped, stretched himself on the floor and closed his eyes. This gentleness on the part of the dogs disappointed the audience, who, having come with the expectation of seeing the woman's garments torn into shreds, could not, unmurmuringly, accept so peaceful a compromise.

Simon LaGrue started out with great promise of success, but when it became apparent that he was drunk, all bets were declared off. Simon, just at a time when something was expected to happen, dropped his pistol and was so drunk that he couldn't find it. Becoming exasperated under the embarrassment of such a misfortune, he said:

"This beats any blamed thing I ever saw. Never saw such a theater in my life. Man can't walk around without losing his pistol. Lend me a pistol, somebody."

By this time he had accidentally found his weapon. He snatched it up and blazed away at the leader of the orchestra, who, objecting to such familiarity, arose and demanded an explanation. Just then Lawyer Marks appeared. He was not strictly sober; in fact, he was so drunk that he would have wabbled out of the right-of-way of the Mississippi River. He said he had forgotten his pistol, but that if any man would lend him one he would fire it off. He was willing to do his duty, but could not act his best unless he received inspiration from the audience. By this time the audience had begun to show disapproval of the performance. George Harris had clasped one of the dogs, thinking that the animal was his wife, while Uncle Tom, forgetful of the humiliation which he should assume, had begun to dance the "Essence of Old Virginia." The manager of the troupe came out and made an apology. He stated that his people were very billious, and hoped that the audience would overlook all irregularities. It seems that the Standard organization had been accustomed to playing in prohibition barns.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Cruise to Go on the Stage.

"You would be utterly surprised," said a theatrical manager to the casual recently, "if you knew how many well-known society people, especially of the fair sex, come to my office and express a desire to become actors and actresses, and your astonishment would be greater if you knew their names. Ladies of wealth, to whom money is no object, have urged and entreated us to let them appear on the stage, offering to pay a goodly amount for the privilege. Only a few days ago a lady of fashion and culture drove up in her elegant carriage, and expressed a most earnest desire to become a member of the company. She had been tolerably well drilled in elocution, but knew absolutely nothing about acting. I asked her if she would be willing to appear as a soubret, to which she replied firmly in the negative, adding that she understood everything in the profession well enough to fill a leading role. This settled the matter, and she departed without more ado. She is an exceptionally handsome woman and extremely fascinating in conversation, but she was not willing to begin at the bottom round of the ladder, and so we had no use for her. Young men, whether rich or poor, must, as an almost invariable rule, begin on the stage by bringing in a card or by exclaiming, 'My lord, the carriage waits,' and young women must be willing to dust the furniture and say 'Yes, ma'am,' for some years, certainly for many months, before they play prominent parts. The art of acting has now well nigh reached perfection. The highest art is to conceal art, you know, and people who see a well-performed play nowadays are very apt to think, if, indeed, they do not say, 'How easy it all is; I could do as well myself!' The fact is that it is very difficult for a beginner to even walk across the stage properly."—*New York Graphic.*

An Act Not Down on the Bills.

The Rob Roy, a theatrical steamboat, came all the way to Helena, Ark., from Kansas City, and the company gave a performance there which came near being their last one. A few good citizens, attracted by glaring advertisements, were present, while the hoodlum element were out in full force. During the performance some exceptions were taken to the manner in which the star was rendering a popular song, and her gallant spouse, in attempting to vindicate her right to an impartial hearing, became involved in a quarrel with her critics, which ended in a general roughand-tumble battle, in which chairs and sticks were the weapons. Pandemonium reigned for a few minutes, and the air was thick with chairs and bottles and imprecations. Officer Alonzo Fitzpatrick commanded the peace, and but for the interposition of a friendly hog-chain, that caught the chair aimed at his head and made kindling of it, would have made his peace forever. When the boat was cleared and the combatants separated it was found that beyond several contusions and black eyes no one was seriously hurt, except the unfortunate lady whose defective singing had precipitated the row. In endeavoring to protect her husband she had been struck with a chair and was very seriously hurt.—*New York Times.*

The Veteran Cauldock.

Before leaving New York for his usual holiday on his Louisiana estate Joseph Jefferson set on foot a scheme which tends to compliment one of his life-long friends and fellow artists. Charles Couldock, who is one of the most highly respected veteran actors in the country, has hardly been as prosperous lately as his many friends could wish. A starring tour undertaken by him some time ago was not managed in such a way as to insure the old gentleman a comfortable addition to his fortune. On the contrary it ate rather deeply into his modest savings. During the present season, too, he has been unable to find a satisfactory channel in which his talents could be utilized, though he starts out early this month to play the principal part in "Saints and Sinners." Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Booth put their heads together and decided that a high compliment could be paid their old companion at the same time that his worldly wealth was increased. Early in the spring, therefore, a grand testimonial performance on his behalf will take place at the Star Theater, in which it is likely that every actor and actress of note who is at that time within reach of New York will take part.

A Theatrical Nuisance.

In treating of nuisances at the theater an Eastern writer pays his respects to the man who pounds time with his feet. The sufferer expresses himself in this strain: "This pattern of idiot doesn't decrease. There is a fine army of them now, all with their brains in their feet. They go to a comic opera and walk ten miles sitting in their chairs. One would think they had served time on a tread-mill. You may turn right around and give the banger a searching gaze straight in his happy eyes, but he'll never cease his sprint race till he misses the musical accompaniment. The 'twixt-the-acts cocktail scout, who doesn't walk on his own feet as often as he does on other people's, is a very fair fiend in his way, especially when he drags a wet umbrella across your shirt front. The lady in the high hat has been scolded to such an extent that I fear another word would make the pretty thing weep. But bring in a vat of boiling oil, and into it dip, that I may hear him sizzle, the jumping-jack who sits behind me dancing a sedentary polka through an entire performance, funeral marches and all."

Going to Grass.

A well-known theatrical agent tells the following story on himself: "Like all men connected with the 'profession' I live up to my salary during the winter and have to lick my paws like the Polar bear during the summer. Last July as I crossed the 'Rialto,' as the theatrical folk call Union Square in New York, I noticed a group of hungry professionals waiting to be asked to breakfast. 'Had your breakfast yet, boys?' I asked. 'Well, no, not yet,' they said. 'Breakfast with me,' I suggested, and we started across the square toward Maffindi's restaurant. When I got them in the middle of the grass plot I dropped on my knees and began munching a handful of grass. 'Help yourself, boys,' I said, cheerfully, 'this is my treat. Pitch in, it's the only breakfast I've got to offer.'"—*Philadelphia Press.*

Stage Notes.

No more bouquets will be allowed to be thrown on the stage at the Vienna imperial theaters.

"THAT'S what I call hard lines," remarked the actor when he found that he had more to learn than any other member of the company.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A CHINESE lady, with feet measuring two and one-half inches in length and dressed in the hight of fashion, is now to be seen at the Alexander Museum in New York.

The part of Melamora which Edwin Forrest made famous has been revived by Edmund Collier. The young actor's delivery of the somewhat stilted and turpid lines of the play has been commented.

THE age of Hamlet is a burning question in the modern Athens. The fact that Hamlet was hand in glove with actors and was frequently behind the scenes ought to settle the fact of his youth.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A NEW YORK weekly in its answers to correspondents, advises "J." to "at once and forever give up all idea of ever becoming an actor, and to learn the carpenter or blacksmith trade." If this advice had only been freely given and conscientiously acted upon years ago how much suffering would have been saved the public at large!—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN ink-stand in perfect imitation of a silver fox, with head of richly-chased silver, is a novelty.

Lincoln and the "Clary's Grove Boys."

Public opinion at New Salem was formed by a crowd of ruffianly young fellows who were called the "Clary's Grove Boys." Once or twice a week they descended upon the village and passed the day in drinking, fighting and brutal horse-play. If a stranger appeared in the place, he was likely to suffer a rude initiation into the social life of New Salem at the hands of these jovial savages. Sometimes he was mauled up in a hogshead and rolled down hill, sometimes he was insulted into a fight and then mauled black and blue; for despite their pretensions to chivalry, they had no scruples about fair play or any such superstitions of civilization. At first they did not seem inclined to molest young Lincoln. His appearance did not invite insolence; his reputation for strength and activity was a greater protection to him than his inoffensive good-nature. But the loud admiration of Offutt gave them umbrage. It led to dispute, contradictions, and finally to a formal banter to a wrestling-match. Lincoln was greatly averse to all this "wooling and pulling," as he called it.

But Offutt's indiscretion had made it necessary for him to show his mettle. Jack Armstrong, the leading bully of the gang, was selected to throw him, and expected an easy victory. But he soon found himself in different hands from any he had heretofore engaged with. Seeing he could not manage the tall stranger, his friends swarmed in, and, by kicking and tripping nearly succeeded in getting Lincoln down. At this, as has been said of another hero, "the spirit of Odin entered into him," and, putting forth his whole strength, he held the pride of Clary's Grove in his arms like a child, and almost choked the exuberant life out of him. For a moment a general fight seemed inevitable; but Lincoln, standing undismayed with his back to the wall, looked so formidable in his defiance that an honest admiration took the place of momentary fury, and his imitation was over. As to Armstrong, he was Lincoln's friend and sworn brother as soon as he recovered the use of his larynx, and the bond thus strangely created lasted through life. Lincoln had no further occasion to fight his own battle while Armstrong was there to act as his champion. The two friends, although so widely different, were helpful to each other afterward in many ways, and Lincoln made ample amends for the liberty his hands had taken with Jack's throat, by saving, in a memorable trial, his son's neck from the halter.

This incident, trivial and vulgar as it may seem, was of great importance in Lincoln's life. His behavior in this ignoble scuffle did the work of years for him, in giving him the position he required in the community where his lot was cast. He became from that moment, in a certain sense, a personage, with a name and standing of his own. The verdict of Clary's Grove was unanimous that he was "the cleverest fellow that had ever broke into the settlement." He did not have to be constantly scuffling to guard his self-respect, and at the same time he gained the good-will of the better sort by his evident peaceableness and integrity.—*Century.*

The Utility of Hobbies.

With a hobby the poorest clerk or the wealthiest millionaire is supplied with a defense against depression and worry which is priceless. Take the case of a bookkeeper who is confined to his desk for eight or ten hours a day. If he can cultivate a taste for botany or geology it will give him an opportunity for regular excursions into the country, while he can analyze and arrange his specimens during his leisure hours in the evening. If he has a talent for mechanics, woodcarving, carpentry, pottery, or any of the hundred pursuits into which enter deftness of hand and quickness of eye are open to him. Ten hours which would hang heavily on his hands were he without any hobby seem all too short for the pleasant work that he comes to with a feeling of relief. He has a resource against business worry that will add ten years to his life and that will stand in good stead should misfortune or loss of loved ones come upon him. It is the same with the rich man, save that he has opportunities to develop his pastimes entirely beyond the reach of the poor clerk. Practically, however, the two must stand on the same footing. They must cultivate a taste for simple and wholesome pleasures which do not depend on money for their gratification.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

The Rapidity of Progress Toward Health. Even when a good remedy for disease is selected, depends to some measure upon the manner in which it is taken. Irregular, interrupted doses can afford no fair test of the efficacy of any medicine, however salutary. Taken in proper doses at prescribed intervals, a reliable curative will effect the object of its use. Among remedies which, systematically and persistently used, accomplish thorough and lasting cures, and prevent the recurrence of periodic disease, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters ranks specially high. In cases of dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, fever and ague, liver complaint, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, constipation and other organic maladies, it is a tried remedy, to which the amplest brotherhood have lent their professional sanction, and which, as a tonic, alterative and household specific for diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels, has an unbounded popularity.

The Effect of Some Colors.

The aroma of red cedar is fatal to house moths; the aroma of black walnut leaves is fatal to fleas. It is a matter of common observation that persons engaged in the business of making shingles from odoriferous cypress timber in malarial districts are rarely, if ever, affected by malarial diseases, and that persons engaged in gathering and distilling turpentine do not suffer from either malarial diseases or consumption. It is said that when cholera was epidemic in Memphis, Tenn., persons working in livery stables were entirely exempt from it. It is affirmed that since the destruction of the clove trees on the Island of Ternate the colony has suffered from epidemics unknown before; and in time when cholera has prevailed in London and Paris those employed in the perfumery factories have escaped its ravages.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

A BEAUTIFUL example of the force of habit is to see a teetotaller fill a cup at a drinking fountain, and dreamily blow the froth off the innocent water before drinking.

SHAKESPEARE never billed his plays. Yet he builded better than he knew, Bill did.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE man who thinks a big necktie will hide a dirty collar must think people are collar-blind.

If you have catarrh, use the surest remedy —Dr. Sage's.

COWARDICE are the most generous people of a'l. You never always acting 'eas up.

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

"I Love Her Better than Life."

Well, then, why don't you do something to bring back the roses to her cheek and the light to her eyes? Don't you see she is suffering from nervous debility, the result of female weakness? A bottle of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will brighten those pale cheeks and send new life through that wasting form. If you love her, take heed.

'Tis tramp is still scouring the country. It is the only thing he does scour.

For restoring youthful freshness and color to gray hair, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

"I AM stumping the town," says the beggar with wooden legs.

Brown's Bronchial Troches will relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases. *They are used always with good success.*

OUT West when a beer gets into a hog-pen there is trouble brewin for the pigs.

CHAPPED hands, face, pimples, and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

The catechism was held in Boston because one of the cats could understand nothing but French.

A neglected cough often terminates fatally. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords speedy relief.

MANY a woman who does not know even the multiplication table can "figure" in society.

You can get a $3 Family Story Paper one year, postage paid, for **$1.50.** Sample copy free. Send for one. Address THE CHICAGO LEDGER, Chicago, Ill.

A Ghost

Is a myth, but solid reality will be known by those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, thereby learning free, about work that they can do, and live at home, wherever you reside, at a profit of from $5 to $20 and upwards daily. Some have earned over $20 in a day. Capital not needed. Hallett & Co. will start you. All is new. Delay not. Pay absolutely sure from start. Wealth awaits every worker. Both sexes. All ages.

A Lady's Unfortunate Experience,

Was that of one of our acquaintances who suffered from scrofula, a yellow complexion, and distress of the stomach, for years before using Dr. Hacter's Iron Tonic, which finally cured her.

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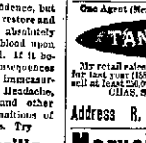

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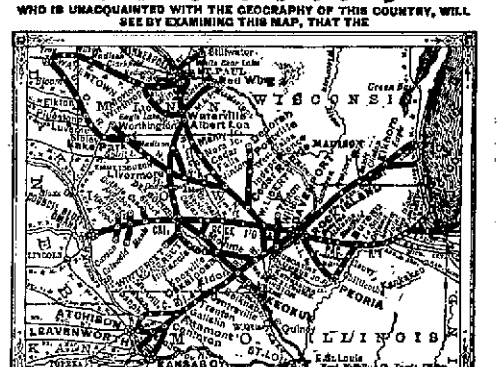

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SENATORS ELECTED.

Charles B. Farwell Chosen to Succeed the Late General Logan.

Stockbridge Selected in Michigan and Davis in Minnesota — Other Senatorial Elections.

CHARLES B. FARWELL.

The New Senator-Elect from Illinois.

Charles B. Farwell has been elected by the Illinois Legislature to succeed Hon. John A. Logan in the Senate of the United States. The Democratic members of the Legislature cast their votes for Hon. William R. Morrison, while the Labor party members voted for Benjamin W. Goodhue.

Mr. Farwell was born in Painted Post, N. Y., July 1, 1823; was educated at the Elmira Academy; removed to Illinois in 1838; was employed in government surveying and in farming until 1841, when he engaged in the real estate business and in banking in Chicago; was elected County Clerk of Cook County in 1850, and was re-elected in 1857. He subsequently engaged in mercantile pursuits, and is now the widely known member of the firm of John V. Farwell & Company. He was appointed a member of the State Board of Equalization in 1867; was chairman of the Board of Supervisors of Cook County in 1868; was appointed National Bank Examiner in 1869; was elected a Rep-

resentative from Illinois in the XLIIId Congress as a Republican, receiving 20,342 votes against 16,025 for John Wentworth; was elected to the XLIIIth Congress and the XLIVth, running against J. V. Le Moyne and receiving a majority of votes, though after Mr. Farwell had served for over a year, the House gave Mr. LeMoyne the seat.

FRANCIS B. STOCKBRIDGE.

The Successor of Omar D. Conger, of Michigan.

Francis B. Stockbridge, of Kalamazoo, will succeed Omar D. Conger in the Senate, having received a majority of the votes of the Michigan Legislature. Mr. Stockbridge was born in Maine in 1820. In 1847 he came to Chicago, and was employed as a clerk at a lumber dock. He saved some money, joined some lumbermen at Saugatuck, Mich., started a mill or two, and in 1850 went to Saugatuck to live. In 1873

he located in Kalamazoo. He is reported to be worth $750,000. Col. Stockbridge is a large, fine-looking man, full of beaming good-nature, and famed for his broad views and whole-souled liberality. One secret of his popularity in Michigan is that he has helped hundreds of men in business, and aided scores in other ways—some, perhaps, who were undeserving. There is a saying in Michigan that Stockbridge is on everybody's note and everybody's bond. He began his canvass for the Senator-ship last summer, and was ahead of everybody in the field. His only real opponent was Conger.

STEWART, OF NEVADA.

The Man Who Will Succeed Millionaire Fair.

The Legislature of the little State of Nevada has chosen William Morris Stewart to fill the seat in the Senate hitherto occupied by James Graham Fair. Mr. Stewart was born in Wayne County, New

York, in August, 1827. In 1813 his parents removed to Tecumseh County, Ohio, where his schoolboy days were spent. He went to the Pacific coast with the great tide of emigration which swept thitherward in 1849. Reaching Nevada County, California, in April, 1850, he engaged in gold-mining, and was fairly successful. With the proceeds of his digging, some $8,000 or $10,000, he engaged in the study of law, and was admitted to the bar of Nevada. He removed to Virginia City in 1863, when Nevada was admitted to the Union of States, he was

ing citizens. He was the first Senator sent to Washington from the new State. He was re-elected, and his two terms lasted from 1864 to 1875. Mr. Stewart possesses large wealth. His residence is in San Francisco, where he entertains handsomely. He married in 1857 a daughter of ex-Gov. Henry S. Foote, of Mississippi.

SENATOR QUAY.

Pennsylvania's New Representative in the House of Lords.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania has determined that Matthew Stanley Quay shall succeed John I. Mitchell as Senator from that State. Mr. Quay's residence is in the

western part of the State, but as a public man of long standing he is known throughout Pennsylvania, and has many influential friends in all the principal towns and cities of that commonwealth. In 1873 he was Secretary of State under Governor Hartranft, and he advertised the new Constitution in every newspaper of note in Pennsylvania. The office he is now holding is that of State Treasurer. A cotemporary speaks of him as "remarkably in counsel, and easy of approach to the humblest citizen. Oratory is said not to be one of his strong points, but he is a man of culture and his public address is good.

EX-GOV. C. R. DAVIS.

The Newly Elected Senator from Minnesota.

Cushman K. Davis has been chosen United States Senator from Minnesota for six years from the 4th of March next. Governor Davis attended Carroll College, an incipient seat of learning at Waukesha, Wis. Carroll College is now a thing of the past, but it once promised to be a large and famous school. It was the first notable instance of co-education in the United States. The plan worked well there. The girls did the cooking and the boys furnished the meat and groceries, and if the good friends of the institution had been numerous and rich enough to provide salaries for the professors, the experiment might by this time have become one of the marvels of Western civilization. Davis studied law with Alexander Randall, who afterward became Johnson's Postmaster General. He went to the law school at Ann Arbor, and graduated in 1857. Last July he delivered the address to the graduating class of the Michigan University. He served one term as Governor of Minnesota.

OTHER SENATORS.

Hearst Reelected from California.

[San Francisco special.]

The Legislature balloted for a United States Senator on Tuesday. In the Senate George Hearst (Dem.) received 25 and Henry Vrooman (Rep.) 14 votes. In the Assembly Hearst received 38 and Vrooman 40. On Wednesday the two houses formally met in joint convention and elected Hearst.

Whitthorne for the Short Term in Tennessee.

The Tennessee Legislature, at Nashville, elected Hon. Washington C. Whitthorne to the short Senatorial term, he receiving 82 votes to 49 cast for J. A. Nunn.

Hawley Reelected in Connecticut.

Both houses of the Connecticut Legislature re-elected Senator Joseph R. Hawley. The vote in the Senate was 12 for Hawley to 10 for Charles R. Ingersoll. The total vote cast in the House was 247. Hawley received 126, Ingersoll 98, and Henry C. Baldwin, Knight of Labor, 1.

Cockrell Succeeds Himself.

The two branches of the Missouri Legislature voted separately for a successor to Senator Cockrell. In the House the vote stood: Cockrell, 86; Warner, 50; Ford, 2. In the Senate: Cockrell, 25; Warner 8. Subsequently the two houses met in joint convention, and formally elected Senator Cockrell.

Gray the Choice of Delaware.

Both houses of the Delaware General Assembly, in separate session, voted unanimously for the re-election of George Gray as United States Senator. The joint session formally ratified the election.

Eugene Hale Re-elected.

The Maine Legislature elected Eugene Hale to succeed himself as United States Senator. The vote was as follows: Senate—Hale, 27; W. S. Clifford, 3. House—Hale, 114; Clifford, 26.

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT.

Regarding the Celebration of the Constitutional Centennial.

[Washington telegram.]

The President sent the following message to Congress on Tuesday:

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

As a matter of national interest and one solely within the discretion and control of Congress, I transmit the accompanying memorial of the Executive Committee of the Southern Centennial Commission proposing to celebrate the 17th of September, 1887, in the city of Philadelphia, as the day upon which and the place where the convention that framed the Federal Constitution concluded its labors and submitted the result for ratification to the thirteen States then composing the United States.

The epoch was one of the deepest interest, and the events well worthy of commemoration. I am aware that as each State acted independently in giving its adhesion to the new Constitution the dates and anniversaries of their several ratifications are not coincident. Some action looking to a national expression in relation to the celebration of the close of the first century of popular government under a written constitution has already been suggested, and while stating this great interest I refer in the renewed expression by the American people of the historical foundation of their government I do not feel warranted in discriminating in favor of any against the proposition to select one day or place in preference to all others, and therefore content myself with conveying to Congress these expressions of popular feeling and interest upon the subject, leaving that in a spirit of patriotic co-operation, rather than of local competition, stting measures may be adopted by Congress which will give the amplest opportunity all over these United States for the manifestation of the affection and confidence of a free and knightly nation in the institutions of a Government of which they are the fortunate inheritors and under which unexampled prosperity has been enjoyed by all classes and conditions in our society again. GROVER CLEVELAND.

Executive Mansion, Jan. 18, 1887.

The House passed a joint resolution, reported from the Special Committee on Celebrating the Constitutional Centennial, providing for the appointment of a joint committee of five Senators and eight Representatives to consider the expediency of holding, in 1892, an international exhibition of the industries and productions of all countries.

THE man who cannot take care of himself is about as safe among wild beasts as when carrying his wrongs to a court of law.

SABBATH READING.

Some Observations Upon the Weaknesses of Human Character.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Saved by Kindness—"Flippant Criticism" and Its Serious Effects—Life Everlasting.

Saved by Kindness.

We will call him Jim, for I do not remember his name. He had lost all respectability, and was a common gutter drunkard. His family had disowned him, and would not recognize him when they met him. Occasionally he would get a job at the stables where Dr. Davis kept his horses. One morning the Doctor laid his hand on Jim's shoulder and said:

"Jim, I wish you would give up the drink."

There was something very like a quiver of the man's lips as he answered:

"If I thought you cared I would, but there is a great gulf between you and me."

"Have I made my gulf, Jim? Think a moment before you answer."

"No—you—haven't."

"If you had been a millionaire, could I have treated you more like a gentleman?"

"No, you couldn't."

"I do care, Jim."

"Say it again, won't you?" There were tears in the man's eyes now.

"I do care, Jim," with a tender little emphasis on the Jim.

"Dr. Davis, I'll never touch another drop of liquor as long as I live. Here's my hand on it."

This was fifteen years ago, and "Jim" is to-day the respectable and respected Mr.——. Saved by a kind word! Will you make an effort this week to win some one by kindness?

Flippant Criticism.

We cannot conceive of any suitable reason for the expressing of derogatory opinions respecting the pastor's public exercises, by a parent before his children. If the parent desires his children to benefit by the ministrations of the pastor, whether in or out of the pulpit, whatever may be his private opinion, the parent should not voice his unfavorable views in the family circle. Such an expression will prejudice the children against the pastor, raise barriers against the acceptance of the truth, and tend to stultify the pastor's teachings. A word, even inadvertently spoken, by a parent on such matters is often the occasion of unspeakable evil. The flippant tone in which such words are sometimes uttered is exceedingly detrimental. It lowers the pastor in the estimation of the child, leads to the hardening of his sensibilities and may start a train of thought in the youthful mind that may terminate in confirmed infidelity. Every parent therefore should put a watch upon his lips when speaking of the pastor before his children. If he values his own child's welfare, desires to see him enlisted on the side of Christ, and a co-worker with the good in the cause of God, he must beware of making inconsiderate remarks, derogatory in any measure of one who has been placed in the providence of God to be a teacher of the truth and a winner of souls.—*Pulpit Treasury.*

Life Everlasting.

A dear mother lay dying. For years past that hoary head had been the crowning glory of home. In all the affairs of family life her advice had been deemed precious, for had she not sought the wisdom that cometh down from above? and the confidence reposed in her judgment was but the evidence of the guiding hand. Through the trying period of young maternity, as through the riper years of motherhood, and when at length others now matured had assumed the burdens it had been hers to carry, and age had silvered the locks and diminished the physical vitality, her trust in the dear Redeemer had deepened and strengthened until with the apostle, in cheerful assurance, she could say: "I know whom I have believed." Never had she appeared more beautiful than while waiting the summons to come up higher. Her children to the fourth generation had gathered around the bedside. The tenderness and love shown there were but the ripened fruit of her own planting in the years gone by. Grandmother was loved because mother had first been the all in all. As the last words were spoken to each in turn, in the realization that the parting would be for a little while only, one surprised at such calmness in the very face of the King of Terrors, exclaimed: "Why, this is not like death!" "Death!" said the departing saint, as a new light appeared to gleam in the dying eyes and a momentary strength was imparted, "death! why, this is life everlasting!" In a few moments the spirit had returned to God who gave it—the reality of the Christian hope, the comfort of a childlike trust in Him who has promised us all things, both for this life and that to come!

"Jesus, thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high!"

Ancient Wonders.

Nineveh was 14 miles long, 8 miles wide, and 46 miles around, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick and 100 feet high, with 100 brazen gates. The temple of Diana at Ephesus was 420 feet to the support of the roof; it was 100 years in building! The l[illegible]st of the p[illegible]ids was 481 feet in [illegible]t and 836 feet [illegible] the sides. The base covered 11 acres. The stones are about 60 feet in length, and the layers 208. It employed 360,000 men in building. The labyrinth of Egypt contains 300 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles around, and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich that it was plundered of $50,000,000, and the Emperor Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles around.

Sleeping with the Head Low.

Few persons, we suppose, sleep without a pillow or a rest of some sort to elevate the head a little above the level of the body, and very few, if any, would think of habitually going to rest with feet raised higher than the head. Yet if we are to believe the writer of an article *Pflueger's Archiv*, the later is the only rational and proper position during sleep. Dr. Menii-Hilty is the advocate of this plan. He was engaged in studying the physiological effects of such a reversal of the normal position of the body and found, among other results, that the circumference of the neck was increased nearly two inches, by reason, chiefly, of a swelling of the thyroid gland. He frequently fell asleep while in this position and occupied in his studies, and found that he always awoke earlier in the morning, felt greatly refreshed, and was capable of much better work during the day, than after a night's rest taken in the usual way. He has now slept with his feet higher than his head for the past four years, and his experience leads him to commend the method most highly. He says this way the brain receives more plentiful blood-supply, and is consequently better nourished, while there is no danger of so much blood passing to the cerebral structure as to cause congestion. This danger is obviated by the enlargement of the thyroid gland, which holds back a certain portion of the blood in its dilated vessels, and which also acts as a regulator of the cerebral circulation by exerting pressure upon the carotids, and thus diminishing their caliber. Another advantage which Dr. Menli-Hilty claims for his method is that it is prophylactic against pulmonary phthisis. The apices of the lungs being dependent, receive a more plentiful blood-supply, and are thus rendered stronger and less liable to become a point of origin of tubercular disease. The writer's assertions may be correct, and his method may, as he claims, be the only rational one, but it is likely to be a long time before he can induce mankind to regard pillows as a useless and harmful part of the bed furniture. *Medical Record.*

Washington's Mother.

From his mother, who was a model country-woman and housewife for that day and for all days—Washington derived, doubtless in a large degree, his strong rural tastes, his system, his aptitude for order, and that inexorable method, which, if he had been a lesser man, would have made a terrible martinet of him. The mother was full of it; and I cannot but think that Sharples, in his charming picture (the only authentic painting we have of her), has refined away somewhat of her august severities and serenities of character. She was always queen there, in that Staffordshire home—with son, with bailiff, with dependents all. If things went wrong, she came to quick knowledge of the *why*. Throughout her long widowhood she clung to all the simplicities, severities, homelinesss, and out-of-door avocations of country life as if they had been royal inheritances. And are they not? When, in her later days, Lafayette came to see her and pay obeisance to the mother of his great friend, he found her in sun-bonnet working in her garden; and she was not caught at disadvantage by this chance, but wore, with an unshrinking and royal modesty, these tokens of her out-of-door reign.

When Washington, in a spirit of adventure, would have gone seafaring in the British navy—wiled thereto by the profuseness of an elder half-brother—the mother put her quick veto upon it; but she never vetoed his hunting, his dare-devil rides, his wrestlings, his fencing, his leaping bouts; so he grew up sinewy, firm, and daring, and with elements of manly leadership marked all over him.—*Donald G. Mitchell, in American Agriculturist.*

The Buoyancy of Reindeer Skin.

A Norwegian engineer, Herr W. C. Moeller, has made some important discoveries as to the buoyancy of reindeer hair and skin. He has found that a reindeer skin weighing 1 7-16 kilogrammes, rolled up and with the hair outward, will support for ten days the same weight as an ordinary cork life-belt. Moreover, the reindeer skin has the advantage of warming a person, if formed in the shape of a life-belt and worn around the waist. He has also constructed collapsing boats, sledges for rescuing people from drowning in the ice, etc., from reindeer skin, and life-belts filled with reindeer hair, equal to those of cork. Herr Moeller further finds that a suit made from reindeer hair, weighing only one-half kilogramme, will save a man from drowning, even if it has been in the water for some time. It can be made in any thickness, and is warmer than other materials. He is confident that suits made from reindeer hair will in time supersede those made from oilskins. The life-saving establishment at Gothenburg has already procured several of these articles.—*London News.*

THE vine twig shows not more ingenuity as it traverses some rocky crag in search of the cool stream, at once its luxury and its life, than does our injured self-love, in seeking for consolation from the inevitable casualties of fate, and the irresistible strokes of fortune.

NO jest can be quite so bitter as that one which runs laughingly along the edge of an ugly truth.

REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

Col. Benton used to carry rather a formidable looking knife, which had quite a history. When the Congress sat in Philadelphia, John Randolph, in a debate on the army, alluded to the officers as "a pack of ragamuffins." That night, at the theater, a party of the aggrieved orators hustled the Virginia Congressman and were treating him rather roughly, when Nat Macon, who was with him, drew a pocket-knife, and opening the large blade, made them stand back. Mr. Randolph, in remembrance of this timely aid, gave his friend a more serviceable knife, with "Nathaniel Macon" engraved on the handle. Mr. Macon bequeathed this knife to Col. Benton, who carried it for years and was very fond of showing it.

The bill appropriating $75,000 for the medical and burial expenses of President Garfield was not passed without opposition. Senator Vest was especially severe on the surgeons, who did not know the structure of the human body, and who had treated one part while the wound was in another, like the carpenter who cannot tell garret from cellar, or the shipwright who knows not mast from hull. For eighty days James A. Garfield lay and sweltered, and agonized, and suffered. Bulletin after bulletin went to the anxious hearts and ears of the American people: "We have probed the wound; we have found the bullet; the electric machinery responds under the great laws of nature until we have located the bullet to a hair's breadth!" And he died with the far-off look in his eyes across the dim and distant ocean, and the autopsy showed that they never came within a foot of the bullet, and that they doctored, and probed, and lanced the puss cavity for eighty long days; a curious exemplification of scientific skill.

Lucretia Sturgis, who became Mrs. Joshua Bates, wife of the London banker, was the daughter of the hatter at the North End of Boston. On the death of her father, who was a poor man, she was invited by her distant relative, William Sturgis, the father of Mrs. Samuel Hooper, to take up her residence in his house. There she met Mr. Bates, while on a visit to his native land. Mr. Bates became attached to her and proposed. Not being in love with him the young lady asked the advice of her cousin William. He replied in his usual off-hand way, "Have him, Creechie, have him!" and she did have him, and went to England with him, and when he became opulent and a member of the house of Baring Brothers, their only child attracted the attention of Mr. Van de Weyer, for many years Belgian Minister at the Court of St. James, and the friend of King Leopold, Lord Holland, and Sidney Smith and other celebrities of that day. Van de Weyer was a gentleman of high literary attainments, and when he married Miss Bates she was received at once as a member of the charmed circle of the British nobility and gentry, and admitted to the friendship of the Queen, who gave her a cottage at Windsor, near the castle.

Robert E. Lee, after having tried unsuccessfully, for years, at that "entered Washington," but "not as the conqueror comes." The joint committee on reconstruction summoned him, and he came from Lexington by rail, putting up at the Metropolitan Hotel, which was at once besieged by his admirers. He wore a blue-gray French army overcoat, from which the insignia of rebel rank had been removed, and a felt hat. He was squarer across the shoulders than he used to be, *ante bellum*, care had furrowed his face, and his hair and beard were white. His evidence before the sub-committee was unimportant, although it lasted nearly three hours. On Sunday morning the ex-rebel General attended divine service at the Church of the Ascension, and he afterwards went over to the house of a connection at Georgetown, which commands a view of Arlington, the birthplace of his wife, now the burial-place of thousands of Union soldiers, who died that the Republic might live.

Gen. Blenker was called on at Washington one night, among others, for a speech at a recent torchlight procession of the German regiments to Gen. McClellan's headquarters. After Secretary Seward had concluded a brief speech, Gen. Blenker, who spoke our language but imperfectly, came forward, and said: "Citizens and Sojers—I will say a few words, and it shall be few. If ever I find the enemy, I will fight thousands, and thousands of us will fight the better as I speak dis noble English." This pithy speech was received with enthusiastic cheers.

Mrs. George Spencer, one of the most beautiful women ever seen at Washington, was a member of a theatrical company at New York when her husband, then a Senator from Alabama, wooed and married her. She was a Mississippian by birth, but of Spanish descent, and was a decided feature of the drawing-room at the hotel where she was a guest. She generally wore a long black velvet dress, an immense Gainsborough hat covered with black plumes, and very long black gloves. She carried a large fan of black ostrich feathers, which, in its graceful motion, seconded the wonderful play of her large, dark eyes under the thin, arching brows. She would hold a whole company of ladies spellbound and fascinated, and that is the last and most critical test of any pretty woman's talents. When she sat down they formed a semi-circle before her, and she carried them with her by storm. Except for an occasional question they let her have it all her own way, and she was as bright, sparkling, and fascinating to all those women, and bewitched them as completely with her smiles and her black eyes and clever talk, as if they had been so many susceptible men.

MR. SWEENEY'S CAT.

Mr. Sweeney had a large cat named Dr. Mary Walker, of which he was very fond. Dr. Mary Walker remained at the drug store all the time, and was known all over St. Paul as a quiet and reserved cat. If Dr. Mary Walker took in the town after office hours nobody seemed to know anything about it. She would be around bright and cheerful the next morning, and attend to her duties at the store just as though nothing whatever had ever happened.

One day last summer Mr. Sweeney left a large plate of fly-paper with water on it in the window, hoping to gather in a few quarts of flies in a deceased state. Dr. Mary Walker used to go to this window during the afternoon and look out on the busy street while she called up pleasant memories of her past life. That afternoon she thought she would call up some more memories, so she went over on the counter, and from there jumped down on the window-sill, landing with all four feet in the plate of fly-paper.

At first she regarded it as a joke and treated the matter very lightly, but later on she observed that the fly-paper stuck to her feet with great tenacity of purpose. Those who have never seen the look of surprise and deep sorrow that a cat wears when she finds herself glued to a whole sheet of fly-paper cannot fully appreciate the way Dr. Mary Walker felt. She did not dash wildly through a $150 plate-glass window, as some cats would have done. She controlled herself, and acted in the coolest manner, though you could have seen that mentally she suffered intensely. She sat down a moment to move fully outline a plan for the future. In doing so she made a great mistake. The gesture resulted in giving the fly-paper to her person in such a way that the edge turned up behind her in the most abrupt manner, and caused her great inconvenience.

Some one at that time laughed in a coarse and heartless way, and I wish you could have seen the look of pain that Dr. Mary Walker gave him.

Then she went away. She did not go around the prescription case as the rest of us did, but strolled through the middle of it, and so on out through the glass door at the rear of the store. We did not see her go through the glass door, but we found pieces of fly-paper and fur on the ragged edge of a large aperture in the glass, and we kind of jumped at the conclusion that Dr. Mary Walker had taken that direction in retiring from the room.

Dr. Mary Walker never returned to St. Paul, and her exact whereabouts are not known, though every effort was made to find her. Fragments of fly-paper and brindle hair were found as far west as the Yellowstone National Park, and as far north as the British line, but the Doctor herself was not found. My own theory is that if she turned her bow to the west, so as to catch the strong easterly gale on her quarter, with the sail she had set, and her tail pointing directly to the zenith, the chances for Dr. Mary Walker's immediate return are extremely thin. GILL NYE.

A HALET-BROKEN MONKEY.

In the monkeys' cage at one of the public resorts in this city is a very large and somewhat prehensile monkey. Some time ago he contracted a skin disease, the ravages of which have sadly disfigured his countenance. As it caused him little or no pain, he paid little attention to it. The younger monkeys in the cage have gayed him occasionally, but he was in blissful ignorance of the cause of their gibes. For the last few days there have been several broken bits of looking-glass in the cage, with which the younger monkeys have been amusing themselves. The old monkey at last had his curiosity aroused, and he slipped down, took a piece of the glass away from a smaller monkey, and then climbed onto a perch in order to investigate with becoming dignity. First he critically examined the back of the glass with a very knowing look on his disfigured face. Then he turned it over. The moment he saw the reflection of his own countenance he came near falling off backward from the perch, while an expression of horror overspread his face. For a moment he was stunned. Then he pulled his chin whiskers meditatively, and finally screwed up enough courage to look in the glass again. It confirmed all his worst suspicions. With a howl, he threw the glass from him and went raving about the cage. All the little monkeys were horror-stricken and kept out of the old man's way. After awhile he got another piece of glass, inspected his disfigured countenance, and vainly tried to rub away the white spots. Failing in this, he gave up in despair and again took to raving. He has refused to eat since he made the discovery, and will allow no one to look him in the face. His heart seems broken.—*Chicago News.*

A FRIEND once called on a certain German officer, and found the gallant veteran in high spirits, the cause of which was that he had just received a new ribbon, or star. The friend, as in duty bound, congratulated him, but knowing that he has already so many decorations that he hardly know where to stick them all, ventured to observe that he could scarcely understand his excessive elation. "I see you don't understand," said the officer; "what pleases me is that I have now every ribbon and medal that they can give—and next time they must give me money."

WHEN a man and woman undertake to lead together a life of "plain living and high thinking," the brunt of the struggle always must fall on the woman. —*Athenæum.*

CHICAGO certainly takes the premium for large fuel. A lady lost her baby for three hours the other day, and found it only when she came to put on her slippers

OHIO STATE NEWS.

—The meeting of the Ohio Short-horn Breeders' Association, held at Columbus, was one of the most interesting ever held. At the meeting Dr. T. P. Shields, of Union County, read an interesting paper on "The Duty of Cattle-growers in Regard to the Cattle Plague and Other Contagious Diseases." In the course of his remarks he said that the disease is supposed to have existed in the mountains of Switzerland for many years before its character was made known. The food supplies for large armies caused greater movement of cattle and carried contagion to other countries, reaching England in 1842 and entailing an annual loss there of $10,000,000. The disease was carried from England to New York in 1865. Massachusetts was the first State to take steps to stamp out the contagion, and as a result of her vigorous policy, has been comparatively free from its ravages for some years. The danger to Western cattle was enhanced by the introduction of calves from dairy and infected districts in the East, and the Western demand for imported cattle of improved breeds. This westward movement of cattle brought into our midst the dreadful pleuro-pneumonia. It is estimated that the value of the live stock in the United States is $3,000,000,000. Of this enormous sum the cattle interest equals nearly one half. The cattle of England and Ireland only equal about one-fourth of those in the United States, and if the loss from this disease there equals $10,000,000 annually it will be seen how much greater our losses would be. It would not only cripple our cattle-growers, but the welfare of our people would be affected seriously. It is a curious fact that we have fewer cattle to our population than in 1860. Recognizing the necessity for some measure to meet the demand, the General Government has done a little in the past and many of the States have organized live-stock commissions to look after and suppress contagious diseases. These in most instances have been hampered by insufficient means and lack of authority. The Live-stock Commission of Ohio has scrupulously studied the interests of commerce and cattle-growers. Cattle-breeders should discourage the shipment of cattle from infected districts. They should bring every influence to bear on our Senators and Representatives to pass such national laws as will secure uniform rules and regulations as to quarantine and inter-state commerce.

—The Ohio State Wool Growers' Association held a meeting at Columbus. The annual address of the President, Hon. David Harpster, was read. It abounded in statistics, and all in all was an able document. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, David Harpster; Vice President, E. J. Hyatt; Secretary, W. N. Cowden; Treasurer, Charles Stoeltzer; Directors, A. E. Sprague, John Powell and W. H. Rhoads. The Committee on Resolutions not being ready to report, George L. Converse was called on and addressed the Association. Remarks were also made by Col. Poorman.

—Charles Pratt, an engineer at the Kelly Nail and Iron Works, Ironton, was fatally injured in a most horrible manner. He was in a tunnel under the nail mill floor, through which a shaft extends to the blacksmith shop, and was caught on the shaft. It wound him round and round until all his clothing were torn off, after which he lay a helpless, bleeding mass for an hour or more before he was found. He died three hours after the accident. Deceased was an old steamboat engineer and an esteemed citizen, aged about 50 years.

—George Backus, who lives at Green Springs, near Tiffin, left home. He did not return until evening, and found the house cold and deserted. Stepping out of the back door he discovered the cistern open, and looking in he found his wife and child, clasped in each other's arms, and both dead. It is supposed that the little boy accidentally fell in and the mother, in trying to rescue him, jumped into the cistern and both were frozen to death. The water is scarcely four feet deep, which excludes the idea of suicide.

—The eleventh annual exhibition of the Northern Indiana Poultry Association will be held in the city of Fort Wayne, on Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, 1887. It is believed that this will prove to be one of the most successful exhibitions of the season, as a very large number of entries of fine breeds have already been made. Farmers and fanciers will find this an excellent means of gaining information on a subject of rapidly increasing importance.

—At the south-bound freight on the Indiana, Bloomington and Western was pulling into Tiffin a freight car jumped the frog at the Baltimore and Ohio crossing, near the bridge, and seven cars were derailed and demolished. At the time the B. & O. passenger train, east-bound, was waiting in the bridge. One of the freight cars struck the engine, demolishing the tender and letting all the water out of the boiler.

—George Russell, brakeman on freight No. 70 on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago road, met with a serious accident while uncoupling cars in the yard at Lima. He was walking between two cars when he stepped on a guard rail which held him, and a car passed over both of his legs, horribly mashing them. Russell was taken to his home at Fort Wayne.

—The sportsmen of the State held a meeting at Columbus, and organized the Ohio and Fish Protective Association. The following officers were elected: President, W. B. Shattuc, Cincinnati; Secretary and Treasurer, Wm. Shepard, Columbus; Corresponding Secretary, G. L. Graham, Columbus.

—The Board of Trade of Portsmouth have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, M. B. Wells; First Vice President, J. D. Clare; Second Vice President, E. E. Ewing; Secretary, Philo S. Clark; Treasurer, J. M. Wall.

—Mrs. Jennas Yoder, Millersburg, says she has been disturbed by the ghost of her husband who killed himself, and has had the remains taken up and buried four miles further away from her premises.

—Charles Phelps, aged 65, was found murdered in his cabin, where he lived alone, near Flat Woods, Meigs County.

—Gov. Foraker has received and accepted the resignation of Miss Kate E. Sherwood, of Toledo, as one of the lady visitors of the Soldiers and Sailors' Orphans' Home, at Xenia.

—A wealthy company has been organized for the purpose of supplying Cleveland, Akron, Canton, Massillon, Cuyahoga Falls, Alliance, and other town with natural gas.

—Pat Sheehan, a Lake Shore section hand, was struck by an engine at Ashtabula, from the effects of which he died.

—The Dow tax already collected in Hamilton County aggregates about $450,000.

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OF

LADIES'

Muslin Underwear!

—IS NOW—

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IT PLEASES EVERY-BODY, OURSELVES IN PARTICULAR.

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A GENUINE SALE!

A BIG SALE

Fine Well Made Garments!

NOT ONLY A FEW DOZEN,

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—AND—

Every Garment

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Whether you want to purchase or not, enjoy seeing these

EXQUISITE GARMEMTS.

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SARATOGA CHIP POTATOES

FINE FRESH CANDIES,

FINEST BUNCH RAISINS,

NEW NUTS,

CANNED ASPARAGUS,

GOTHA TRAFFLE SAUSAGE,

PLUM PUDDING,

COOKING WINES,

Pyke's Grocery,

180 Calhoun Street.

Aug. 15-1y

Down With the Prices

FOR

Laundry Work.

WAH KEE has opened a New Laundry at 75½ Calhoun street and is prepared to do work at the following astonishing low prices:

Collars	2c
Cuffs, per pair	4c
Drawers	7c
Undershirts	7c
Handkerchiefs	2c
Towels, per dozen	25c

GIVE ME A CALL.

Wah Kee,

75½ CALHOUN STREET. 31-1m

BEACH'S

SECOND HAND STORE.

I have opened a second hand store in the building formerly occupied by Mrs. Self, No. 207 Calhoun street. I have on hand a variety of second hand furniture, stoves, chromos, etc., which I will dispose of at sacrificingly low prices.

FRED BEACH,

15-1mo. Calhoun Street.

ANNUAL

CLEARING SALE

—FOR—

CASH ONLY!

We offer bargains in every department, as we wish to reduce our stock

$2,000!

The next twenty days to make room for

NEW GOODS.

One delivery wagon and two sets of harness for sale cheap.

H. N. GOODWIN & BRO.,

126 Broadway.

Centlivre's XX Kaiser and Bohemian beer for sale at the Fort Wayne Ale House, 100 Calhoun street, for $1 per dozen. 20-3t

NOTHING WE HAVE EVER OFFERED

Has proven more satisfactory to patrons and ourselves than the

One-Fourth Off ReductionSale

Now Going On.

Everybody entitled to a Prize, notwithstanding the great reductions.

Store closes during January and February every evening at 7 o'clock except Saturdays and the 10th, 15th, 16th and 17th of each month, till March 1st.

SAM, PETE & MAX,

Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JAN. 22, 1887.

THE CITY NEWS.

E. R. Donaldson was at Roanoke this week.

The city council meets in regular session Tuesday evening next.

Mr. Louis Fox registered at the Grand Pacific hotel, Chicago, Thursday night.

Sheriff's, under the present state law, are allowed forty cents a day for boarding prisoners.

Mrs. W. D. Baker and little son Harley, of Monroeville, are visiting friends in Fort Wayne.

Mrs. Morris Lee, of Fort Wayne, will be guest of Mr. and Mrs. Riblet, at Wabash, over Sunday.

Sister Mary Angela, mother superior of St. Rose academy, Laporte, is dead. The devout sister was known in this city.

Passenger train number 5, coming in on the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad was derailed at Adams Wednesday morning.

Pete Tonnellier is reported as having started a saloon at Findlay, Ohio, and Harry Tonnellier is playing an engagement at Wheeling, West Virginia.

An election was held at Payne, Ohio, a few days ago and the people voted against saloons. Under the Ohio Dow law none can be established there.

The Pittsburg and Fort Wayne work train is engaged in hauling dirt from Maples and filling in the embankment along Flat Rock, east of Monroeville.

Marion Freidline, after residing in Fort Wayne several months, has decided that farm life is more acceptable to his calling, hence he has removed his family to his father's farm, south of Monroeville.

There will be a prorenata meeting of the Presbytery of Fort Wayne, in the Presbyterian church at Decatur, next Tuesday evening at seven o'clock, at which time the Rev. I. T. Hott will be installed pastor of the church.

The Monroeville *Breeze* says: "Judge O'Rourke, Bayles Swift, T. S. Heller, Johnny Rodabaugh, all of Fort Wayne; Esquire English and 'Squire Jammerson, of Williamsport, attended Samuel Furman's funeral last Thursday."

There was a man in our town,
Who thought him wondrous wise;
He swore by all the fabled gods
He'd never advertise.

His goods were advertised at last,
And thereby hangs a tale;
The ad. was set in nonpareil,
And headed "Sheriff's Sale."

The state geologist asks the legislature for an appropriation which will enable him and his assistants to take some observations in the northern part of the state, with a view of ascertaining the prospects of finding gas, oil, or anything that will be of advantage to the people. He is of the opinion that there is an inexhaustible supply of gas or oil, and perhaps both in the north part of the state.

There is a G. A. R. Loan exhibition at Andrews and the Huntington *News-Express* has these notes: "Amy Powers loans a file of the Fort Wayne *Gazette*, 1861 to 1865.—Samuel Miller, of the Fort Wayne *Journal*, has loaned the committee a model of the Cross with an image of the Lord Jesus upon it, also a ladder and spear, made by a life prisoner on the Dry Tortugas, from cedar wood taken from the old fort at St. Augustine, Florida, believed to be the first timber worked in the United States, and very ingeniously enclosed in a small bottle."

A scheme is on foot to bond the Little River ditch, the same as gravel roads are bonded, and makes Huntington and Allen counties responsible for the money to make the improvement. It ought to be vigorously opposed. The Little River ditch is a job which is working a great hardship, and is already "fat" enough for the parties who are engineering it.—*Huntington News-Express.*

This version of the proposition is wrong. It is a hardship for many people to pay ready cash for the improvement, so a law is proposed to enable them to bond their farms for as much of the assessments against them as they please, thus enabling them to better bear the burden and pay it off gradually. All this, however, is optional with the property owners interested.

Post A. T. P. A. meets at the Rich hotel Saturday evening, January 29th.

Johnny Goneudyke has removed his family to Fort Wayne from Andrews.

Receiver Caldwell last year spent $500,000 on Nickel Plate betterments.

The K. of L. band gave a very pleasant party last evening at Wagner's hall.

A little daughter of Mr. Julius Nathan fell on the sidewalk this morning and hurt herself severely.

Cards are out announcing the wedding of Isidor Lehman and Miss Hattie, daughter of A. Heilbroner.

Columbia City *Commercial*: "Lois and Mollie Hood, of Fort Wayne, visited with relatives in this place this week."

Conductor Hoyt, of the Wabash, whose serious illness we have reported, has gone to Buffalo, N. Y., for medical treatment.

Rev. W. F. Yocum, D.D., president of the Fort Wayne college, goes to Auburn over Sunday to preach a funeral in that place.

The headquarters of the Wabash fuel department have been transferred from Peru to Decatur and are in charge of D. W. Ryder.

A notice has been issued to all Wabash passenger trains that until further notice they must not exceed schedule speed between Fort Wayne and Andrews.

Jake Hiser is charged before Commissioner Harper with selling liquor at his joint on East Main street, without a federal license. He will have a hearing Monday.

The office of J. B. Mitchell, superintendent of the Wabash bridge department has been removed from Peru to Andrews. His jurisdiction now extends from Toledo to Tilton.

Hollis Gillett was arrested last night and hustled before Justice Harry France on a charge of assaulting his wife. Gillett is a hard man and has had much police court notoriety.

Orrin Perry was brought here to-day from Michigan City, by his brother, Mr. O. L. Perry, and placed in the city hospital. The young man has consumption and cannot live long.

Mrs. William Schweir, of No. 186 East Jefferson street, accidentally cut three of her fingers nearly off, while dressing pork yesterday afternoon. Dr. J. W. Younge dressed the fingers.

Great praise is due to D. Nestel for his energy in establishing the long felt and desirable acquisition, viz: A nursery park. See his card elsewhere. He certainly deserves to be liberally patronized by all our citizens.

A large, bright rainbow crossed the northwestern heavens this morning and was visible just before 8 o'clock. This is probably an assurance to the people who were flooded by the sewer overflow on South Calhoun street.

John M. Wilson, who was hanged at Norristown on last Thursday for the murder of Anthony Dealy, delivered a long speech just before he was executed, the concluding words of which were: "When my strangled body hangs between heaven and earth, may all who look upon it imagine they hear me say: 'This is the work of rum; is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?'"

An Andrews correspondent says: "Conductor J. C. Brinsley has resumed work after having been absent three months at his home in Fort Wayne, where he was attending to his father's business, (that of operating a feed stable and wagon yard,) that gentleman, on account of sickness, having been unable to look after his interests. He has now recovered his health."

The Huntington *Democrat* says: "J. W. Cromwell, of Fort Wayne, recently bought of Mr. Thomas Black, of Majenica, this county, a sycamore tree which cut three logs, the first of which contained 2,000 feet, the second 1,587, and the third 1,328 feet, board measure. The logs were perfectly clear. This is the largest sycamore tree on record."

The bill of Representative Darroch providing for the erection of four soldiers' monuments, one in Circle park, Indianapolis, another in Fort Wayne, the third on Tippecanoe battle ground, and the fourth in New Albany, and calling for an appropriation of $250,000 for that purpose, is of course, opposed by Indianapolis on the selfish ground that that city alone should have such a monument. It is hoped the representatives of Northern Indiana will retaliate on this sort of business.

The following interesting information is kindly furnished us by Rev. John F. Lang, secretary to the bishop of Fort Wayne: The Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger has constituted the following clergymen irremovable rectors and elevated their churches and missions to a corresponding rank: Very Rev. E. P. Walters, St. Mary's church, Lafayette. Very Rev. M. E. Complon, church of St. Vincent of Paul, Logansport. Rev. H. Moissner, church of St. Charles Barromeo, Peru. Rev. J. H. Hueser, D. D., church of St. Peter and Paul, Huntington.

THE SENTINEL is pleased to note the receipt of "A Boston Girl's Ambition," "All Taut," "Dora," "Nature's Hallelujah," "Message of the Blue Bird," "Pictures and Sketches of Animals," in 6 vols., "Mistakes in Writing English," "Five-Minute Readings," "Golden Minutes," in 6 vols., "Parlor Varieties," "Part 3," "Little Miss Weezy," and "His Own Fault," etc., from Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston, Mass. These books are gems in their way, the stories being bright and entertaining, and the word pictures are very unique. Altogether the works are very catchy.

T. G. Goldman, of Huntington, is at the Aveline house.

The "Stranglers of Paris" are divided between the hotels.

Mrs. Al. Nill is lying very ill at her home in this city.

Casper Weideman was injured severely at the Bass foundry yesterday.

Geo. C. Mills, the tragedian, will play a two-night engagement at the Temple February 3 and 4.

Christian Haffner's horses ran away this morning and smashed the bakery wagon to pieces.

Kate Castleton will delight an audience at the Temple Monday. The advance sale of seats opened this morning.

The Wabash saloon keepers are being punished and fined for selling liquor to the Indian boys at White's institute, Wabash.

A young man named Sitzman, of High street, fell this morning and broke his collar bone. Dr. H. S. Meyers attended him.

The eleven-year-old daughter of Julius Nathan fell on the sidewalk on West Wayne street and broke her ankle yesterday evening.

Mr. H. W. Mordhurst has been acting as manager of the Temple in the absence of Manager J. H. Simonson, who is expected home to-night.

Dr. Fairfield, the long-haired physic vender, came back last night and took his wife to Kendallville. The doctor used to travel with the famed Lighthall.

The congregation of the Third Presbyterian church has grown so much there are now but few sittings left, and there is every prospect of its being self-supporting.

Wm. Hewitt was arrested last evening on a warrant charging him with conspiracy to burn Kyle & Reid's hat store. He is having a hearing before Justice France this afternoon.

We are reliably informed that $53,000 in original pensions were obtained by the W. J. Kerr agency, of this city during the year 1886, besides a large number of increase for the boys.

A fellow named Riley complains that he was robbed of $300 at the Oliver house. He deserves no better luck for going there, and did not appear when the case was called before the mayor this morning.

Mamie, the six-year-old daughter of Henry Shadhoff, of Louis Wolf's dry goods store, died of diphtheria yesterday. The funeral will occur to-morrow at 1 o'clock p. m., from the house, 210 West Jefferson street and will be private.

Receiver Cooley has completed theorganization of his roads, and has appointed the heads of all the leading department. Hereafter the receipts of the road will be forwarded daily to the Commercial National Bank, of Chicago, instead of to St. Louis as formerly.

Before Justice France yesterday Louis Fox got judgment for $46.48 against J. T. Haag, the Broadway grocer, in whose store there was recently an incendiary fire. Haag paid up the costs and took a change of venue to Justice Hays, who will hear and decide the case against Haag Monday.

There are no bad actors in the "Michael Strogoff" company. Every character is in the hands of a capable and experienced player. A bad actor stands no sort of a show in Mr. Andrews' company. Frank Bangs plays *Michael Strogoff*, and the show appears here next Thursday night only.

Chicago papers to-day publish the assertion that if the inter-state commerce bill becomes a law the Vanderbilts will arrange to work the Nickel Plate and West Shore roads for through business from Chicago to New York Central lines. By this means, it is claimed, rates would be upheld on both classes of freight without violating any provision of the law.

The annual congiegational meeting of the Third Presbyterian church was held last evening. An unusually large attendance was present. Reports showed the church to be in a very prosperous condition. The church is out of debt and self-supporting. The following officers were elected: John Mudge, elder; William Meyer and Thomas Sinclair, deacons; J. C. Baker, W. D. Page, B. O. Diffenderfar and James Gray were elected trustees. The women's work and the bible school are keeping abreast with the rest of the work.

Jesse Heaton, sr., who resides with his son in Marion township, died last Thursday morning at 10 o'clock at the age of ninety-seven years. Mr. Heaton came to Allen county in 1831. He served with honor in the war of 1812 and for eighty-two years he has been a devoted Christian and member of the M. E. church. The funeral will take place Sunday morning at 10 o'clock from his late home, which is one of the prettiest in the country. Mr. Heaton was respected and honored by every one and his family have the profound sympathy of a wide circle of friends in their affliction, even though it was anticipated.

The Business Men's exchange adopted a constitution and by-laws last night and voted salaries of $50 per annum to its secretaries. The treasurer reported the receipt of $280 collected as stock and the committees in charge will continue to secure subscriptions from the members and all who desire to identify themselves with the movement. Messrs. Eckart, Beach and Lewis were empowered to arrange suitable headquarters for the exchange at a cost not exceeding $800 per annum and the next meeting of the exchange, Friday, Jan. 28, will be in the new rooms, centrally located. The association is now on a safe basis and will live to accomplish more than any one gives it credit for.

P. S. O'Rourke is at Grand Rapids.

The Nickel Plate pay car arrived yesterday.

Charley Coop was fined for assaulting Charley Diehm by Justice France.

The new Mogul engine, No. 311, was taken out of the Pittsburg shops this morning.

Miss Eva Nelson, the pretty daughter of our friend, Sheriff Nelson, is visiting friends at Chicago.

Louis Deither sues Wm. Clinton Hollopeter and Charley Lindsay to recover $150. T. E. Ellison is his counsel.

J. B. Mitchel, superintendent of bridges and buildings of the Wabash company, was in the city yesterday.

A lady fell on the icy sidewalk at the corner of Broadway and West Washington street, last night, and broke her leg.

Mr. H. C. Schroeder received the drafts this morning for the damage done by the late fire at the Wayne street M. E. church.

Fred Roemhke celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his birth yesterday and was presented with many mementos by his friends.

The DeWald property adjoining the federal building on East Berry street has been transferred to the government for $9,000.

County Recorder Heller says there is an unprecedented real estate boom in and around Monroeville, occasioned by the oil well project.

The late Mrs. Dr. Geo. T. Bruebach yesterday removed her effects from the doctor's residence and now resides on West Washington street.

Calvin Spencer, the Highland street butcher, cut a deep gash in his left arm with his big butcher knife this morning. Dr. Shutt dressed the wound.

A big party of creditors of Jonas Smith went to Sheldon to-day to look into his failure. The keys to the store are in the hands of the sheriff.

The water which overflowed the cellars in South Wayne, has now entirely receded, which shows conclusively that it was the fault of the sewer.

George W. Gordon, who was recently arrested at the Hines mansion, will have a hearing before Justice Hays Monday. He gave security for his appearance.

Meeting of Berry street choir at 7 to-night. All members are especially requested to be present, as matters of great importance are to be considered.

Charley Coop was arrested for assaulting Mr. Charley Diehm. Constable Cook had to pull a revolver on Coop, who wanted to throw a chair through him.

George C. Underhill and the firm of Orchel, Wyckoff & Becker have amicably adjusted their differences and the last named firm will open up Monday as usual.

Patrick Golden, a brakeman on the Pittsburg road, fell from a train this morning at Delphos and strained his ankle. He was brought here and is now at the home of his mother in Irishtown.

It looks very much as if Jewett's metropolitan police bill would pass the legislature this session. It will take in Fort Wayne and put a new phase on police affairs, inaugurating a complete revolution in the present force, entailing a more strict accountability.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Kunkle highly entertained twenty or twenty-five lady friends at their elegant residence, No. 138 East Wayne street, last evening. Some of the guests and family executed some fine music for the occasion and had a merry, good time long to be remembered.

Sam Carpenter and another young fellow from the country visited a room in the Central hotel and insulted some of the inmates in their search for a female of questionable repute. Constable Wilson arrested Carpenter and Justice Hays sent him to jail for eighteen days in default of bail. His companion escaped.

The "Stranglers of Paris."

This melo-drama is a dramatization of Belot's novel of that name, from the pen of Dave Belasco, author of "Hearts of Oak," "La Belle Russe," etc. The company presenting this great play arrived this morning twenty-five strong and brought a car load of scenery with them. The Temple patrons can expect a fine interpretation of the story, which is based upon the rivalry of Jagon and Captain Guerin for their respective daughters, Mathilda and Jeanne. A large fortune has been left to Mathilda. The brother of the testator, an old sea captain, Guerin, disputes the will and is sustained by the courts. Jagon, the father of Mathilda, who has been a bad man and does not go by his right name, accompanied by Lorenzo, visits the captain's house and strangles Guerin in order to rob him. The two manage to escape, Jeanne, who suspects Jagon, accuses him of the crime and he is soon in the hands of justice. Blanchard, an innocent man, is accused as Jagon's accomplice. They are both convicted and sent to penal servitude for life. They escape while at sea in a convict ship, Jagon promises Blanchard to prove him innocent to the world. Lorenzo, in the meantime, has assumed a noble name and married Jagon's daughter and is living in splendor in Paris. Mathilda falls in love with a young officer, who is Jeanne's accepted suitor. Lorenzo accuses her of being intimate with her lover, and a stormy scene ensues, in which Mathilda informs her husband that she is aware of his crime and will denounce him. In a fit of rage he strangles her. Jagon appears upon the scene, but too late to save his child. He denounces Lorenzo, pronounces Blanchard's innocence and attempts escape, but is shot down by the guards.

MOLLIE MILLER.

A Chicago Street Damsel Figuring in a Divorce Suit at Winchester—Her Career.

"Mollie Miller, of Chicago street, Fort Wayne, a more or less classic thoroughfare, has been in town this week visiting some of her quondam female chums. She will be remembered as the former wife of whole-souled W. B. Miller, long the efficient agent of the Grand Rapids and Indiana people here, who was compelled by her waywardness and cussedness to separate from her. This occurred a year or so ago, shortly after they removed to Vicksburg, Mich., but out of respect for Billy's feelings we have not before mentioned it.

"Depositions were taken in Newton & Lewis' office here this week in the divorce case of Miller, against his wayward wife and while the testimony was being given the defendant walked in and sat down, but it is safe to bet that what she heard concerning herself wouldn't tend to put her in a very good humor. People often bring things upon themselves that they don't like at all."—Winchester *Democrat.*

Life is not worth living if one has chronic rheumatism and can't get Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents.

Cold piercing winds seldom fail to bring on a cough, cold, or hoarseness at this season, and Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup should be kept in every house.

A BATH IN THE DEAD SEA.

I indulged in that quasi-luxury, a bath in the Dead sea, writes a correspondent from Palestine. Not only was it impossible to sink. But it was difficult to maintain a footing in the shallows, so lightly did I float on the surface. Despite all my carefulness, the malignant liquid entered my mouth and eyes, creating pain in both. It was several hours before I could eradicate the smart from my eyes, the deadly taste from my mouth, and the saline stickiness from my hair. Indeed, my whole body was covered with an incrustation of salt, which could only be washed away with fresh water.

Notwithstanding our great one-fourth off reduction sale, the wheel still grinds —Behold the grist. Since December 15 we have presented:

W. H. Goshorn, 102 East Washington street, an overcoat.

James Ormiston, Wayne township; Thomas Lynch, Roanoke, Ind.; George Himes, Heller's Corners; John J. Becker, 103 West Jefferson street; Mrs. L. Tiemann, 425 Broadway; Justin Bennett, Zulu, Ind.; Chas. E. Cook, Wallen, Ind.; Mrs. W. Lotwyler, 66 Leith street; A. Kenner, 38 Lasalle street; M. Mitchell, Eel River Ditch company and Henry Bloember, 13 High street, each a fine silver watch.

Paul Miller, corner Lillie and Edgerton street, a superb seal fur cap.

Mrs. E. Cull, 89 Baker street; Mrs. Mrs. John Burg, 120 Monroe street; Mrs. L. Kain, New Haven, Ind.; C. A. Green, Ossian, Ind.; George White, corner Jefferson and Fulton streets; E. Brown, Tremont hotel; Frank Hall, Milan township; John D. McGready, corner Wayne and Hanna streets; J. W. McCluskey, 245 East Lewis street; Wm. Simmons, 98 Montgomery street; Henry Stellhorn, Milan township; Joe Stell, St. Marys, Ohio, each presented with a half barrel of choice flour.

Fred Segreist, Centlivre's brewry; C. J. Schnurr, Geo. McCoy's farm; Wm. Miller, 200 East Washington street; Bert Gorrell, New Haven, Ind.; Jule Roisat, Zulu, Ind.; B. Allogeur, 13 Monroe street; Josie Heitman, 231 Barr street; Mrs. E. Keller, Wells county; Conrad Miller, Fairfield avenue; Mrs. L. B. Sherbody, 12 Minor street; Jos. Bishop, Nine Mile postoffice; H. Frye, Lima, Ohio, each presented with a choice ham.

1,000 capital prizes, including a $500 city lot, will be presented to our patrons before March 1, 1887.

SAM, PETE & MAX.

The "Boss" Clothiers.

BROADWAY NURSERY PARK.

Its First Opening in the Spring of 1887—A Card to the Public.

I beg leave to allow me to say that through my many years of traveling all over the continent it gave me the best opportunity to ascertain where the best plants or such luxurious fruit as I have seen can be procured and raised to advantage in our climate and have now arranged with a reliable eastern nursery man and importer to furnish me with a stock of No. 1 first-class rare and leading, including all the new varieties, of fruit trees; ornamental trees, weeping and deciduous varieties; evergreens, purple, golden and variegated flowering trees and shrubs, new varieties of grafted rhododendrons, althens, roses, etc. Evergreen trees, a new variety of evergreen shrubs, splendid for cemeteries and lawns. Five thousand No. 1 grape vines, including every new and leading variety of white, red, amber, yellow, black and blue colors. A new variety of gooseberries, mulberries, currants, strawberries, etc.

For an inducement I shall sell at the opening this spring, every one of the mentioned article at bare cost price, which is less than one-half the price you will be asked for an inferior article by others.

All fruit trees warranted grafted and true to name. Orders sent through the mail will have the promptest attention and filled and delivered with respect, satisfaction and thanks,

D. NESTEL, Prop.,

Residence, Creighton avenue, one square east of the Park.

Big Strike at Ward's Cheap Crockery Store.

Best Iron Stone China dinner plates, 70c per dozen.

Hanging Lamps $2.50 each.

Best Iron Stone China cups and saucers 70c per dozen.

Best Iron Stone China bowl and pitcher 75c.

Good lamp chimneys 3c each.

Decorated chamber sets $3.

Bargains in glass ware at half price.

d&wlt

Choice New Orleans sugar 4½c per pound.

—EVERY HOUSE.

Ladies' Skirts!

Having too large a number of Ladies' Skirts left after the Holidays we will offer them at the following low figures:

$2.25 Skirts now	$1.50
2.00 Skirts now	1.42
1.85 Skirts now	1.33
1.60 Skirts now	1.25
1.50 Skirts now	1.10
1.25 Skirts now	1.00
1.00 Skirts now	87
75 Skirts now	58

These figures are below cost and it will be to the interest of everybody to see these goods before they are closed out. They will not last long at the price we now quote them.

Globe Warehouse

58 Calhoun Street,

A MAN whose name would have been good on a check for $2,000,000 not long ago, spent two hours in the back office of a Wall-street broker one day last week waiting to get a chance to borrow $10 from one who used to be his clerk. Speculation had brought him to poverty and made the clerk a millionaire, all within a year or two.

The Fort Wayne Turnverin will give a grand masquerade ball at the Turner hall on Tuesday evening, February 23d.

INSURE WITH

THE MUTUAL LIFE

—O F—

NEW YORK!

The experience of more than a century proves that well managed life insurance companies are the safest institutions in the world. The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York is the oldest, largest and wealthiest of these institutions. Its available assets foot up the enormous sum of over One Hundred and Thirteen Millions of Dollars. Its affairs are managed by men of the strictest integrity and of the highest business ability. Nothing human is more certain than that this Company will redeem, to the last dollar, every pledge for which it stands responsible.

By insuring with the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York you cannot lose the result of your investment, after having made three annual payments, except by your own negligence. Without making another payment you may receive from this company a paid-up policy for an amount proportionate to the payments already made.

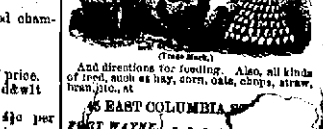
The Mutual Life issues the cheapest policy, the most liberal policy, offers the best security, presents the best record and pays every legitimate claim promptly. It has paid since organization over $230,000,000 to its policy holders.

D. C. FISHER, Agent,
No. 32 East Berry street.

B. POULSON,

Dealer in all kinds of

POULTRY SUPPLIES



(Trade Mark.)

And directions for feeding. Also, all kinds of feed, such as hay, corn, oats, chops, straw, bran, etc., at

45 EAST COLUMBIA ST.,

FORT WAYNE.